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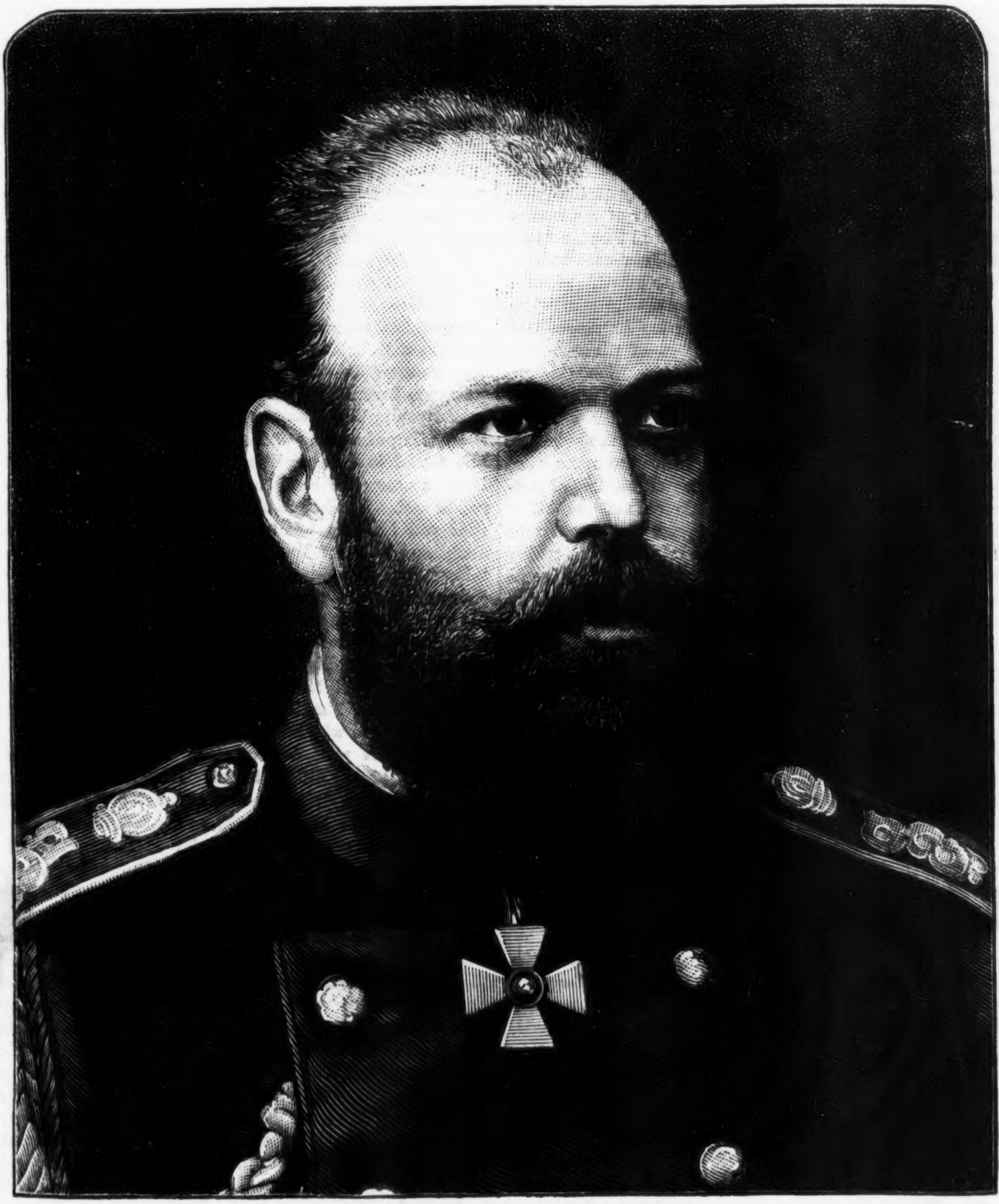

ALEXANDER III., CZAR OF RUSSIA.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

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ALEXANDER III., CZAR OF RUSSIA.

By Alfred H. Guernsey.

Alexander III., now Czar of Russia, was born March 12th, 1845, and thus, at the time of his accession, was just about to enter upon his thirty-seventh year. A fortunate age, for he was not young enough to allow himself to be a mere tool in the hands of others, and not too old to learn by experience and observation. It was, perhaps, fortunate for him also that he was not born heir to the crown, only becoming such at the age of twenty, by the death of his brother Nicholas, two years his senior.

Nicholas, whose health had never been robust, was the favorite of his parents. Having fallen into a decline, he was sent, early in 1865, to the genial climate of the Mediterranean; he died at Nice on the 24th of April. He had been betrothed to the Princess Maria-Dagmar, daughter of the King of Denmark, and the marriage was soon to have taken place. She had come to Nice to be present at the last moments of her betrothed. The Grand-Duke Alexander was there, with the Empress and others of the imperial family. At the bedside of his brother, Alexander was naturally thrown much into the society of the princess, and a mutual affection, growing out of a common sorrow, sprang up between them. It is said that the dying Czarewicz urged that his promised bride should become the wife of that brother who was soon to take his place as heir to the imperial crown of Russia. This affection ripened into love, and they were married in November, 1866, the Czarevna lacking a few days of nineteen, the Czarewicz being not quite two years older. She was baptized into the Greek Church under the name of Maria, but she is usually spoken of by her Norse name of Dagmar.

The education of Alexander had been much neglected. He had grown up a stout young man, with the manners of the barracks rather than of the court. Of matters of government and politics he knew little or nothing. The Princess Dagmar was beautiful, clever, intelligent and well-trained. She belonged to a royal family in which such matters were of high importance; for a daughter of the poor King of Denmark—whose kingdom has less than one-third of the area and less than half the population of our State of New York—has little to look for in this world, unless through a fortunate marriage. The three daughters of Christian IX. of Denmark have done well in this respect. Dagmar is Empress of Russia; Alexandra, her elder sister, is Princess of Wales, and in due course of nature will become Queen of Great Britain; and Thyra, the youngest sister, is the wife of the wealthy Duke of Cumberland, despoiled of the crown of Hanover by the grasping ambition of Prussia.

The marriage took place in the Chapel Royal of the now too well known Winter Palace. The white walls, copiously studded with bronze garlands, festoons and diminutive angels, looked then on a gayer and brighter crowd, assembled to see the marriage crowns held over the heads of the bride and groom, than met there recently while Alexander's mangled body lay cold in another part of the palace. The faces now were stern and severe, and though applause rung out and the two fingers were held out in sign of the oath of allegiance, as Alexander III. stood beside the Czarina and raised the imperial crown above his head, the chill of death was on all who were present.

The Czarewicz sympathized deeply with his mother and the sorrow she experienced, to see her husband's love transferred to the Countess Dolgorouki. The Winter Palace would have been a gloomy residence; but in a separate home, with a beloved wife, all his better qualities have been nurtured.

The people, in whom the mode of administering the Government, with its frauds, peculation and oppression, had excited deep and grave discontent, spread by secret societies, and producing the wild and desperate schemes that finally cut short the Emperor's life, began to look to the Czarewicz as their hope of better things.

Certain it is that he conferred with many of the popular leaders and made himself familiar with the actual position of affairs, and the feelings of the people. What was carefully withheld from his father, was clear to his mind. The students in the capital, liberal to excess in their ideas, as is common with youth, excited stringent measures on the part of the Government. A manifestation before the palace of the Czarewicz, though it was dispersed by the Government troops, showed how these young men regarded at that time the present ruler of the Empire.

A little family grew up around the prince and his Danish wife. Nicholas Alexandrowicz, who now assumes the title of Czarewicz, was born May 18th, 1868, and even at his early age is at the head of the 65th Regiment of the Moscow infantry, and the infantry reserve regiment of the Guards. George Alexandrowicz, the next son, was born at Zarskoe Selo, May 9th, 1871, and at a still earlier age commands a regiment. The Grand Duchess Xenie Alexandrowna, their only daughter, was born April 6th, 1875. The youngest son, the Grand-Duke Michael Alexandrowicz, was born December 5th, 1878.

The young Czarevna saw that in her husband there was the making of a man; and she at once set about the task. She found in him a willing and not unapt pupil. The Russian usage had been that the heir to the crown should reside with his father in the imperial palace. The Czarewicz and his wife besought and received permission to establish a home of their own in the Anitschkoff Palace. "Here, in this voluntary retreat," says a French writer, "and under the beneficent influence of the angel of his hearth, the young heir hastened to transform and complete himself. To her gracefulness, her watchfulness, her constant and intelligent care, it is owing that Alexander has been enabled to acquire that completeness of education needful for him in order to occupy with dignity the high position to which he was henceforth destined."

None of his predecessors since Peter the Great had shown any high military talent. His grandfather, Nicholas, was a mere drill-sergeant, and not a general. His father, Alexander II., not quite so much a martinet, was no more a commander. Alexander III. showed in the late Turkish war decided capacities as a general in the field. He was placed in command of the army of the Lom, and showed that his military training had not been in vain. His first movements were characterized by decision and judgment. Though he was outgeneraled by Mehemet Ali, it was no disgrace to a young general. He fell back from the Lom upon the Jantra, and in his new position contributed to the final success of the Russian arms. But the capacities which a Russian Czar will for the present generation be most likely to need, are those of a ruler rather than those of a soldier. To rule well, he must put himself in accord with the feeling of the nation; for there is in Russia an intense spirit of nationality, although it lacks the forms of expression to which we are accustomed. Of late years this feeling has come to take the form of a deep dislike to the Germans and to German

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influence. The Czars have for long been by blood more than half German. Their mothers have been German, their wives have been German. Germans have found their way into high positions in every department of the Government, very much as the Scotch did in England when the Stuarts came in, and as the Dutch did when William III. displaced the Stuarts. Alexander II. was more German than Russian. He was trained by his German mother, and under the influence of her German kindred; after marriage he was ruled by his German wife. Long before he became Czar, the "Old Muscovites," as they were called, began to look askance at him, and it was more than whispered that they would do their best to place the crown upon the head of his younger brother Constantine, who shared in their feelings. The two young princes were on the worst of terms. More than once was their father, Nicholas, forced to take measures against the possible contingency of a disputed succession. When Alexander's first son was born, in 1843, Constantine was compelled to take an oath of fidelity to the new-born heir to that crown which he was not to live to wear. And upon his deathbed, the Czar demanded that his two sons should forego their quarrels, and become united, in order to secure the peace and prosperity of their common country.

When Alexander II. came to the throne, Russia was undergoing the stress of the Crimean War, which was already going against her, and all parties had to unite for a time. It was Russia against all the great powers of Europe, save Prussia, who at least kept Austria in check, and prevented her from actively joining the unnatural coalition between England and France. Alexander II. naturally flung himself into the arms of his kinsmen, the Hohenzollerns, and became more a German and less a Russian than ever.

Alexander III. comes to the throne pledged in a manner to the anti-German party and its foreign policy. That the Czarina will have a preponderant influence in Russian affairs no one can doubt; and a daughter of the King of Denmark could not well be other than a hater of Germany. She was in her cradle when her native land was foully dismembered, and the fairest part of it seized by Prussia. The French writer whom we have cited goes on to say: "It is, moreover, beyond doubt that under the influence of this most noble daughter of a constitutional King, whom Germany had so brutally despoiled, have been nurtured in Alexander those liberal and anti-German sentiments which will, in no long time, insure him a wide popularity."

If Alexander had come to the throne in the ordinary course of nature, it would have been safe to predict at least a prosperous beginning of his reign. As Czarewicz he was noted for the strict economy with which he conducted his affairs. In his palace there was no waste and no unseemly extravagance. His father had surrounded himself by a gang of altogether questionable character, who ran recklessly into debts, which their imperial master was held bound to liquidate. In spite of all pretensions of reform, it is quite certain that official peculation was never more rife than during the last unhappy six years of the life of Alexander II. The nation might at least feel assured that when his son came to the throne he would wage relentless war against the great army of peculators, and would not allow friend or minister to fill their pockets from the public treasury.

It would seem, moreover, that the Czarewicz was in full accord with that great Slavophilic scheme, which looks primarily to the deliverance of all Turkey in Europe from Ottoman rule. This idea lies nearer to the Russian heart than any other, even than that of the acquisition of Constantinople, and, apart from all political aspects, has the sanction of the highest religious feeling; for Greeks and Slavs are alike members of that Eastern Church of which the Czar of Russia is the real head. To enfranchise all the Christians in every part of the Balkan region has to a Russian something of that deep religious sentiment which eight centuries ago banded all Christendom into the Crusades. This scheme is for many reasons distasteful to Austria, who aspires to be the head of the Slavic races. It is alike, though for quite different reasons, distasteful to Germany, who wishes Austria to become more and more Slavic, and consequently less and less German, hoping that the German-speaking States of Austria will in time gravitate to that now overshadowing empire of which the House of Hohenzollern is the head.

Moreover, Poland is the sore spot in the Russian Empire. Poland is to Russia much what Ireland is to Great Britain. And yet one cannot see why this ulcer might not be healed. If Russia would place the Poles upon an entire equality with the Russians, there can be little doubt that the Poles would in a generation gladly accept the Czar as their sovereign; for all thinking men must agree that a separate and independent Kingdom of Poland is no more to be thought of than a separate and independent Kingdom or Republic of Ireland. In any case, Poland would be a weak State—and for a State, even more than for an individual, to be weak is to be miserable. Those who know best believe that the Czar is not disinclined to try the experiment of fully incorporating Poland with Russia, instead of holding it like a subjugated province.

The Czar has reasons, apart from that of weakening the Ottoman Power, for favoring the territorial enlargement of Greece far beyond the limits which have just been assigned to it by the Berlin Conference—giving to it, indeed, the rule over all the Greek-speaking population of mainland Turkey, and the islands of the Archipelago. Not among the least of these reasons is that of his family connection with the reigning sovereign of Greece. George I., "King of the Hellenes," is a brother of the Empress of Russia, and Queen Olga is a niece of Alexander III. Thus the new Czar has every outward motive for sundering the intimate relations which have for some time existed with the Emperors of Germany and Austria, and joining himself with the Western Powers in a policy the immediate aim of which would be to free Slavs and Greeks alike from the long, weary and destructive rule of the Turks. Russia and the Western Powers have no valid reason for shoring up the tottering fabric of the Sublime Porte. Metternich, looking from the purely Legitimist point of view, was justified in declaring to the absolute rulers of Europe that "The Sultan has every claim upon us, for he is a legitimate monarch." But we imagine that the constitutional kingdoms of Europe, and the French Republic, have advanced beyond any such idea of the "right divine" of kings, emperors, or sultans.

But while the newly crowned Czar has so many reasons for holding a liberal policy which shall in effect transform Russia from an absolute to a constitutional monarchy, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that other reasons press upon him at the outset of his reign for throwing himself into the reactionary current.

If Alexander II. had resigned his sovereignty, as he is said to have meditated doing, or if he had died in the ordinary course of nature, his son would have come to the throne under very different circumstances. But his accession was the result of a great crime in which he had no share, and which he cannot do other than avenge to the uttermost. That the murder of Alexander II. was the

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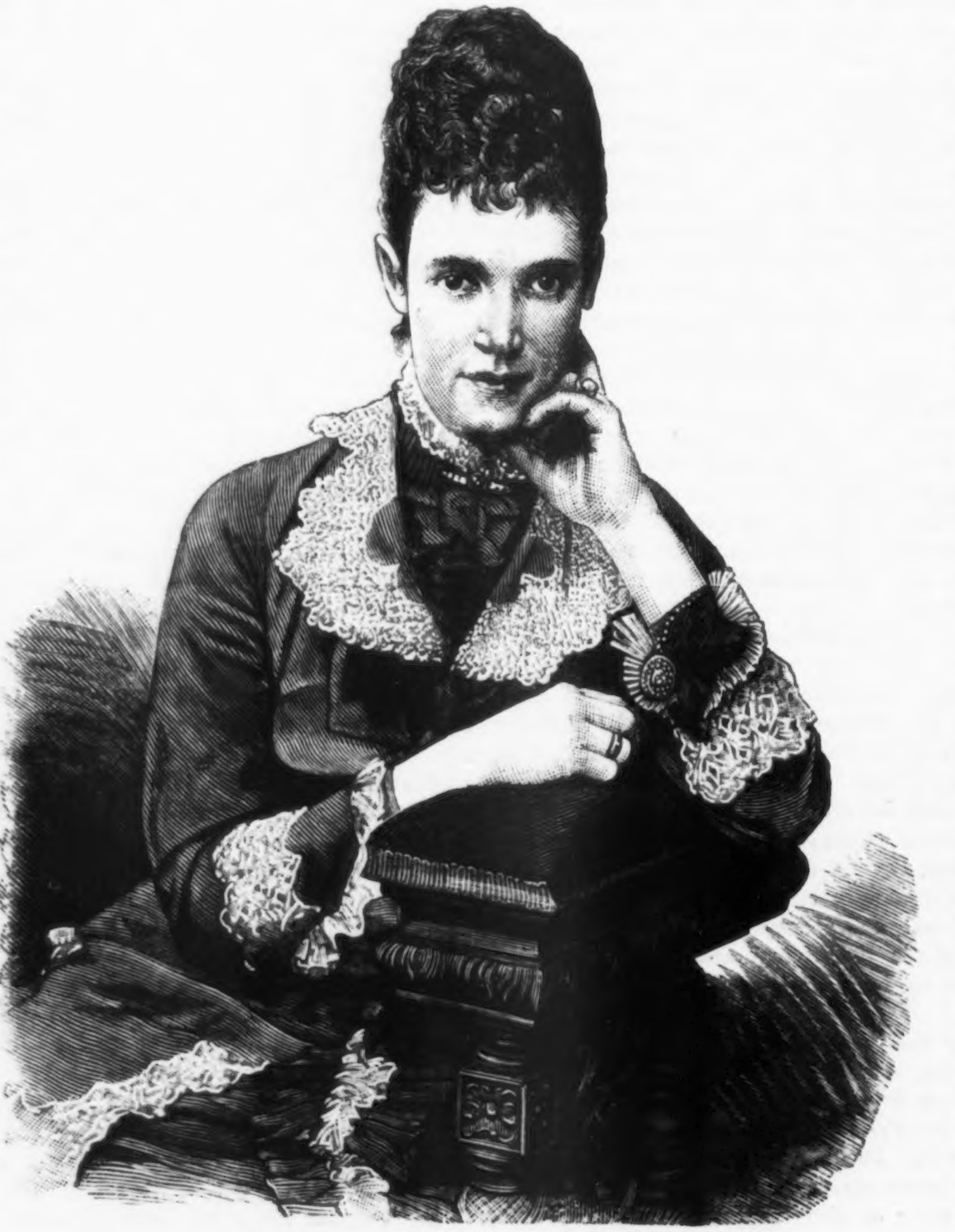
work of the "Nihilists" is unquestioned. But who are the Nihilists? We believe that this mysterious organization is composed of only a very few members. Had its secret been intrusted, even partially, to many persons, it could scarcely have failed to have been brought to light. One clew would have led to another. The fact that the secret has been so well kept, seems to evince that it existed in only a few heads and hands. But those few hands had means of penetrating the inmost recesses of the imperial palace. And the directing heads, whoever or whatever they may be, had hands, few perhaps, but enough, ready to carry out their most desperate plans.



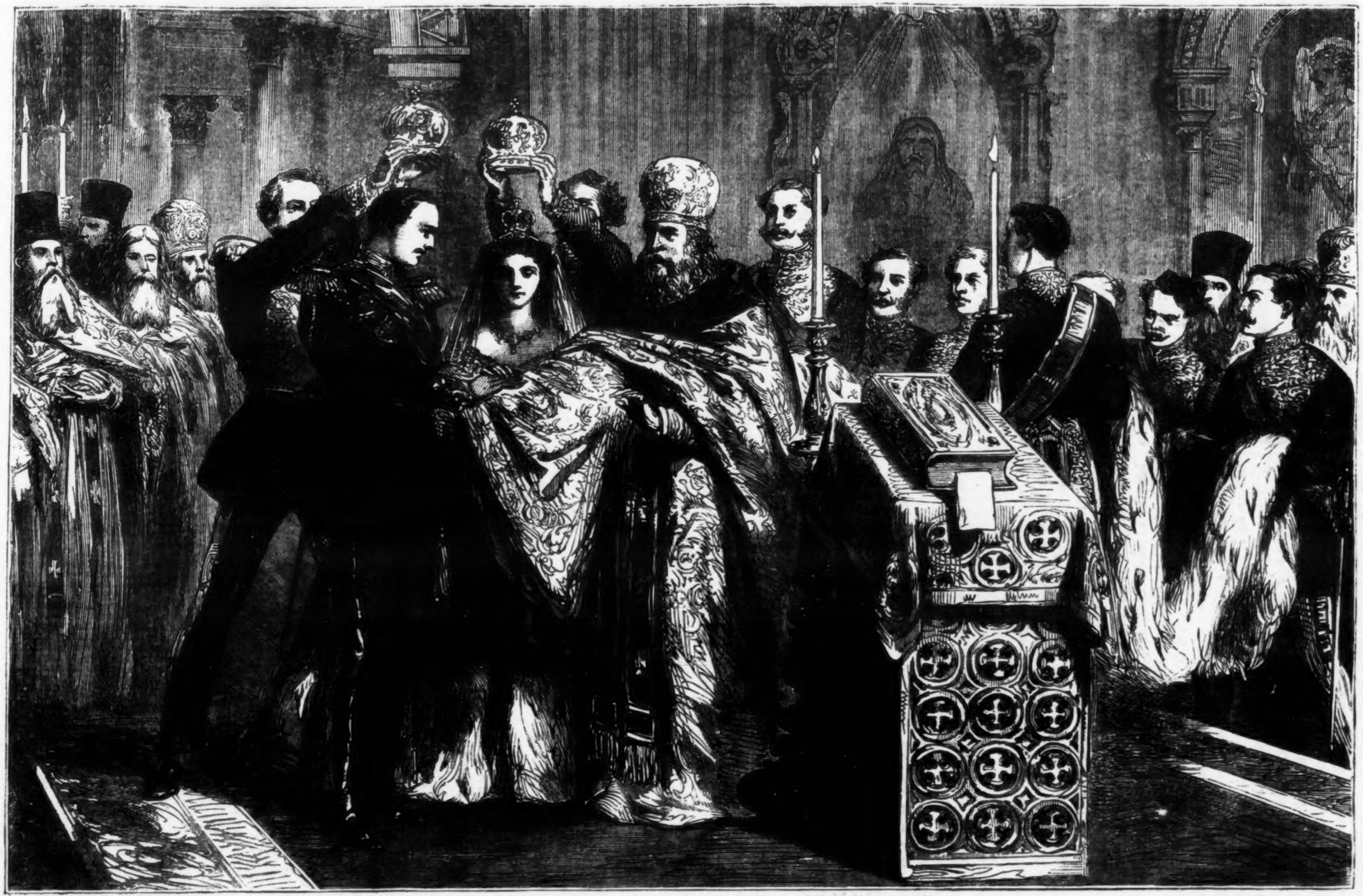
MARIA FEODOROVNA DAGMAR, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

They had at their disposal all the terrible enginery of secret murder, against which no human forecaution can effectually guard. The dread of assassination is the skeleton in the closet of every absolute sovereign. It takes its uninvited seat at his most private table. Its shadowy form glides ominously among his most trusted servants, and penetrates the thickest lines of his surrounding guards. Monarchs have been sadly taught that there is no divinity which watches over the person of a king. Be his soldiery ever so numerous, his police ever so ubiquitous and subtle—nay, let him be ever so much a favorite with his people, he is at every moment in peril of his life. If there be anywhere even a small body of discontented spirits, the more especially if they are banded together by the ties of some political theory, and bent upon assassination as a means to carry it out, they will, most likely, sooner or later, gain their end. Nine attempts may fail, but the tenth will succeed. Nothing works such a change in a weak man as this constant dread of an unseen murderer. It not infrequently shatters the strongest nerves. The Fourth Henry of France was haunted by it. In fancy he felt the blow of the fatal knife long before Ravaillac armed himself therewith. When a man knows not whom he may trust, he is apt to distrust everybody.

Alexander III. is heir to this fearful inheritance of suspicion and dread. The same mysterious threats which drove his father into absolutism and half-madness have been darkly made against the son; and he must feel that they may at any moment meet with their full accomplishment. He cannot but feel that the gauntlet of defiance has been flung at him.

How shall he meet the challenge? Will he brave it in the spirit in which it was braved by Elizabeth of England, under circumstances not very dissimilar? She knew that the subtlest precautions could not be effective, and so she wisely took no precautions at all. She went abroad unguarded among her people. Her palace doors stood so widely open that plotters and conspirators might enter unchallenged. Her very boldness proved her best safeguard. When actual plotters were detected, they, indeed, met with condign punishment; but for the rest, she and her wise counselors took no great pains to ferret out possible plots against her life; although they were wary enough in watching over anything which looked toward a change of government; as in the cunning way in which Mary Queen of Scots was beguiled to her doom.

Will Alexander of Russia follow the bold and wise example of Elizabeth of England? or will he follow the weaker and more unwise example of his unhappy father? Will he, in a word, yield to craven fears, and give over the great career which lies open to him? In any case, the burden which has devolved upon him can be no light one. In what spirit will he bear it? There can be no question that the immediate effect of the assassination of Alexander



MARRIAGE OF THE CZAREWICZ AND THE PRINCESS MARIA FEODOROVNA, IN 1866.

II. will be to give new hopes to the upholders of despotism in Russia. It will not be hard to convince many that the murder was the outgrowth of that desire for reform which has come to be so pressing, and that the only thing to be done is to tighten the cords of despotism; to make Russia still more an autocracy than it has heretofore been. The argument will be: Those who style themselves Reformers are Revolutionists, aiming to put down all Government; and Government must, therefore, put down all Revolutionists, no matter by what name they may call themselves, or may be called by others. The Czar must make no concessions to them, and enter into no terms with them. Too much has already been conceded, and these concessions must be annulled now and for ever.

We do not hold that this reactionary scheme, even should Alexander III. fall in with it, can meet with more than temporary success. We hope, indeed, and certainly not "against hope," that the Czar will be more wisely taught; that he will rise to the greatness of the occasion, and will perceive that the welfare of his vast dominions can be permanently secured only by the institution of a rule which shall be a free one, at least so far as this: that the people shall have an audible voice and a real part in the government. They must in some way or another have a representative body—call it Parliament, Diet, Congress, or what you will—which shall have the right of open inquiry and free speech; which may openly and by authority search into the multiform evils in the empire; pass authoritative censure upon incapable or unworthy officials: and, in the name of the people, point out to the Czar the manner in which he shall exercise the mighty authority resting in his hands. The title of the Czar need not of necessity be changed; still he and his successors must cease to be in reality "Emperors and Autocrats of all the Russias," but instead of this, Czars of the Russians—that is, rulers of the people, ruling by fixed law, and amenable to it as truly as is the humblest subject. Between this, at least, and utter absolutism there is no half-way stopping-place. Should the Czar go over to absolutism, that principle may have a temporary success; but the Spirit of the Age is against it; and in the long run the Spirit of the Age is mightier than any man; the many will be found stronger than the few. The contest may not, indeed, result in the establishment in our day of a settled free government in Russia. Russian history may have to run the course which French history ran during and after the Revolution. Or, what is worse, anarchy may for a while take the place of despotism.

If Alexander chooses the wiser course, and puts himself at the head of the movement of progress and reform, he has open to him a nobler career than has been presented to any other man of our century. From the little that we yet know of the man, and of the influences which have been paramount around him, we trust that he will take the wiser course. He is said to be a man of firm will, not given over-much to speech, coming slowly to his opinions, but tenaciously clinging to them when once formed. Months may possibly elapse before men will be able to see clearly in which direction his course will be taken; but when once fairly taken it cannot but be of weighty import in the history of his age. While not without fears for the worst, we have strong hopes for the best. Carlyle not very wisely sneered at the idea of a "Reforming Pope." Pius IX., who started in that direction, soon went quite the other way; but if we rightly apprehend the course of his successor, a Reform Pope fills the chair of St. Peter. Alexander II. of Russia set out with the promise of being a Reforming Czar; but ended with being the ostensible head and front of the mis-called "Holy Alliance" of European sovereigns. Let us hope that in Alexander III. the world will have to recognize a true Reforming Czar. Under such an one Russia will be able to place herself in vanguard of European progress. Should he take the side of absolutism, the shadow upon the dial will go back for many a weary degree.

On his sudden accession to the throne, the new Czar issued immediately the following manifesto, which may be considered as expressing his real feelings:

> "We, Alexander III., ascending the throne with the firm intention of securing and strengthening the tranquillity and welfare of the Empire, and following the example of Nicholas I. and Alexander II., deem it our sacred duty to decide certain measures to be adopted under extraordinary circumstances. In view of the minority of the heir to our throne, it is our will and in accordance with the fundamental laws of the Empire we do ordain as follows: In the event of our demise before the Czarewicz has attained the requisite age, we appoint the Grand-Duke Vladimir Regent of the Empire, the Kingdom of Poland and the Grand Duchy of Finland, until the Czarewicz shall have attained the requisite age. In the event of the death of the Czarewicz, after our demise, before he attains his majority, the Grand-Duke Vladimir shall remain Regent after our next son shall have ascended the throne, in virtue of the law of succession, until the latter attains his majority."

He is hailed already as a Zemsky Czar by the adherents of old Russian ideas, in allusion to the popular assemblies which took part in government before the days of Peter the Great.

Up to that time, the Muscovite rulers used to convene the "Zemsky Dume," or Land's Council, which raised and discussed all State questions, though it was possessed of merely advisory power, and had no authority to carry out its decisions.

The really sound part of Russia have always looked back to this popular assembly, and on its restoration found their hopes for the future. They and the new Czar are alike averse to the kingcraft and red republicanism of Western Europe.

His first steps, personal rather than otherwise, have made him hosts of friends. He will reside at the Anichkoff Palace, the state to be maintained at the Winter Palace being too expensive for his tastes. Many palaces will be appropriated to benevolent or useful purposes. Useless officials are dismissed, and the imperial stables greatly reduced.

All this gives earnest that a thorough reform in all parts of the Government service will be carried out, and that honesty and economy will prevail, to the great alleviation of a tax-burdened people. Recently the new Zemsky Czar, while giving an audience to the deputies (over 600) from the different provinces, cities, classes, corporations and societies, showed plainly his preference for those of them who represented the people at large, over the nobles and the privileged classes in general. The deputies of Moscow were greeted by him with special kindness. Among the deputies admitted to the Court for the first time were the representatives of the peasants and those of the Hebrews. The former fell on their knees and offered to their master bread and salt, according to an ancient Russian custom.

The head of the Slavophiles, Ivan Aksakoff, in a recent speech said: "It would be unwise to hide from ourselves the fact that we are on the edge of an abyss; one step more, and we shall perish in a bloody chaos. We must awake and throw away the chains brought by us from Europe. A national spirit is our stronghold. Let us pray the Czar to rely only upon the people, as in olden times. Our people believe in and love the Czar, and they will defend him and the country with unconquerable Zemsky power. Unnatural transplantation of European civilization has developed in us a belief in crime. While introducing that civilization we have been baptized in blood. It was inaugurated in our country by the bloody Terror of Peter; with a bloody Terror it is now terminated by the persons who act according to the last word of the European civilization."

The Emperor of Russia may probably begin his reign with a serious desire to improve the condition of his subjects. Any effort which he makes for the purpose will be regarded with sympathy and good will; and it may be added that eventual success would be attended not only with approving recognition, but with genuine surprise.

At the end of the last century, and at still later periods, there was a popular belief in all European countries that political freedom was the proper remedy of almost all existing evils, and this produced unlimited confidence in the efficiency of representative institutions. It cannot be said that the constitutional experiments which have consequently been tried have wholly failed; but the enthusiasm with which they were once regarded has in great measure subsided. Few political theorists would now anticipate unmixed good from the establishment of a Russian Parliament, though there seems to be no other alternative to the continuance of absolute monarchy. In Russia the aristocracy possesses little influence, and there is no important middle class. The peasantry would take no interest in any legislation which was not exclusively directed to the improvement of their own condition, probably at the expense of the larger landowners. The numerous and powerful official classes, and the actual and former students of the Universities, supply no sufficient materials for a constitutional system. On the whole, the best instrument of Russian progress is probably a wise and beneficent sovereign. In so vast an empire, power, whatever may be its nature and origin, must be concentrated in the hands of the Government, as long as the people are not sufficiently advanced to dispense with almost all internal control. The task of reform in Russia is rendered more arduous by the impossibility of ascertaining the real desires of the nation.

The Emperor cannot disband the force on which alone he relies for personal security, and for the protection of life and property; and the moderation of a police necessarily invested with large powers cannot always be insured. It is not even possible to guard against treachery or incapacity among the guardians of society. Assassins are almost always more than a match for the police, and they sometimes possess accomplices in their ranks. The best precaution against abuse of power is the appointment of honest and prudent directors of the police force, and until lately it was believed that General Loris Melikoff had been more successful than his predecessors. It is not known whether the present Emperor reposes the same confidence with his father in the loyalty and capacity of the late Minister of the Interior. The powers of the police cannot for the present be advantageously restricted; but the vigilance of their superiors may perhaps restrain them from the excesses which have aggravated their unavoidable unpopularity.

It appears strange that the assailants of the Russian Government dwell but little on the system of military service, which might well be deemed an intolerable grievance. The nominal army of the Empire numbers about two millions; and the force in actual service is utterly disproportionate to any legitimate purposes. The rural population, which supplies the bulk of recruits, is by no means of a warlike character, though the soldiers, when they are once enlisted, possess many military qualities.

The Emperor Alexander III. was supposed, before his accession, to incline to a policy of aggression, which would require the continuance of the present establishment of the army. On the other hand, the Emperor has already begun to reduce the expenses of government, and the reduction of the army would be an obvious source of economy. Unless new enterprises of conquest are undertaken, there can be no reason for incurring excessive expense in military preparations. Against foreign attacks Russia is practically secured; and the forces employed in the extension of her dominion in Central Asia are not numerically large. No other great Continental State could so easily reduce its armaments; but no such policy is likely to be pursued in any part of the Continent.

There is some reason to believe that the Emperor is for the present indisposed to external adventures. The suspension of the Russian advance toward the Afghan border probably implies a desire to facilitate the withdrawal of the Indian troops within the former frontier. At Constantinople and at Athens the representatives of Russia are supposed to have supported the compromise which has already been accepted by Turkey.

Six months hence, when the period of mourning is over, Alexander III. will be formally crowned at Moscow with all the pomp and ceremonies that have become established as befitting the occasion.

Meanwhile much is to be done. The Nihilists, claiming to be the exclusive government of the country, have already announced what they demand.

BEGGARS IN ITALY.

By Junius Lorraine.

It is a curious fact in history that no nations degenerate so low as those which have once occupied the most exalted positions. The shining example of this in modern times is unquestionably to be found in Italy. There was not another people which held such sway over so vast a territory as the Italians under the Roman consuls and emperors; and, though their influence grew dormant for a period, it was again revived, and exerted itself perhaps in a greater measure, though in different channels, in the days of her merchant princes and diplomatic experts. Now all this is past, and of Italian greatness there is nothing left but dilapidated ruins. Like all nations which once were accustomed to rule, the instinct of labor is utterly wanting to them. They prefer the tatters of former glory to the homespun of honest labor. It is thus that begging, the exercise of which means the discarding of the last remnant of manly principle, has come to be practiced so generally in the sunny land.

Of course it would be saying too much to declare that every member of the lower classes begs in Italy. But the traveler who passes some time among them will soon find that there are very few who do not. The repulsive features of mendicancy seem to be entirely lost sight of. Frequency of practice has familiarized them to such an extent that they are no longer recognized. In walking through the country you will be accosted for *carita* almost wherever you meet a human being. You pass by a peasant's humble cabin. Near the door there is a group at which you involuntarily stop and look. It is an old woman with a sleeping child on her lap. Like all old women in Southern countries, she is ugly, but the child is a picture of loveliness. There is an air of picturesqueness about the two, in the pose, in the colors of their raiment, and in the background to the scene. The old lady seems to be dozing, but no sooner does she hear your step than out goes her hand, and you will painfully distinguish the word "*Carita!*" Disgusted, you move on; but she is

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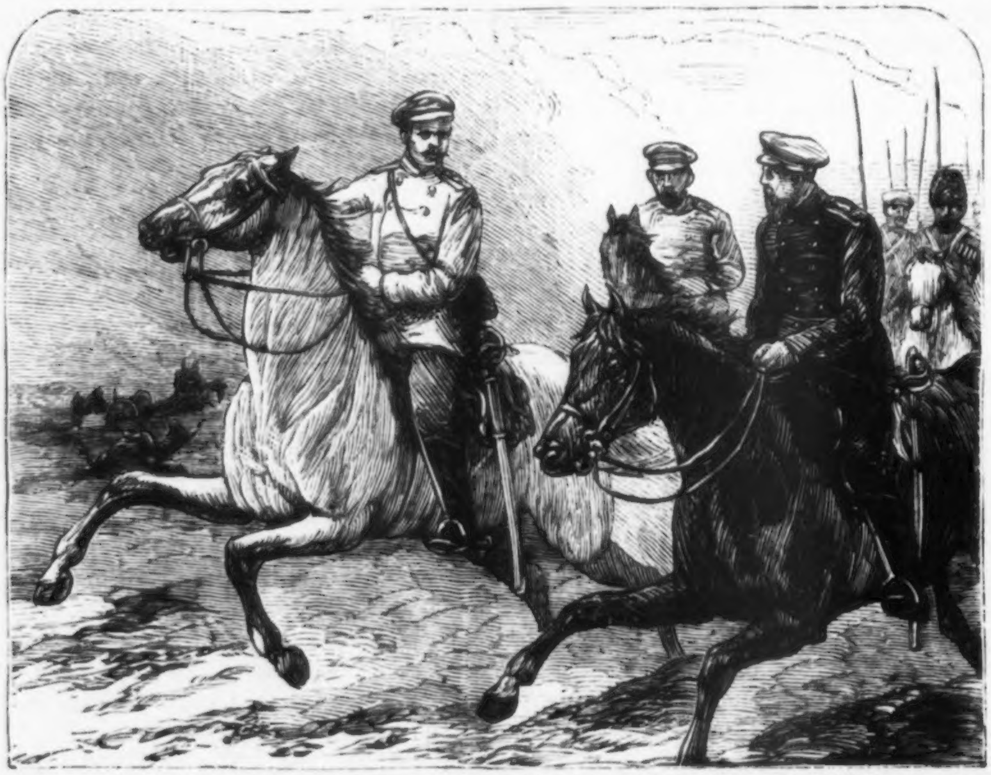


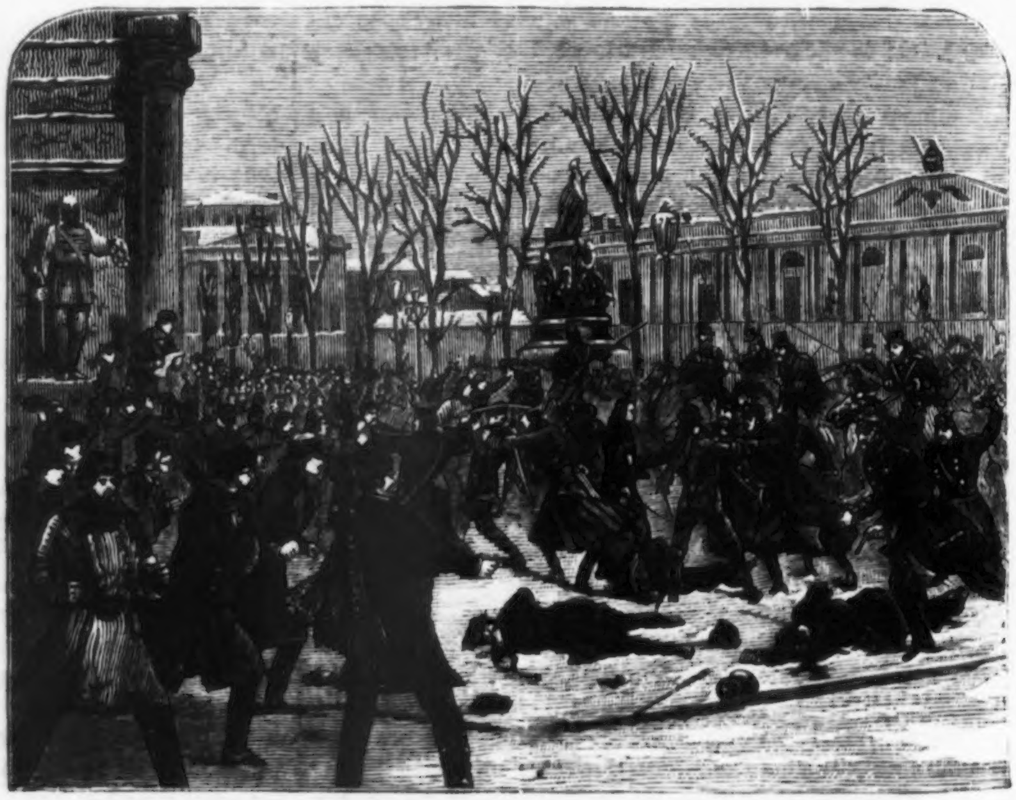
ALEXANDER III., AS CZAREWICZ, COMMANDING THE ARMY OF THE LOM, DURING THE TURKISH WAR, 1877.—SEE PAGE 642.

not affected in the least. She returns to dozing, only interrupting it now and then to brush a fly from the infant's face.

Or, again, you are sauntering along the road. It is hot, as noon is approaching, and you keep to one side so as to get the shade. As you turn a bend, a pretty little peasant woman coming from the other direction meets you face to face, apparently bringing her husband, who is working somewhere in the fields, his noonday meal. She returns your look of curiosity, but without stopping. She has already passed you, when, as if by a sudden impulse, she comes back. In an *apropos* tone, she addresses signor. The chances are that he does not know much Italian, but a wonderful intelligence will soon be aroused in him as soon as he hears the familiar word *carita*. No? Signor will not give anything? Very well, there's no particular harm. Was just passing by, and thought might as well inquire. No offense—and she is off. Of course, she does not say all this, but her air as she leaves you, humming a song, fully expresses it.

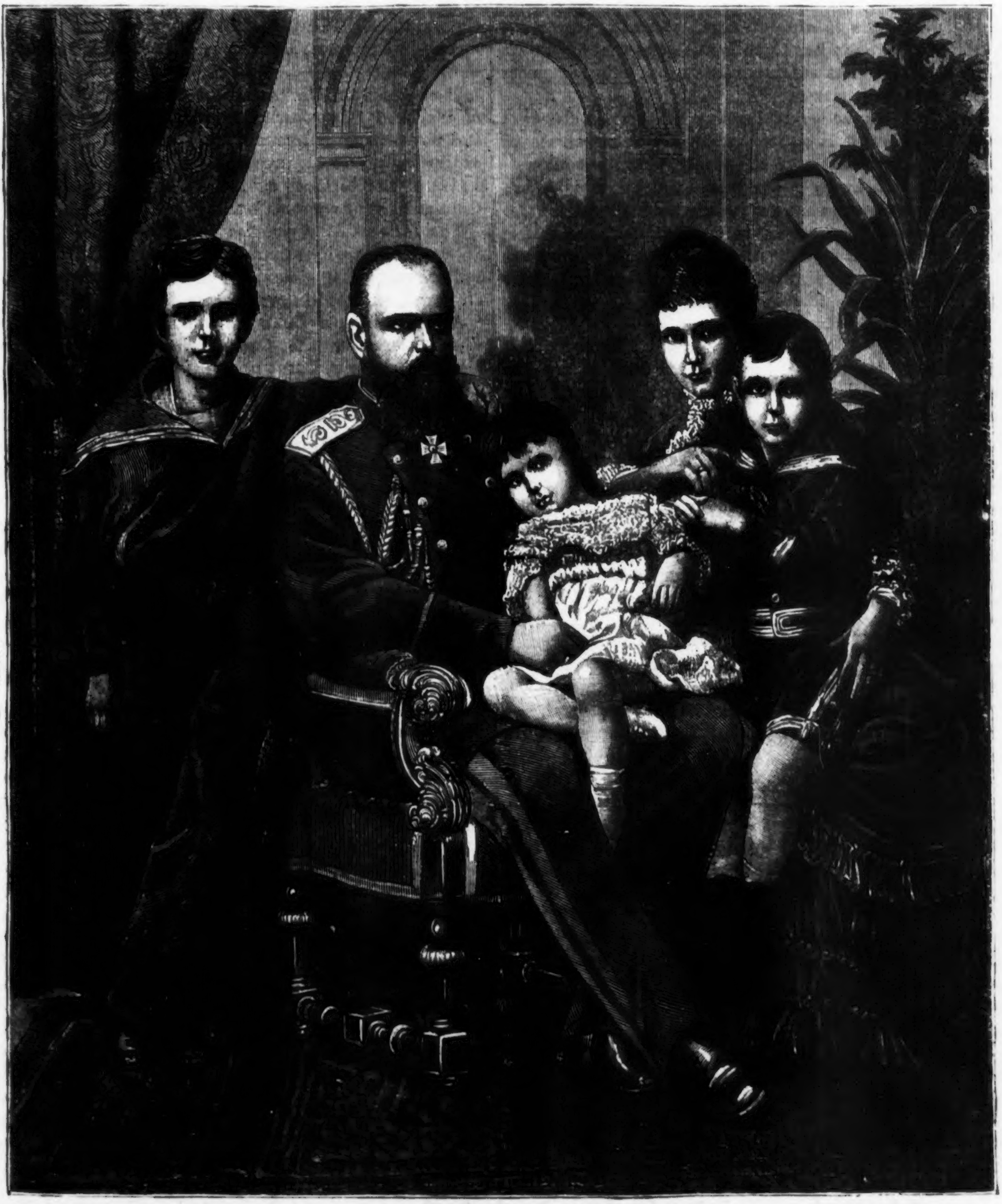
Children follow the same amiable custom. They seem to be born with a natural instinct for begging. They may be in the midst of an exciting game, nay, the boys may be just at the crisis of a fight—and everybody knows of what momentous interest that pastime is to boys of all degrees—and they will leave it to try in some way to get an alms from you. Young and middle-aged men do not as a rule practice the art. Whether there is a remnant of manliness in them, or whether they are too lazy, is hard to say. Begging, however, seems to be the special prerogative of old men. If one of those veterans gets hold of you, you must indeed gird on "the triple armor of brass" to protect yourself against him. The old gentleman does not approach you with that distinguishingly abject look so common in our unpoetic land. There is a sort of dignity in the manner in which he asks you whether you have not "a little something" to spare. You say "No." But, bless you, don't you understand? He does not want the aforesaid "little something" for nothing—he means to pray for you. How is that? you can pray for yourself? Very true; but don't you remember that the prayers of the poor are all-powerful with God? And he goes on with the persistency of an advertising agent who tries to persuade you that he is proposing an excellent business speculation to you in which, by laying out a small amount of capital, you are sure to get a fabulous return. Should you still refuse, the veteran will leave you with a look of compassion on his face to find that you have so little business instinct in you as not to go for a good thing when it is within your reach.

This is a peculiar feature of begging in Italy. To the majority of the peasants it is not so much a regular trade as an occupation which serves to make their leisure time—and as a rule they have a great deal of it—remunerative. To ask a man for alms is to them a commercial speculation. It may or may not succeed. If not, there is no harm done, and no loss to either party. If it does, so much the better for the enterprising mendicant. In the



DEMONSTRATION OF STUDENTS BEFORE THE RESIDENCE OF THE CZAREWICZ, IN 1879.

larger cities people invest in lotteries. In the country the Italian takes chances of another kind, at which he risks no loss.



THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER III., THE EMPRESS MARIA FEODOROVNA, AND THEIR CHILDREN, NICHOLAS, GEORGE AND XENIE.

But it is not alone among the peasantry where begging is found to flourish; it is also to be met with among the middle classes in the cities. True, it is practiced in a more or less disguised form, but the very fact that it exists at all is lamentable. It is but a few months ago that a glaring proof of its existence came to light in Naples, and the Italian press at the time made it the basis of bitter reflections on the state of affairs in Italy. For some time a little old woman had been noticed every day in various thoroughfares, stretching a shriveled, trembling hand out for *carita.* She was bowed down with age. Her face was bronzed and wrinkled, and the few gray hairs that straggled from beneath her worn hood inspired many with pity. One day, while crossing the street, she was knocked down by a passing carriage and slightly injured. She was taken to the hospital for female mendicants. When the attendants began to remove her tatters a surprise was in store for them. The hands were found to be covered with long gloves, and when they were pulled off two delicate white hands were exposed. The bowed-down appearance was produced by a strap, which ran from the neck to the right foot. The face was painted, and the gray hairs which had caused so much compassion belonged to a wig.

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In a word, the old mendicant was transformed into a beautiful young lady, the daughter of a public officer who was believed to be in comfortable circumstances. By day she was a beggar to raise means of dressing herself more expensively than her father could afford, when she received his guests in the evening. The authorities took hold of the matter, and as she swore that no one of her family knew of her practice, she alone was punished by imprisonment. Now, this is a single instance, and, perhaps, a rather unusual one; but there is no doubt that begging is carried on to a great extent under various other disguises among the middle classes.

Akin to the practice of begging are certain classes of peddling. Now, it is scarcely necessary to enumerate all the different grades from the pretty, picturesque flower-girl, to the lazy, happy-go-lucky itinerant baker of waffles, who opens business wherever it suits his fancy; but there is one class which deserves particular notice, and that is the ticket speculators. Theatre-goers in this country are but too well acquainted with that nuisance, who, in spite of all the attempts that have been made to exterminate him, still lives and flourishes.

Now, the Italian ticket speculator is a fellow of a different kind. He is not aggressive, nor insolent, nor has he any desire of cheating you. His mode of operation is as easy as his temperament. He purchases a few tickets at a reduced rate, and then goes to the first fine house that he finds, raps at the door, and, as the servant opens the door, inquires politely whether the signora does not want to purchase tickets for the opera. As he expects, the servant says no. Beppo thanks him kindly for the information, and departs—half-way down the staircase, where he rests from his exertion, admires the beauty of the skies, and thinks of nothing in particular. When he has fully recovered he walks up again, raps, and to the servant's indignant question what he wants now, he humbly replies that he desires to know whether the signora would purchase some tickets now.

"But I told you no, before," bursts out the servant.

"Very well, let it be no, then," replies Beppo, imperturbably, and trudges off.

Perhaps he will take a short walk, now, until he finds a shady corner to rest. He throws himself down at full length, and eats an orange, perhaps. Now, any other man would be discouraged by two such pronounced failures, but Beppo is not. He goes back again. The servant thinks he is a little off his balance.

"Have I not told you twice that the lady does not want tickets?" he exclaims.

But Beppo is mindful of the axiom that a soft answer turneth away wrath, and suggests that perhaps the lady has changed her mind since he was here last.

"Just go up and ask her," he says.

By this persistency he finally induces the servant to take the tickets in, and in nine cases out of ten succeeds in disposing of them.

Such are the Italians. That restless work, ceaseless hurry, and attendant anxiety, characteristic of our country, is not to be found there. The Italian of low degree believes in hastening slowly. His wants are simple, and easily satisfied. Bread, onions, fruit, and perhaps a little wine, make up the sum total of his happiness. To fill the cup to overflowing, give him the means to gamble a little, or to buy a lottery-ticket. He is content to let the sun shine on him in tatters, and as far as seeking to improve his condition is concerned, he would as soon think of that as one of our millionaires would entertain the thought of exchanging places with his coachman. Happy, miserable people!

THE HAMAWEND.

By August Locher.

Just half-way between Bagdad (the capital of Mesopotamia) and Bassora, a city almost as large as the former and situated on the right bank about seventy miles above the mouth of the mighty Shâtt-el-Arab—as the joint waters of the Euphrates and Tigris are called—there stands, close to the right bank of the latter river, an old Turkish fortress, known to the natives of that region as "Scroot-el-Cantára."

The walls of this fort are about five feet thick, composed of blocks of clay, which somewhat resemble huge bricks, and were evidently manufactured of moist clay or loam, exposed, after having received the requisite shape, to the action of the broiling sun, which in a short time baked them as hard as common brick.

The fortress, however, has been abandoned long ago. Its walls are rapidly crumbling to pieces, and the dismally solitary ruins loom gloomily over the endless barren plains all round, wrapped in grave-like solitude.

A short distance below the fort is the memorable spot where Alexander the Great, King of Macedonia, the famous conqueror, intent upon invading India, crossed the Tigris with his army—portions of the bridge he built for that purpose being still plainly visible on both banks of the river.

On the left bank, just opposite the fort, spreads the delta of a tributary of the Tigris, called Nahr Mendeli, Congetoon, or Badrâï, names given to the same river by different tribes inhabiting the Loorian Desert, which extends, with the Tigris as its southwestern, and the mountain ranges of Pooshty-Kooh and Milagawân-Kooh (which form the frontier line between Persia and Lower Mesopotamia) as its northeastern boundary, from the dismal Samargha swamps, near the junction of the Euphrates and Tigris, to far beyond Bagdad, and measures at least three hundred miles in length, by about sixty in breadth.

Of the Nahr Mendeli, which originates in the mountains above-mentioned, and traverses, in a southeasterly direction, the upper half of the Loorian Desert, only the sources and its junction with the Tigris are as yet fully known to geographers; the remainder running through a region not as yet explored by any civilized man, owing to the extremely hostile disposition evinced by its savage population toward all intruders, especially toward "non-Moslems"—*i.e.*, persons who do not profess the Mohammedan creed.

The inhabitants of the Loorian Desert are the very numerous tribe of "Beni Lâm" Bedouins, who roam over the whole territory along the course of the Tigris, from Bagdad down to the junction of this river with the Euphrates; and the "Abladâni" Bedouins—a tribe less powerful than the former, and occupying the districts on the southern side of the Pooshty-Kooh mountain range. A third, fortunately very small, tribe of uncertain nationality, of half Arab, half Persian descent, are the terrible "Hamawénd," who wander about the unexplored region along the Nahr Mendeli and the southern slope of the Milagawân-Kooh.

The last-mentioned tribe is notorious throughout Mesopotamia for its ferocity and reckless daring. It is a tribe of professional highwaymen, who live entirely on plunder, and have acquired such a questionable reputation, that the mere mention of the word "Hamawénd" actually strikes terror and dismay among the members of caravans traveling through any part of the Loorian Desert, no matter how strong the caravan may be, for in those outlaws of the desert are concentrated the fighting propensity of the bulldog, the ferocity of the tiger, the agility of the monkey, and the cunning of the fox. They will never leave off dodging and harassing a caravan they have once "spotted," until they have secured their prey. Woe to the incautious caravan which does not constantly keep a good lookout by day and night! Woe to the hapless stragglers who chance to lag behind the main body of the caravan, or to lose their way! Their doom is sealed, for before they are aware of it, the wily Hamawénd—perhaps the most expert horsemen and best-mounted highwaymen in the world—will be down upon them, and never stop in their work of slaughter till not a man, woman or child is left to tell the tale.

These ruffians were never known to show mercy, nor to ask for it; indeed, a more desperate set of vagabonds cannot be found anywhere. Volumes of highly romantic but bloody stories are told by the natives of Mesopotamia and southwestern Persia, of the daring, ferocity and cunning of the dreaded Hamawénd, who, obedient to their lawless vocation, will not encumber their movements with cattle, nor, indeed, animals of any kind, barring fleet horses and ferocious dogs. Their tents are composed of a piece of dark-brown or black cloth of horse or goat's hair, and of the texture of thin packing canvas, supported by two sticks, scarcely longer than a broom-handle, so that the apex of the tent rises barely five feet above the ground. The reason of their using such low tents is evident: it is in order to be enabled to pitch their tents in even the slightest depressions or hollows of the generally flat desert, or behind the low shrubbery and tall grass along the Nahr Mendeli, without risk of having their whereabouts discovered by the mounted scouts of passing caravans.

The tents of the Hamawénd do not weigh more than about ten pounds each, and the whole of their household furniture consists of a small copper cooking kettle, a narghîleh of the kind known in the Orient as *hoboboble* (a very cheap kind of narghîleh, having a scooped-out cocoanut in lieu of the customary glass water-bowl, or the still more expensive metallic water-bowl of the narghîlehs found among the better classes of Orientals, and a stiff tube of bamboo instead of the flexible and more costly tube of the latter), a *tooloch* (goatskin water-bag), and a few straw mats, or sheep-skins (with the wool still on them), which constitute their bedding. Every member of a Hamawénd family above the age of four years possesses a horse, which is mounted by both sexes in the same way, that is, after the manner of male riders. The horses are constantly saddled, and, consequently, always ready for instant use.

The Hamawénd are seldom encamped for more than twenty-four hours in the same locality, and the booty made in their depredations is disposed of by the most cunning members of the tribe, sent in disguise to the frontier towns of southwestern Persia, or to those of Mesopotamia, in every one of which they have their "fences" or receivers.

Though now reduced to less than 500 individuals, all told, they may yet be said to be invincible, for no army can be led against them into that all but totally barren desert, of which they alone know every inch of ground, and every nook and corner of the rugged mountains of the frontier, across which they can always escape into Persia, if too hard pressed on Turkish territory; which is, however, scarcely ever the case, as they are like the atmosphere, everywhere and nowhere, and baffle even the expeditions of their neighbors, the "Beni Lâm" and "Abladâmi" Bedouins, who frequently suffer from their depredations, and would gladly earn the standing reward of 2,000 piastres (about $90) offered by the Turkish Government for every adult male Hamawénd delivered, dead or alive, into the hands of the Government.

Omar Pasha, the lately deceased famous Commander-in-chief of the Turkish armies, in his capacity of Governor-General of Mesopotamia (1857–58), being enraged at the depredations of the Hamawénd, swore, in true Moslem style, "by his beard," that he would exterminate the whole brood of the notorious marauders of the frontier, and actually set out one day from Bagdad, at the head of fifteen hundred cavalry, which he subsequently divided into many smaller corps, and penetrated with them from all points of the compass into the inhospitable waste reputed to be the stronghold of the "vermin," as he used to call the indomitable Hamawénd.

After unheard-of privations and sufferings of his troops, he finally succeeded in encircling a small gang of the tribe, and felt sure that not one individual could escape him. In this expectation, however, the good pasha was sadly mistaken, for all the able-bodied men, women and children managed to give him the slip during the night, and only about a dozen cripples and old women fell victims to the vengeance of the baffled lion, who caused them to be instantly dispatched.

With great difficulty the warlike pasha found his way back to the City of the Caliphs, where he arrived utterly disgusted with the result of the expedition, after an absence of about three months, accompanied by about one-half of the troops and horses engaged in the campaign, the remainder having all miserably perished in the field from hunger, thirst, sunstroke, etc.; and even Omar himself narrowly escaped at the time from being, by a serious fall from horseback, unceremoniously ushered into the presence of the *houris*—black-eyed virgins of exquisite beauty and bodily perfection, and composed entirely of musk, seventy-two of which charming females are promised as constant attendants by Mohammed the Prophet to every "true believer" (stanch Moslem) after his (the latter's) death—*i.e.*, on his entrance into paradise.

The subsequent Pashas of Bagdad, not near as ambitious as Omar of distinguishing themselves among the unruly Hamawénd, contented themselves with offering a "bonus," in addition to the standing reward, for the capture of the slippery vagabonds, and have hitherto quietly stayed at home, leaving it to anybody else to exterminate them; but nobody appears to be particularly anxious to go hunting the Hamawénd, wherefore the latter continue to this day to figure as the banditti of the Loorian Desert.

A PASSING SHADOW.

Maude Thornton, with ten thousand a year and a splendid estate in Warwickshire, was far more miserable that dull October day, because it was raining, than Carroll, the meek companion, who was trying to please her petulant mistress by an account of the vivid interest of some new book.

"It's of no use, Car! To rain like this—to-day, too, when Lawrence promised to come over from Kingston!"

"You will forget the rain, if you will only let me read you the first chapter; it's splendid, Miss Maude," persisted Carroll, opening the brown volume.

Miss Thornton stopped her with a gesture.

"Ring for my cloak and shoes, Car; I am going down to the lodge to see nursie."

"Miss Maude!"

Miss Maude had turned to the window, and was impetuously tapping the pane. She was still young, with a proud fire in her face and shining through her dark eyes,

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which was more bewitching than her beauty. Tall and slight, Maude had inherited a rare grace of movement from her mother. That mother twenty-four years ago had married the old squire for his money. They were both dead now, lying together under the gray stones of the chancel pavement, and Maude was their heiress. She lived in the "big house," with an old half-witted aunt and her companion.

It was only a temporary arrangement. Maude was engaged to be married to her cousin, a dashing young officer, whose regiment was then stationed at Kingston. She was very proud of him, and loved him all the better for his poverty; for hers was a nature that felt almost too keenly the joy if giving.

Lawrence was very well pleased, of course, to have the love of the heiress and to excite the envy of all the other fellows, who didn't see "what Maude Thornton liked in her yellow-haired cousin."

Maude had rebelled fiercely at his manner lately. It was too courteous, too reserved for a devoted lover, she inwardly decided; and it was this perhaps that upon that wet day made her so discontented amid all the splendor of the Thornton drawing-room.

THE CZAREWICZ AND HIS WIFE VISITING THE BANK OF ENGLAND IN 1872.

After a few sharp words, Maude obtained cloak and shoes, and went out into the rain. It was coming down more fiercely than ever on the dank leaves and the soft gravel; but she hastened onward bravely enough, down the path and across the bridge, striking away from the main avenue to save time.

Passing Thornton grounds from the rectory garden was a high, thick fence of laurel, which ran for a few hundred yards in almost a straight line. A new thought struck Maude's wayward mind as she reached the fence—she would go and see Polly, the rector's little daughter, whom Maude patronized very gracefully.

As she stood for a moment by the fence, undecided, a low voice, tremulous with pain, reached her from the other side.

"Poor little Polly! It is cruel that fate should part two such loving hearts."

It was Lawrence Gary who spoke. Then came Polly's soft response:

"Never mind. Heaven will help us, Captain Gary."

"May it help you to be patient, dear!"

Maude heard no more. She hastened away, like a guilty thing, back across the bridge, her breath coming in short gasps, the fever-flush of pain on her cheeks.

Carroll met her in the hall, mildly reproachful.

"You'll fall into a consumption and die, Miss Maude, and then what will Captain Gary do? I would sooner have a tame elephant to keep in health."

Miss Thornton threw off her cloak with a little bitter laugh.

"Don't be cross, Car. I was a great fool to go out, I know. I'll go and dress for dinner, and you can read that book if you like, dear."

She hastened up-stairs to her room, and rang for her maid.

"I will wear my new dress Mary; and do my hair in coils, please."

Maude looked queenly when she came into the drawing-room. She was dressed in black velvet, with square-cut bodice, and rich lace drooping over her pretty white arms.

"You look like a picture, Miss Maude!" exclaimed Carroll, admiringly.

Maude smiled, and seated herself by the hearth, the firelight playing on her proud, queenly face, and on her luxuriant hair. She sat there, silent and thoughtful, playing with a pictured fire-screen, each movement of her white hand causing the rings on her fingers to flash brightly.

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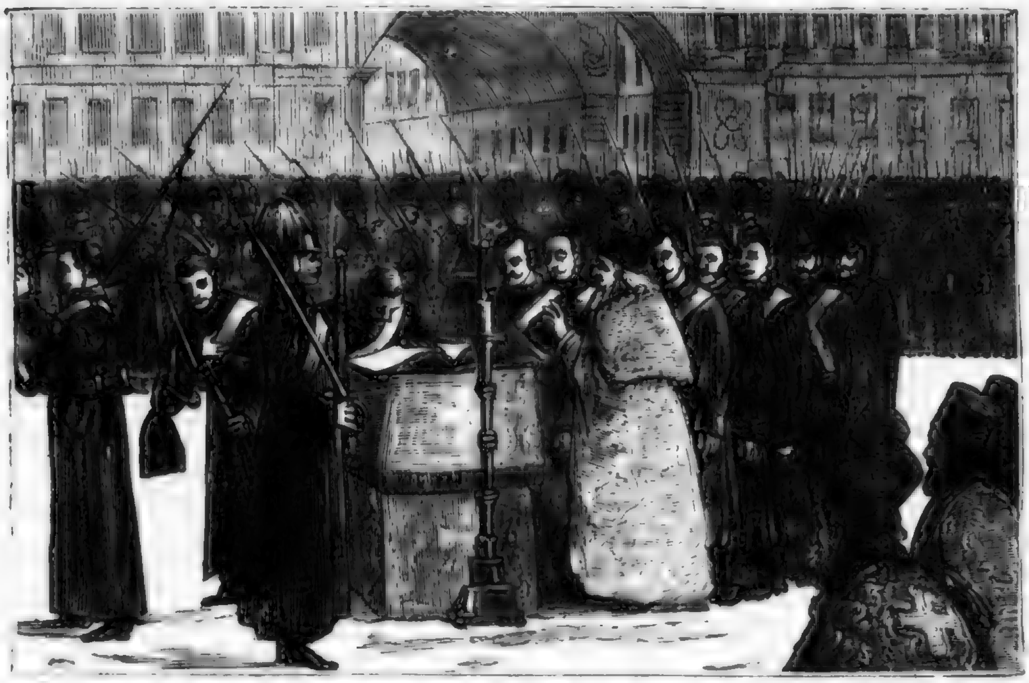
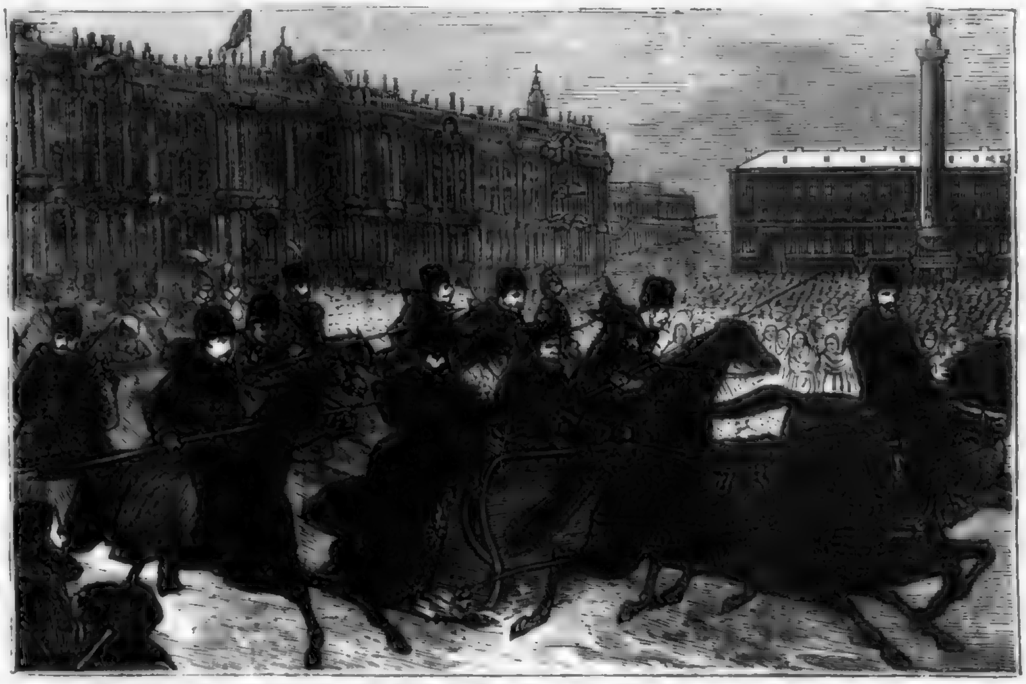


THE RUSSIAN ARMY SWEARING ALLEGIANCE TO THE CZAR ALEXANDER III.—SEE PAGE 642.



THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER III., WITH THE EMPRESS, DRIVING FROM THE WINTER PALACE.

"Captain Gary!" cried Carroll, at the sound of wheels on the drive.

Maude's color rose a little higher, but she did not speak, not even when Carroll said something about a book, and left the room.

He came in unannounced—a man of twenty-five, yellow-haired, handsome—a man any woman with unclaimed heart might have loved.

Maude held out her hand with a laugh.

"I didn't expect you to-night, Lawrence."

He took it gravely, but did not attempt to kiss her. There was something in her proud face which checked him.

"What a dreary day, isn't it?" she said, in her softest tones, clasping her hands together lest he should see them tremble, and looking at him, her white lids drooping a little.

How beautiful she was! The soldier's face flushed a little with pride as he looked at this queenly girl—his promised wife.

"It is rather damp, my darling," he returned, gayly.

She played with the rings on her fingers, loosening one, a bright cluster of diamonds, and half drawing it off.

"This old house is dreadfully dull. I am utterly miserable—utterly miserable!"

"Maude!" her lover cried, in grave reproach.

Her eyes flashed as she looked up at him proudly.

"Don't you think it must be dull, with two old women for my companions?"

He bent over her eagerly.

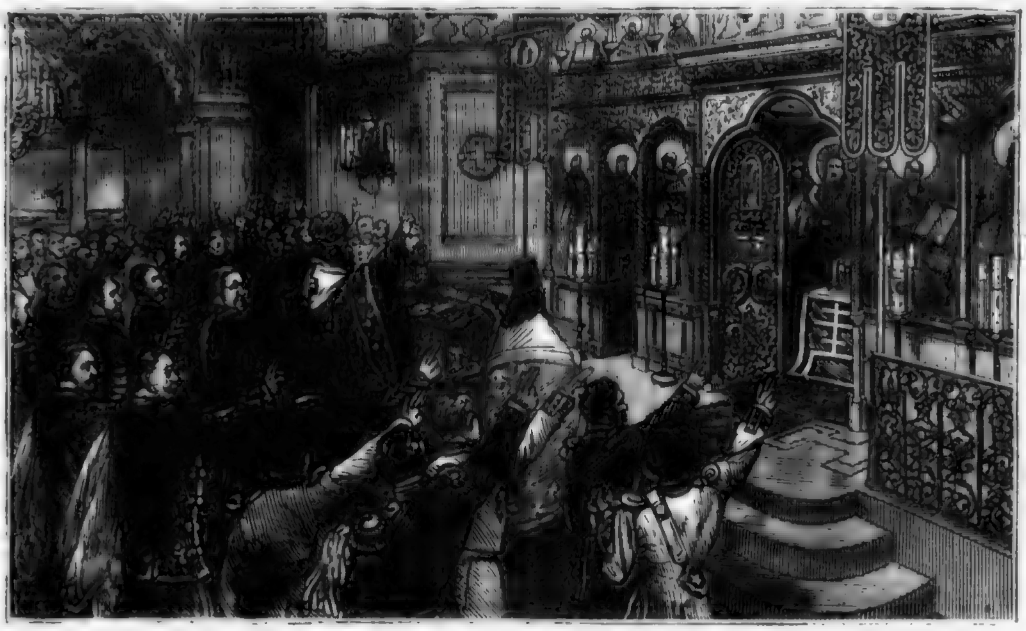
"It must be dull, dear, I know. Don't spend the Winter here. Let it form our honeymoon, passed in sunny Italy, my darling."

Her proud lips quivered with pain, but she laughed lightly.

"I shall not spend the Winter here. I am going abroad—to Paris; I have friends there, and I shall see a little of the world. I do not know my own heart, Lawrence."

Lawrence bit his lip with annoyance.

"I scarcely understand you; you are in a strange mood to-night."



TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE IN A RUSSIAN CHAPEL.

She went on recklessly, twisting that bright betrothal ring.

"It was scarcely fair to claim my promise so soon, Lawrence—I am fettered before I know anything of the world's real life. They may be golden chains to you; to me, they are simply galling."

The insulting words stung him to the quick.

"Fetters, do you call your words of promise? I have no wish to chain you, Maude—Miss Thornton, if you will," he returned, hotly.

She rose up, playing carelessly with her rings.

"They are fetters — easily broken, though, when no love binds the links together. There—take back your ring."

She slipped it off and held it out, laughing the while. He clasped her wrist, and the ring dropped between them.

"What do you mean? Are you playing with me? It has gone too far for a joke."

"Loose my arm, Captain Gary—you hurt me. I tell you my promise has become a galling chain. I like you, you know, but not well enough to give up better chances in life. I am handsome, I have ten thousand a year. A captain in a marching regiment is not a good *parti*."

"For heaven's sake, stop!" he exclaimed, hoarsely. "I won't reproach you, Maude—I am glad you have dropped your mask. You are not worthy of an honest man's love! I will crush mine as I crush this bauble!" He stamped upon the glittering diamonds with his heel as he spoke.

"For shame! You have spoiled a ring worth the rector's yearly income," she exclaimed, lightly.

But he heeded not the words in his angry pain. He caught the girl's hands in his with no gentle clasp, and looked sternly in her face.

"Heaven help and pity you, Maude! The triumphs you covet, the rank you may gain, will turn to ashes at your touch. I know you love me. Nay, let your eyes droop; I know their secret—you have let me read it often enough. And now I say heaven forgive you for the words you have spoken this night, and for the solemn promise you have lightly broken!"

He wrung her hands and strode out of the room, his heart beating fiercely with pain and anger.

With a low, heart-broken cry Maude dropped upon her knees, and covered her face from the light.

Miss Carroll, coming in, found her sobbing wildly. The companion knelt down and put her hands tenderly round her.

"Miss Maude, dear Miss Maude, what is the matter? Where is Captain Gary?"

Maude put up her hands with a passionate gesture.

"He is gone, Car. He will never come back any more. He doesn't love me, Car."

"Not love you!" echoed Carroll, in high disdain.

"He doesn't — he seeks my money!" And Maude sobbed out the whole wretched story — the whispered words behind the laurel fence, and her own hard words to Lawrence.

"Didn't you tell him what you had heard?"

"Tell him?" questioned Maude, her face flushing hotly. "No, indeed!"

"Then you ought to have done so, Miss Maude. Many a heart has been broken by keeping back something that might have cleared up all trouble. Listen, Miss Maude, dear. I am nearly forty, and my hair is gray; but twenty years ago, there wasn't a brighter face or a lighter heart than mine in all the village. I was engaged to a young doctor, and we loved each other dearly. I was a clergyman's daughter, you know, and we lived in the rectory, for the living was in the hands of some canon, and my father was curate-in-charge."

Maude moved her head impatiently. What were the loves and sorrows of these people to her, in her supreme grief? Miss Carroll went on hastily:

"Well, we were engaged; and one day that we had arranged to go to a picnic, some miles away, John came over, looking troubled. He had to go on business to the town, and couldn't join us at the picnic. I was very sorry, but did not think much of it till Lizzie Towell, one of my friends, told me a long story of some young lady John went to see—some beauty of the neighboring town. Jealousy is a strange thing, Miss Maude. It makes one think the worst of our dearest and best. I accused him bitterly. He was proud at first, and angry; but then he begged me to tell him all. I wouldn't, and we parted in anger—in anger, Miss Maude—and I never saw him again till I looked on his dear dead face. He was stricken by a fever, and died."

Miss Carroll's voice dropped. Over the dreary plain of twenty years the flood of pain was surging again.

"Poor dear old Car!" Maude exclaimed, rousing herself. "I am so sorry."

The companion wiped her faded eyes tremblingly.

"Heaven's will be done, Miss Maude; but it's of no use to mistake our foolish pride for the Almighty's will, dear. I wish—I wish you had told Captain Gary."

Maude rose up, shaking out the folds of her dress, with an impatient sigh.

"Go and have your dinner, dear, and send me a cup of tea—nothing else."

Miss Carroll kissed the beautiful heiress, and went briskly away. After seeing that the aunt had all she required, and sending the tea to Maude, the companion took a well-worn cloak from her wardrobe, and left the house. It was still raining, but the wind had gone down, and thick mists shadowed the meadows round the rectory.

Miss Carroll walked quickly up the garden path and pulled the bell, half hidden among the ivy leaves. She was a welcome visitor at the rectory, and the servant ushered her at once into the parlor. The lamp was burning low, and Polly's piano was shut. Polly herself, with a little conscious color, came forward to receive Miss Carroll. She had been standing at the fireplace talking to Lawrence Gary.

"Give me your cloak; it is wet."

She took hold of it and carried it out of the room.

The little companion hesitated a moment. She was terribly afraid of the grand, tall soldier. But love conquered fear. She went up to him, her face flushing and her voice trembling, but strong in her purpose.

"Captain Gary, Miss Maud is breaking her heart about you. She thinks you love Polly. She heard you say something this afternoon."

A great light came into Lawrence's face.

"Thank heaven!" he exclaimed, as Polly came back, saying:

"Sit down, Miss Carroll; mamma will be down in a moment. Captain Gary's horse became lame while driving from the hall, and he is going to stay here to-night."

"Yes—no—that is," exclaimed the young officer, excitedly, "I am going back to the hall—I have forgotten something."

He left the room, and Polly turned up the lamp and sat down to her needlework. Polly's eyes were red.

"You have been crying," said Miss Carroll.

"Yes, I have," the girl admitted, frankly; "I am very miserable. Charlie—you know Charlie?"

"No."

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Polly blushed. It seemed perfectly natural to tell Miss Carroll—she was every one's confidante.

"He is in Captain Gary's regiment, and they are ordered abroad to India. Captain Gary was very kind. He came to tell me to-day, as Charlie couldn't leave."

"But who is Charlie? I have never heard of him."

"He is Lieutenant Tillson, and I am engaged to him," said Polly, with a little dignity.

"Ah, I understand. Poor little girl! India is a long way off—Captain Gary won't go?"

"No. I suppose not," said Polly, with a smile that proved Captain Gary had kept his counsel.

Maude had drunk her tea, and was moodily watching the glowing embers, her tears falling unchecked, when the door was pushed open by an eager hand, and Lawrence Gary entered again. He was very close to her as he spoke.

"Maude, don't let us be foolish children and quarrel for nothing."

Maude dashed away her tears proudly.

"I thought you were at Kingston, Captain Gary."

"No; my horse became lame, and I had to stop at the rectory. Polly is in sad trouble, Maude. Charlie Tillson, her betrothed husband, goes to India next month—the regiment has received orders; and I stopped to tell her this afternoon. I had intended to tell you of our going to India, but——"

"Oh, Lawrence, you are not going!"

Captain Gary could have laughed as he caught her in his arms and kissed her again and again.

"You foolish, foolish girl! Did you think I could love any one but you? Oh, Maude, for heaven's sake don't speak to me again as you did just now!"

She clasped her hands round his neck, and laid her head on his shoulder.

"Forget and forgive, Lawrence; I was mad with pain and jealousy. It was my love that made me so bitter."

He held her close in his arms.

"Let it be a lesson to both of us, darling. It might have wrecked our lives for years, if not for ever. But for the laming of my horse I should have gone to India thinking you a false woman, Maude."

"Hush!" she said, softly. "After all, it is only A Passing Shadow."

BOOKS AND THEIR ORIGIN.

As to the origin of books or writings, those of Moses are undoubtedly the most ancient that are extant. Of the rest, the oldest are the poems of Homer. Several sorts of materials were used formerly for making books: plates of lead and copper, the bark of trees, bricks, stone and wood were the first materials employed to engrave such things upon as men were desirous to have transmitted to their posterity. The leaves of the palm-tree and the Egyptian papyrus were afterward used. Wax and even leather were introduced into use, especially the skins of goats and sheep, of which at length parchment was prepared; then linen, silk, and at last paper came into use.

The first books were in the form of blocks and tables, but as flexible matter came to be written upon it was found more convenient to make books in the form of rolls. These were composed of several sheets fastened to each other, and then rolled around a stick, the whole making a kind of column or cylinder. Books have been termed "the remedier of the mind." The famous and learned Dr. Parr observed that he considered them as the pride of his youth, the employment of his riper years, and, perhaps, the best solace of his declining life. Dr. Johnson advised young people never to be without a book in their pocket, to be read at bye times, when they had nothing else to do; observing at the same time that much of his own knowledge—and that was vast, indeed—had been in this manner acquired.

DYING OF JOY.

Recently, near Pompeii, Signor Ruggero has been endeavoring to trace the line of the seacoast, prior to the eruption which destroyed that city. In order to determine some facts as to the Island of Revigliano, he made fresh excavations in a field belonging to Barone Valiante, half-way between the Porta Stabiana and the coast. Here a group of buildings was found, perhaps a bathing establishment, with more than twenty rooms, gayly decorated with paintings. Here a band of thirty-six Pompeians took refuge from the fury of the eruption, hoping to take to the boats; the fury of the sea, however, deprived the fugitives of their last chance of salvation. They were all buried alive; their skeletons were found mixed together as they fell in the last struggle for dear life, and for a last breath of air. They were wealthy people. Together with their bones, the following objects lay scattered on the floor: five bracelets, six pairs of earrings, two necklaces, one chain, one brooch, seventeen finger-rings, fourteen coins of gold, one looking-glass (fancy a girl thinking of her looking-glass in such a desperate flight!) and two hundred and eight coins of silver, besides numbers of engraved stones, cameos, pearls and bronze coins. Barone Valiante, the owner of the place and its contents, could not endure such an eruption of gold and silver, and died within a few hours after it took place.

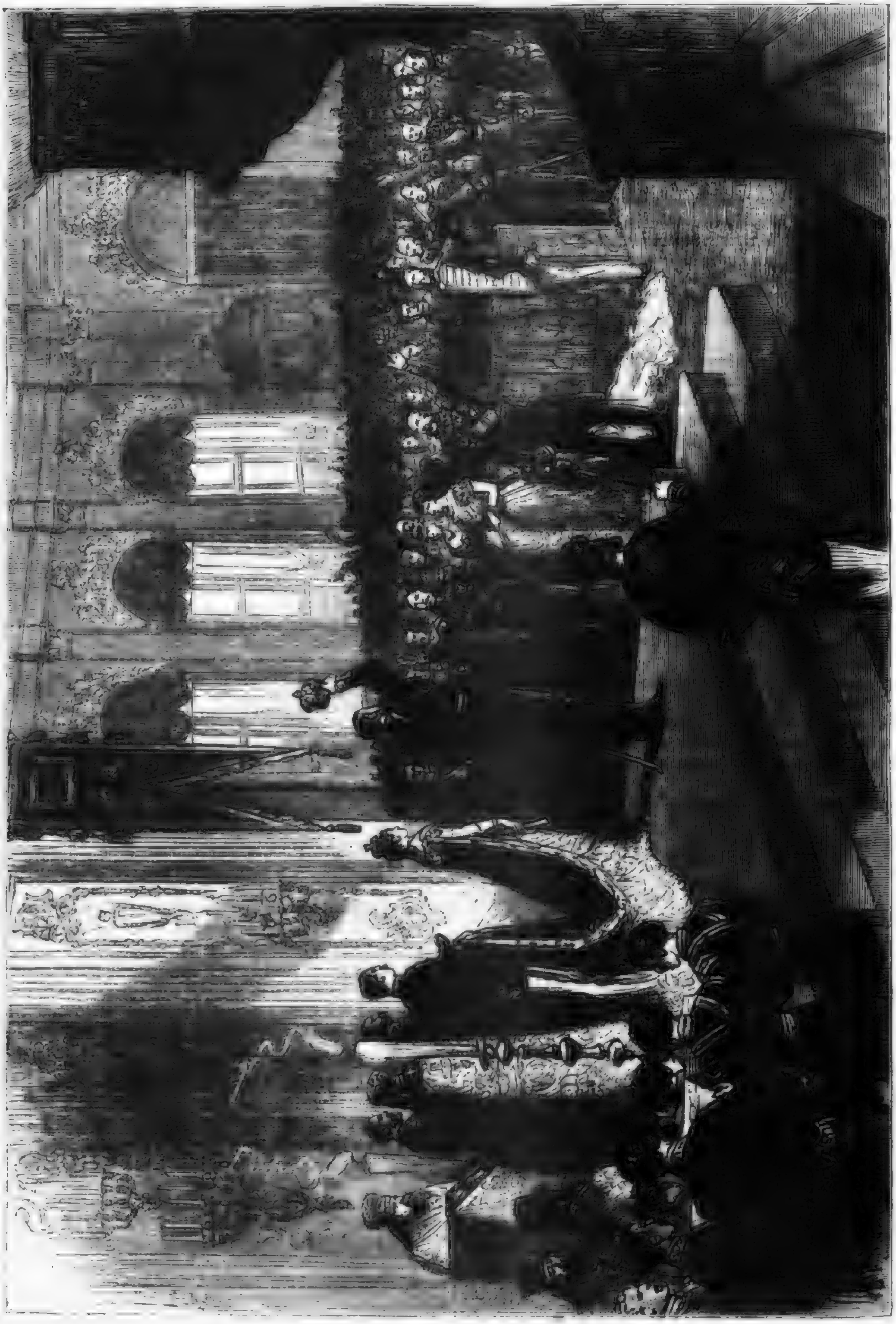
THE FIRST DAILY PAPER.

The British journal entitled to this description was *The Daily Courant*, commenced on March 11th, 1702, by "E. Mallet, against the Ditch at Fleet Bridge," a site we presume very near that of the present office of the *Times*. It was a single page of two columns, and professed solely to give foreign news, the editor or publisher moreover assuring his readers that he would not take upon himself to give any comments of his own, "supposing other people to have sense enough to make reflections for themselves." Evidently "leader writers," so conspicuous in all our newspapers, were then not in request; but the worthy editor's remark looks somewhat odd, not to say cynical, when read in the light of the year 1881.

The Daily Courant soon passed into the hands of Samuel Buckley, "at the Sign of the Dolphin in Little Britain," and in 1735 was absorbed in *The Daily Gazetteer*.

The apparent length of time depends largely upon circumstances. If we live a quiet, unexciting life, time passes with alarming rapidity. Last Sunday's sermon seems much further away after a week's absence than after a week of customary experience at home. Not only does an event appear to take up different distances because separated from the present by seemingly unequal intervals—the very fact that the one interval has been filled with exciting impressions, the other with comparatively quiet ones, serves to give the mental image of the event a different degree of vividness and distinctness in the two cases. Our mental development is not only a process of retention of the old, it is a process of displacement of the old by the new. The more interesting or exciting the new, the more rapidly does the old tend to disappear.

XUM



THE CORONATION OF ALEXANDER III., MARCH 13TH, 1881, IN THE WINTER PALACE.—SEE PAGE 642.

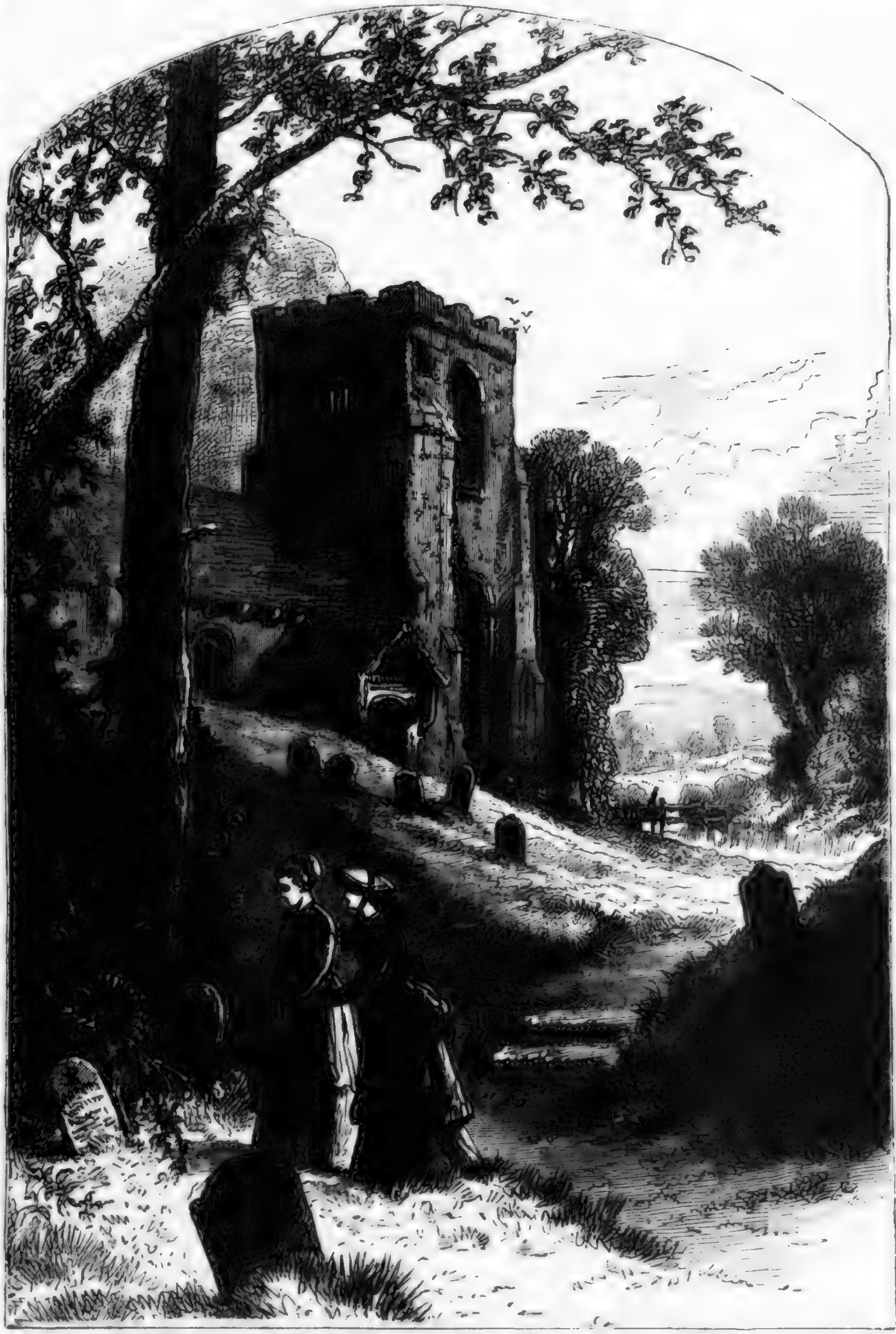
AT STILLWATER FARM.

A SUDDEN, slight tremor, a quick, convulsive start, simultaneously a repressed scream from twenty women, a crash, and then darkness. That was all I knew of the railroad accident; and even that much I did not recall for a long, long time.

When I was first aware of myself, I lay in a delicious half-trance of ineffable quiet of mind and body. Some sweet, fresh scents seemed wafted toward me in intermittent breaths of balmy wind. I felt vaguely that there must be roses and trees out where the sunshine lay in languid, misty softness. A faint, humming sound reached me. It may have been this that surrounded me with all the deep, rich life of Summertime, suggesting first the glowing crimson and deep white of clover-fields, where bees were busy; then, in idle sequence, I saw ruminant cows, knee-deep in succulent, thick grasses, or stopping in the clear, dark-bedded, slow-flowing water, coming home in the silver close of golden day; saw then tangled vines and large, tarnished crimson roses; yellow-fringed honeysuckle; intense, pale skies, with high-floating, soft little clouds; murmurous elms and beech-trees; long, dusty lanes, and thick-blossomed hedgerows; yellow sunshine lying on waving fields of lance-leaved, tasseled corn; shady spots in the secret places of woody vales, where, year after year, the lichens creep gray on the stones, and dusky red spears of liverwort pierce through the rotting leaves.

But if such thoughts made part of my silent content, they flickered through my mind as aimlessly as motes in the yellow sunbeam; and presently all was lost again in peaceful darkness.

The next time that existence made itself felt, I saw that it was evening. The window was open, and through it I saw long, narrow shadows, streaking a grassy hillside, where were trees and flowers.



AT STILLWATER FARM.—"I STOOD IN A HALF DREAM BESIDE HIS GRAVE. MRS. PERCIVAL—THE MISTRESS OF STILLWATER FARM—TOUCHING MY ARM, AWOKE ME WITH A START."

Two children played there together. I heard them laughing gleefully, and watched their flying shadows follow them, as they ran across the lawn. A placid-looking lady sewed beside the window. She glanced now and then at the children and smiled. Some one came in and spoke to her softly, and she answered in the same gentle monotone, but I understood nothing; and immediately, without a flicker, my spark of consciousness went out.

Then another vision. Shaded lamplight now, a soft gloom enveloping all the room, except the bright circumference on the table where the lamp was placed. A gentleman and the lady of my former dream beside the table. I noticed now that the lady's face was concerned and perplexed. A mist that I was unconscious of, until it seemed all at once to fall from around me, dissipated, and some words they spoke conveyed vague ideas to me. It was the lady's voice that said:

"It is so inexpressibly pitiful, Frederick, to think how some heart somewhere may be breaking, in ignorant anguish, uncertain and tortured; and that she should lie here, breathing her life away among strangers, that, however kind, are only strangers after all. Perhaps, even in her unconsciousness, hungering for the familiar voice and touch; blindly wearying for she knows not what, that is beloved and absent."

The lady lifted her handkerchief to her eyes, and I understood that she was weeping. I pitied her idly, and her of whom she spoke; but the glimmer of the rings on her uplifted hand amused me. It annoyed me that the gentleman should draw her hand away.

"Don't cry, Carrie," he said; "you have done all you could. There is no clew whatever?"

"None in the world!"

There the mist rose again, and I knew nothing more.

It may have been the next day, or many days, after these intermittent flashes of consciousness, that I woke to realities. It was not by degrees, but suddenly, as one starts feverishly, broad awake, on a bright June morning, and finds that the sun has not waited for him, that birds sing and roses bloom while he sleeps, and that all the world is throbbing with the life with which he is just reclothed.

I opened my eyes with a singular sensation of giddiness, a sound in my ears like the voice of many waters, an unaccountable thrill of horror and fear. I started up on my elbow, and called aloud:

"Regy—Regy, darling! where are you?" my voice sounding, even to myself, unnatural, faint and forced, and almost dying away before the words were pronounced.

The lady I had seen twice before came noiselessly to the bedside, and drew me back upon the pillows, smoothing my forehead with a cool, soft touch. She made me no reply, nor did she look as if she understood my question. The painless, easy tears of utter weakness fell down my cheeks.

"Will you please tell me," I murmured, with strange difficulty, "where Regy is?"

"Your brother, my child?" said the lady, doubtfully, and very, very kindly. But she went on without giving me time to answer: "You must not talk at present, my love. You are better now, but you have been ill for a long time. I am so glad to see you better, but you must not talk just yet; in a day or two you shall say whatever you please. But now you must be good and quiet, that you may be well the sooner."

She coaxed me as if I were a child, and, like a child, I wept silently, and murmured again that I would be quiet if she would only tell me where my darling brother was. The lady said that he was well, but that I must not talk any more; that he was very well, but that I must be still and go to sleep. And submissively I lay still.

The days went by as in a dream. Gentle ministration soothed every hour of pain; kind faces were always about me, whose strangeness had vanished before I was well enough to know that they had ever been strange; the long vigils of the night were kept by the same tireless watchers, who for all these days fulfilled my wishes ere I was myself aware of them. But always, if I asked a question, I was confronted with kind words that told me nothing, but that won me back to the easy quietude of slow convalescence.

But now a month had passed, and I was yet at Stillwater Farm, and I knew all. I knew that my Regy—my darling, my sunny-haired treasure, my one link with life and love, heaven had taken from me. They had told me how he lay beside me in my arms, dead, and beautiful in death, when we had been found amidst the frightful wreck of life. Me, these kind people had taken, supposing it would be but for an hour or two at most; and they had laid my little brother beneath the grass and flowers of the country churchyard, beside two darlings of their own.

When I rose from my knees beside his grave that day, the soft July twilight was already spread over the world. But a rose-red flush still lingered in the west, and found a faint reflex on the tall, narrow stones, white once, but bearing now the stains of the kind years that had softened the grief of those who wept over them. In the east the sky was white with the coming moon; some faint, large stars flickered through the pale atmosphere. A low wind moved down the hillside upon which the graveyard was placed, whispering faintly amongst the tall, tremulous, weedy grasses, that pushed up thick and pitiful beside the humble stones. At the bottom of the hill the brook murmured along its stony bed, hidden by the dark line of low trees that marked its course. A silence, inexpressibly sweet and kindly, seemed to descend from the bending, softly gray heaven, filling the whole air with unspoken benedictions. I stood in a half dream, that had in it full as much peace as sorrow.

Mrs. Percival, the mistress of Stillwater Farm—touching my arm, awoke me with a start.

"Come, my love; it is growing late! You are not strong yet, you know."

We said little as we followed the ill-marked footpath that led from the side gate across the hill; and we paused, in our own despite, on the narrow wooden bridge that spanned the brook. In this deep hollow it was almost quite dark. Some small willows bent over the water, touching the rippled surface lovingly with their long, slim fingers—"the dryad in them with the naiad's heart" leaning hungeringly toward the stream that complained for her. Some stones that dotted the shallow rivulet lifted themselves above its green and damp; small wavelets fretted past them, making patches of fine white foam and miniature pools on the quiet side down-stream. Pale-green, broad-leafed weeds, and slim, wavering rushes, stooped from the bank, and sent up their dewfall incense of vague, moist odors. The moon, a little higher now, looked curiously in through the plumy willows, and tipped the upper leaves with pale, flickering silver, sending no light yet into the cool, fragrant gloom in which we stood. One bright star just above us found out the secret of the pool in the one deep curve of the bank, and set its image like a gem upon its bosom.

"I know it is too sweet to leave," said Mrs. Percival, in the voice that is between a sigh and a smile; "but I must think for you. Come, Miriam! what are you thinking of, child? But don't look at me with those eerie eyes of yours—not here, at least! You don't look mortal! I half expect to see you rise above my head, melting away into a white mist, and mixing with the vapors that are lying all along this hollow."

"Not willingly, at least," I answered, smiling. "My thoughts are altogether human and proper, believe me. I was only thinking how good you are—how very good you have all been to me. Do you know that all my past life seems a dream? And Stillwater Farm, and yourself, and your brother, Mr. Frederick, and the children, the only place and people I have ever known! I was just remembering—but only as one remembers in a dream—all the things that used to trouble me, and the hopes that harassed me, because they were so much more fears than hopes. Now I think of May and Annie, of the little new ducks and chickens, of whether the turkeys have taken their grains of pepper, and if the ducks have gone off with Mrs. Judith's ducks. It is so delicious to me—so quiet and peaceful! But you cannot imagine how much it is so—what a heavenly island I seem to have been stranded on for a little time! Only think, that I have scarcely concerned myself about the letter I have been waiting for; and yet how much depends upon it!"

"You will get it to-night, my dear—of course you will!" said Mrs. Percival, speaking in that voice of cheerful prophecy that almost carries assurance of good. "And it will contain the very news you wish to hear. But suppose it does not—what then? It will make no great difference, after all. Walk faster, Miriam, dear! It is dark. I don't know what Mrs. Judith would say to me for keeping you out so long."

We hurried on. But all the way up the ascent on the other side the brook, up the moonlight-besprinkled avenue, after we had passed the boundary of the grounds, I was pondering her last words to me, "What difference would it make, after all!" Alas! what difference would it not make!

"There! yonder is Frederick in the sitting-room," said Mrs. Percival, glancing through the open window. "Hungry, and waiting for his tea, I know; and pondering the inscrutable nature of women who forget supper-time. Miriam, my dear, never forget supper-time when you are mistress of a house! Bind the hours for meals as a phylactery across your brow. You have no idea how infinitely it will add to your happiness! Come—I am sure he has brought the letter for you, and it is full of good news besides."

In the sitting-room, Mr. Frederick patiently read the newspapers. Seeing them, I knew he had brought the mail from the village; but I sat down on the sofa, waiting until my heart should sink back into its accustomed place, before I tried to ask if the letter had come, for which I had waited and hoped for now three weeks.

"Where are the children, Frederick?" his sister asked, entering. "Not out yet, surely?"

"Janette has them, I believe," said Mr. Frederick, looking up from his paper with the air of a man whose conscience supports him. "They were hungry, I believe. We have been waiting for you for some time. Do you think it was quite prudent, Carrie, to keep Miss Miriam out so long?"

"Indeed, I do not! I am ashamed of myself, and in terror of Mrs. Judith," she answered, laughing. "But look at her! Her cheeks are like roses. I shall have to take you out on midnight airings, Miriam, if the night air is so beneficial."

"I hope that the contents of this will prove even more so," said Mr. Frederick, putting into my lap, with a smile, the long-wished-for letter.

The mother and sister talked on, so as not to embarrass me with the consciousness of observation; yet I was aware that they were interested in what the letter might contain. But I sat, holding it unopened, looking at the delicate, graceful sweep of the chirography, tracing the intricate monogram, examining the texture of the ineffable envelope, and drawing, not knowing why, an unhappy augury from every one. And while I so sat, fearing to make assurance of expectation, the words that were spoken by my two friends slid into my consciousness, half understood, wholly unmarked.

Mrs. Percival, too, had received a letter. She laughed over it, and read from it now and then the exaggerated phrases of schoolgirl fine writing—Mr. Frederick listening with interest and amusement.

"So Angelique is coming, after all," she said, still laughing, as she read the last sentence. "What a pity it cannot be at once! It is unnecessary to say that I shall be glad to see her, Frederick."

"She is considered extremely beautiful," said Mr. Frederick, unfolding his paper again, and fixing his eyes upon it.

Mrs. Percival laughed more merrily than before.

"She loves me so devotedly! And yet I have never seen her. What have I done, Frederick, that Angelique should adore me, as she says she does? One does not worship *all* one's cousins, as a rule. The fame of my good deeds must have gone abroad into the land."

I broke open the seal of my letter, at last, very quietly, and quite prepared for what I read there:

"MISS MIRIAM DATTA:—It was with sincere satisfaction that I was made aware of the fact that the published list of the killed, in the extremely sad —— disaster, was incorrect in at least one instance. Allow me also to sympathize with you in the afflicting dispensation which deprived you on that occasion of a brother, to whom, no doubt, you were much attached; at the same time, I am sure you will admit the beneficence of a kind Providence in relieving you of a care, which, though willingly undertaken, must have been at times embarrassing.

"As regards the position of governess in my own family, for which I had accepted your application, I should now even more willingly receive your services, and should, perhaps, increase the salary formerly offered—as you would not now have your brother with you—but that, supposing you, if not unhappily killed, at least unable to perform your duties in my family, I have already offered the situation to a lady in every way qualified for it.

"Hoping that this may prove no inconvenience to you, and that your health may be speedily restored, I remain, very sincerely,

"ANNIE ANDERSON MARSTON."

"Well, Miriam," said Mrs. Percival, as I was refolding my letter, "is it not as I said?"

"Read it, dear madame. It is what I anticipated, but not what you predicted."

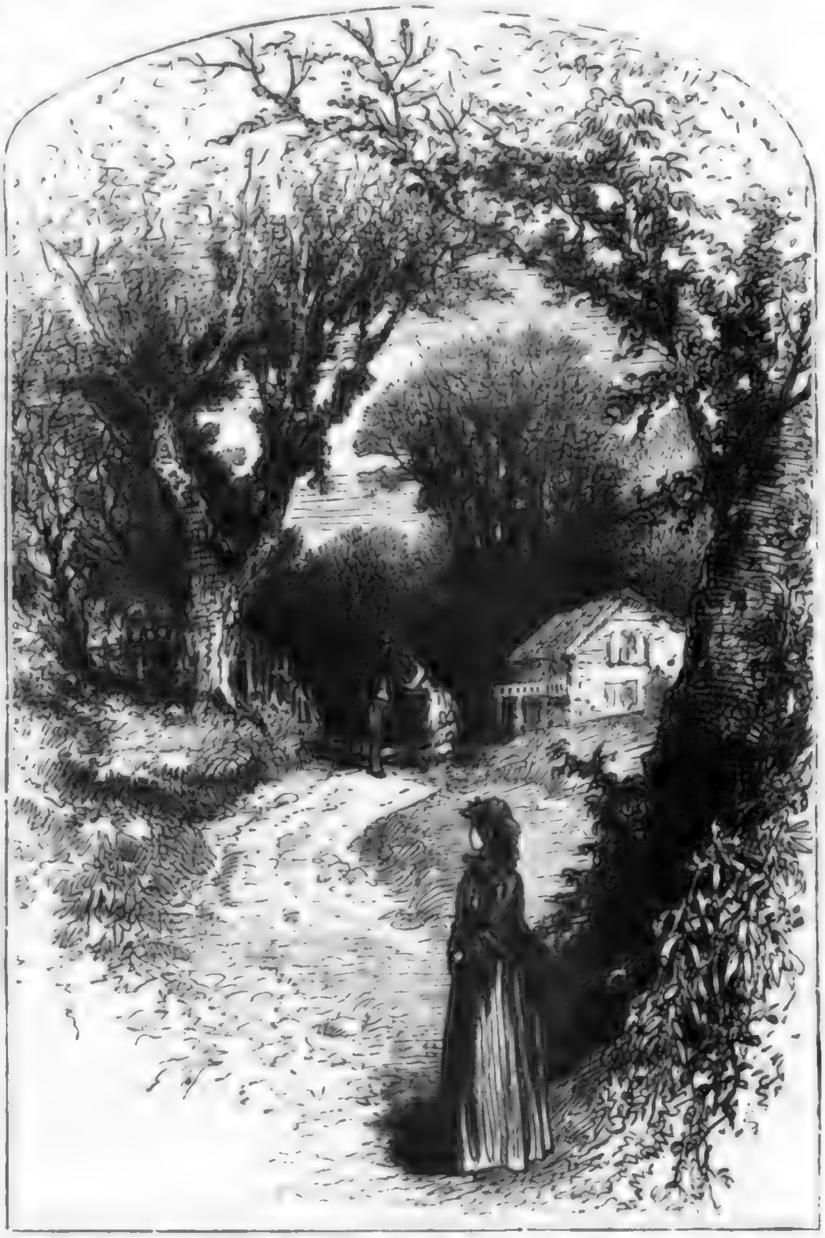
Standing beside her brother, who still looked abstractedly at his paper, Mrs. Percival glanced quickly down the white, shining pages.

"What an elegant hand, and what a sympathetic heart!" she exclaimed, and came and sat down beside me. "Oh," she said, taking my hand, "did I not prophesy good news? I know not how to thank Mrs. Annie Anderson Marston for the kindness she has done me. Don't look at me with such wild, reproachful amazement, Miriam! I cannot tell whether you will make me smile or cry. Have you forgotten May and Annie? I did not dare to ask you before; but now, will you not let me persuade you to stay at Stillwater Farm, and teach my little girls, and make their mother happy? No, no! I will not have a tear shed to-night! Frederick, come and help me to convince her that it is not so sad a place, after all, but that she may be reconciled to it by the remembrance of the good she is doing."

"And Mrs. Judith will be satisfied, too," said Mr. Frederick, with his pleasant smile. "That is a great thing. We have to consider Mrs. Judith in all we do—from buying a pair of boots to making a confession of faith. You are fortunate, Miss Miriam. She took a great fancy to you while you were lying ill."

"I have heard a great deal of Mrs. Judith, since I got well," I said, "and have even spoken of her myself; but she is a puzzle to me. Every one smiles when she is named, and yet every one seems to like her. Who is Mrs. Judith, Mrs. Percival? A neighbor of yours?"

"A neighbor of mine! Yes," said Mrs. Percival, laughing as usual. "She is a neighbor, in one sense, of every one within twenty miles of her. But she lives only a mile or two from us, quite alone, in a little house on the other side of the hill we crossed this evening. She is a person of singular courage and determination, and is the self-constituted censor and guardian of morals and behavior for the county. Whatever people do that she considers wrong, whether the matter be small or great, she has no hesitation in reproving them in the most public manner. She pays visits of inspection now and then, and sits in judgment on all affairs with the utmost calmness. She has no weakness that I know of, except her black bonnets. She makes them herself, and on her visits she graduates the size of the bonnet she wears by the importance of the business that occupies her. She is said to keep one, especially vast, in which it is her wish to be buried. But, after all, her oddities are nothing, compared with the good she does. To touch her heart, it is only necessary to be in trouble. She is an admirable nurse, too—almost a doctor—and I am sure it gives her the most sincere pleasure to be of use in any way. She was here a great deal while you were sick, Miriam."



AT STILLWATER FARM.—"REACHING THE BROW OF THE ASCENT, I LOOKED BACK—THOUGH I HAD VOWED TO MYSELF THAT I WOULD NOT, AND MY CHEEKS WERE CRIMSON WITH SHAME AT DOING SO—AND SAW HER BRIGHT HEAD STILL BENT AS SHE UNTWISTED THE HAIR."

"Is she married?" I asked, both interested and grateful.

"I don't know, my dear. They say she is a widow. For my part, I do not know. I would not dare to hint an interrogation. But it is believed that even her name—Mrs. Judith—is part of her singularity, adopted because she disliked her own. When she hears that you are to remain, you may certainly expect a visit of inspection and instruction; but no one is ever vexed with Mrs. Judith."

"I certainly would have little right to be so. Only—I hope she will not come!"

"Don't flatter yourself with hope," said Mr. Frederick. "She will come, of course. *I* hope that I shall be at home when she does."

"If you are," I answered, smiling, "it may be possible to lead the conversation in your direction; then, possibly, you may be glad to retreat before my turn comes."

Now, how shall I describe my peaceful, pleasant days? But, except to the lonesome and homeless, how false and exaggerated would seem the picture of the gratitude that filled my heart!

In more happy lives than mine, how monotonous and weary might have seemed the daily round of delightful duties and recreations, the morning rambles, the lessons, the twilight talks, that to me were like a glimpse of Paradise!

Week after week glided by unmarked by an incident to be chronicled; for calm happiness has no history, and those two words describe my life.

Even the domiciliary visit from Mrs. Judith, with which I had been threatened, had not been paid; and it had been deferred so long that it was almost forgotten.

But at last there came a change. I sat in my own room one afternoon, with the children. They had finished their lessons, but had come to enjoy their daily recreation of "hearing stories." May, the eldest, gravely bent her curly head on one side of me. Annie leaned pensively upon my desk, misty-eyed, for the pathetic history of the woes and final happiness of the "Ugly Duck" appealed to her heart.

"But one fine morning, when the grass was dewy, the sky blue, and the water very smooth and beautiful——"

"Dear me!" said sedate May, lifting her head, and holding her needle suspended while she listened. "What a chattering there is down-stairs!"

"Never mind, sister; don't interrupt!" cried Annie, vivaciously impatient. "'The water very smooth and beautiful,' Miss Miriam. What comes next?"

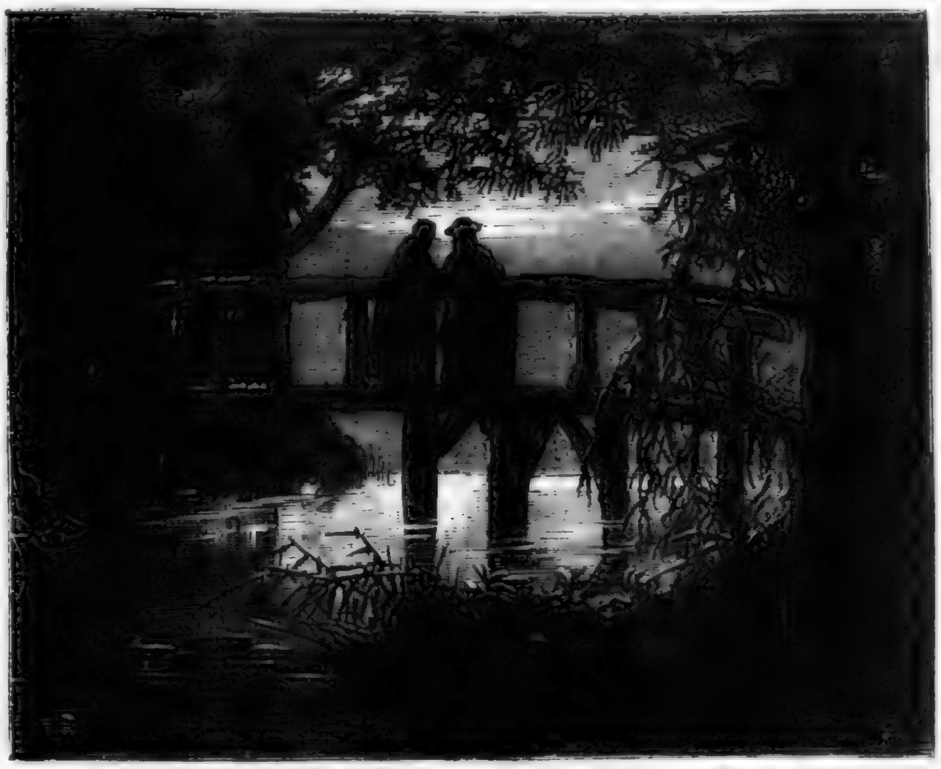
Nothing, just then. For somebody below called the children, and they ran down, wondering.

I, too, rose, and leaned over the stairway to know if anything was the matter. I stood on the landing, unseen, and beheld a picture.

Through the open doorway I saw, as a background, the shadows, already long, stretching across the freshly green grass and the graveled paths. A carriage stood before the door, and behind it a baggage-cart, containing perhaps half a dozen vast trunks.

On the piazza, Mr. Frederick held a traveling-bag and a miniature lunch-basket. Grouped near the principal figure were Mrs. Percival, kind and cordial, and the two children, who, having been greeted, shrank somewhat timidly beside her with wide eyes.

Just within the arch of the entrance stood inframed a little, beautiful creature, who looked, certainly, only half mortal—the rest, possibly, fairy—in fashion. She wore a traveling-dress, of course—that is to say, it was of gray linen; but the wearer, or the dressmaker, seemed to have transformed it into a drapery of cloudy stuff, that fell and floated with every movement. Also, she had on a traveling-hat—gray straw—with a gauzy silver-colored vail twisted round and falling from it, that in human measurement may have been two or three yards in length. But upon her ineffable curls, this vail seemed stolen from a moonlit cloud, and to stream about her, interminable and loving, enveloping her in mist and mystery. Great quantities of golden hair tumbled about her shoulders, tangled in such celestial fashion as to tempt one to forswear a comb and brush for ever.


AT STILLWATER FARM.—"WE PAUSED ON THE NARROW WOODEN BRIDGE THAT SPANNED THE BROOK."

Little, arched, miraculous boots peeped from the hem of her dress. On her small, round, infantile cheeks a pale rose bloomed. Her lips were singularly red and glowing. Her eyes, deep-blue and rather deep-set, sparkled like stars. Her hat hung on one side of her head, and her hands, cotton-white, were ungloved.

She spoke with an infinite deal of gesture, and her tongue was running at a greater rate than can be easily conceived of.

"And you see what an absolute fright I am! When I reached the station here, and found I had forgotten to mail my letter—here it is now!—and that there would be no one to meet me, conceive what I felt! Words cannot picture it! I was in despair! I flew to a man I saw in a blue coat—I thought he was a policeman, *of course!*—and *implored* him to obtain a carriage for me—a carriage, a wagon, a water-cart, a wheelbarrow!—*any*thing that could move, and had something to move it! And then I discovered, to my horror, that the man was *not* a policeman at all! I certainly should have sunk into the earth at that, but I was in such a state of distraction by that time that I cared for nothing. I left the man—I was quite frantic, really!—and ran against a post and mashed my hat—only see it!—and even *that* did not move me. I do not think I should have minded if I had heard the archangel—what's his name?—blowing his trumpet. I never should have suspected it was the archangel at all, I was in such a tumult of every imaginable description. And oh!" said the young lady, with a sudden change of manner, and a fairy-like sigh, "I am so weary of noise! and I so long for the dear quiet of the country, and cows and lambs, and nice bread-and-butter-and-honey!"

At this she wafted herself across the pace or two that divided her from Mrs. Percival, and embraced that lady with dainty ardor.

"You know you are such an angel!" she said, as she lifted up her curls and vail and starry eyes.

Meantime, one of the men outside was swearing over a mountainous trunk, while the other groaned and panted. Mrs. Percival laughed heartily.

"Don't trust to appearances, Angelique. I will convince you of the contrary in a day. Bread-and-butter-and-honey are not ambrosia, you know. Will you not come up-stairs now?"

"Anywhere in the world that you wish me to go! Only—have I greeted every one?" But she did not offer to come; instead, counting with her upraised finger: "There is you—you, darling!—and these little angels of children, and that grave Cousin Frederick, whose face makes me think I am naughty to be glad to see him! *Do* you think I am, Cousin Frederick?"

A sidewise glance—meek, provocative, bewitching, and long lashes drooping. Really she looked wonderfully beautiful.

Cousin Frederick proved equal to the occasion; but instead of resuming her former tone, she swept across her eyes a white cobweb, supposed to be a handkerchief, and thanked him sweetly for his kindness—for the kindness of them all—in a voice of such unexpected pathos, that I, who stood amazed, waited for the tears, which her beauty would, perhaps, alchemize to a rain of pearls. But, no; she recovered herself immediately from this passing cloud, and glanced up brightly, timidly smiling.

"Am I not a poor, foolish child? Never mind! I shall become quite strong-minded, with these dear cousins to teach me, and these little darlings to help me learn; for I am *very* stupid about learning. I don't know how to do anything, except love people dearly—dearly! I

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almost wish there were more of you to love! And yet, that is silly, too. How could there be more of such people as *you?*" her inflection indicating that nature had broken again the oft-mentioned mold, and her eyes bestowing the compliment principally upon Cousin Frederick.

"But you have not seen us quite all," said Mrs. Percival—I could not help thinking, a little mischievously. "Did I not write you that Miriam was with us?"

"Miriam! Miriam!—who?" cried Angelique, rather sharply.

"She teaches May and Annie; a most lovely and charming girl."

"Do you pay her?" said Angelique.

"My dear! what can you think of us?"

"Oh!" said Angelique, with an accent both of indifference and relief, "then, she is only a governess. Come, cousin, darling, we will go now."

Mr. Frederick had gone.

I walked to my window, and sat down, gazing out rather pensively into the ruddy west, piled with purple clouds, and glorious in radiant and merging hues. I was thinking, however, less of what I saw than of what I had seen a few moments before.

There was a faint, oppressive pain at my heart, as I recalled her beauty and sparkle, of which I knew not the meaning. The tone of her words, "Oh, she is only a governess!" recurred to me constantly. But I tried to argue or scold myself into a better mood.

I told myself that I was—as I was—a shallow, ungrateful creature, spoiled by unaccustomed kindness, and by undeserved happiness. I asked myself if all for which I thanked heaven was lessened because she was incomparably fair? And absolutely a tear fell from my eyes, which I tried to think was one of contrition. But I doubted this, after all, and took yet sterner measures to reduce myself to subjection.

I stood before the mirror, recalling, in vivid reality, every separate gift and charm of the beautiful Angelique, severely and strictly comparing with them the plain traits of the sad and worn countenance that the mirror assured me was mine. Then, instead of dressing myself in such simple colors as became me best, I selected a stuff dress, of sombre color, and of excessive plainness. No curls, no crimps, no puffs would I allow; my hair was as straight as the locks of an abbess. No fleecy folds about my throat, to soften the simplicity of my dress; a tiny ruffle of lace, a brooch that a fashionable lady's-maid would have scorned, but that a lady might still appear in, completed a toilet which afforded me a sort of painful, sacrificial pleasure, when I saw how entirely it annihilated even such poor good looks as Nature had bestowed on me. Then I descended into the twilight parlor, and found it vacant.

Presently, floating through the doorway, a vision paused upon the threshold. A vision of soft white clouds, with rose-colored tintings, from which looked Angelique's bewitching face—her floating, long, bright tresses suggesting the flight of Galatea; her shoulders, delicate, dimpled, yet firm as those of Ægean Juno, shining silverly through the thin drapery.

"Pardon me," said Angelique, daintily hesitating; "but you are the governess?"

"Yes, I am the governess. I am Miriam Dayta. And you?"

"Ah! thank you; I am Angelique," as if she might have added Regina. "Can you tell me, Miss Dayta, where I shall find my cousin Frederick—and the rest?"

"Perhaps in the sitting-room; out walking, perhaps."

"Thank you, again. I think I shall go and look for them. Will you come?"

This over her shoulder, at the door.

"No, thank you. There is Mr. Frederick just now coming up the hill. You will meet him almost immediately."

She did so. Looking from my window, I saw grave, pleasant-faced Mr. Frederick pause, with his critical eyes fixed attentively upon her, as Angelique descended the steps, and moved toward him with graceful swiftness

In the twilight gloom of the room I sat, watching her enveloped in the lingering flush of sunset—watching her fairy-like ways, her tender, alluring, vivacious airs, with the strangest sense of oppression, and of most unchristian repugnance.

Angelique, falling in love with the place, as she said, paid a long visit at Stillwater Farm. But the first novelty wearing off, we found that her temper was not just such as would have seemed suited to her infantile ways and childish talk. She was excessively peevish, and sometimes, one was almost compelled to think, both selfish and worldly; but for such thoughts as these, which I feared were but too welcome to me, I had almost always to reproach myself with deserved severity; for no such exhibition ever took place in Mr. Frederick's presence, let the temptation be what it might; then, she was ever deferential to Mrs. Percival, polite to me, and patient with the children—charmingly so. And, as I frequently argued with myself, such unpleasant characteristics could not well be hers, if the mere presence of one whom she respected could so obliterate their indications. And hateful as the confession makes me appear, I had learned that her very beauty, and her thousand graces, indisposed me to regard her favorably.

Yet it somewhat consoled me to see that my opinion could not spring entirely from malice and envy, since it was shared by others, whom such feelings could not influence. Even Mrs. Percival, kind to every one, seemed to look forward to the time when Angelique's visit would be over.

The children, for their part, though they had been at first rapturous over the loveliness and sweetness of "Cousin Angel," as she had taught them to call her, began, in time, rather timidly to avoid her, and when she was not present, to slip in unpleasant criticisms.

"Can't walk through the meadow," said May, with an air of great contempt, "because she's afraid of spoilin' her shoes! She would walk through it fast enough if Uncle Frederick——"

"May!" from the governess, admonishingly.

Silence on May's part, broken presently thus:

"And when I said, 'Why don't you put on good, thick shoes, like me and Miss Miriam——'"

"May!" reprovingly from Annie, "you ought to say Miss Miriam *and me.* But as for Cousin Angel, she *is* the affectedest——"

"Children!" from sententious Miss Miriam, "*neither* of you should think or say anything unkind about your cousin. She is extremely lovely; and you should treat her so that your behavior would deserve the same description."

"She is pretty enough," said May, in a voice so very significant and rebellious that Miss Miriam found it necessary to be entertained with the immediate continuation of the history which the young ladies were reading to her; and so, for that time, Angelique escaped the most scathing of all criticism—that of disaffected infancy.

Time passed on, but slowly now. It had used to be so pleasant before Angelique came! Then Mr. Frederick had been interested in what occupied the rest of the household, and had done so much to enliven the routine of ordinary life, and to throw the zest of his pleasant humor into the most commonplace affairs. Now he was quite absorbed in the beautiful Angelique.

In the morning he rode with her. In the afternoon they walked together. During the day, if he happened to be at home, she was constantly needing his assistance about her play-work, if it were no greater matter than disentangling her threads. In the evening she played and sang; but she could do neither, she said, unless some one turned the pages for her, and no one could do that except dear Cousin Frederick.

Mrs. Percival, who did not love Angelique so much as she wished to do, began to look unusually grave. The children felt the change in the household atmosphere, and were lonesome and discontented; and for my part, while I think I honestly tried to amuse them, and make them as happy as I could, I was quite aware that a heavy heart did not help me much to the success I wished for. A heavy heart? I blush; but it was true. Struggle as I might, my heart was more and more heavy. An inexplicable, ever-increasing despondency seemed to envelop me like a prison mist, from which there was no escape.

And now all the sad glory of Autumn was abroad upon the hills. Slight frosts in the mornings made the air fresh and bracing; strong, delicious winds tossed the red and yellow leaves on the ground by handfuls; the skies were soft and clear; a pale haze lay upon the yellowing hills; the brooks tinkled with a sound of new merriment, and the squirrels and the children were rivals in nut-gathering.

May and Annie were much out of the house, and I was with them as often as possible, both for their own pleasure and for mine, for their presence did more than anything else to dispel the gloom that haunted me.

Meantime I had seen the good, terrible Mrs. Judith very often. She had been several times at the house, and in our rambles her tall, stout figure frequently crossed our path, as she hurried on, intent upon her own affairs.

The ordinary greetings of life Mrs. Judith seemed to scorn; she had never opened her lips to me, not even saying "Good-morning," or "Good-evening," when I had seen her at Stillwater Farm; but never had I been in her presence but that I was aware of the singular, and to me the very painful, scrutiny to which I was subjected. Consequently, when we met her on our walks, we kept very quiet, behaving in the most ordinary and orderly manner; for I really half shared the children's dread of her, thinking of her as of an uncomprehended power, possibly beneficent in its action, but uncertain at the best, and decidedly better left undisturbed and unattracted in my own direction.

One day we took an especially long walk; returning, we had met Mr. Frederick and Angelique, pacing slowly along together, Angelique quite unable to get over the stones and twisted roots and tiny knolls without constant assistance, and looking the very spirit of the bright Autumn afternoon in her walking-habit, subdued in color, and brightened with gay ribbons. She had fastened some sprays of scarlet sage in her shining hair, carrying her pretty hat in her hands. She looked down constantly, her long, lovely, drooping lashes tempering with a feigned reserve the allurements of her lips. The wind blew her unbound tresses back and forth, and just as we reached them a long lock seemed to have entangled itself around one of Mr. Frederick's buttons, and they paused, laughingly, to disengage it. What a picture they made on the sunny slope where they stood! How exquisite the laughing eyes she lifted to his! How admiring the glance beneath which her own sank and her color rose!

Mr. Frederick did not assist her at all; only looking at her, with a smile on his lips and in his eyes, as she tried to unfasten the radiant strands herself, and, as it seemed, in vain.

The task was long, for, reaching the brow of the ascent, I looked back—though I had vowed to myself I would not, and my cheeks were crimson with shame for doing so—and saw her bright head still bent as she untwisted the hair.

As I said, the walk had been long, and I was very tired. So tired, indeed, that some foolish tears—the meaningless tears of mere weakness—rolled down my cheeks, as I sat, with closed eyes, leaning languidly back in my chair. I was almost beginning to think that the air of Stillwater Farm must be unwholesome for me—that I had better go away. This enervation of mind and body was so surely, so constantly increasing, and, oh, this dull, heavy pain at my heart seemed almost more than I could bear!

These thoughts, both weak and wrong, engrossed me so, that I did not hear Mrs. Percival's voice or step until she entered the room, brightening it with her cheerful face. But now a more than usually decided smile was upon her dear lips.

"I have some news for you, Miriam, my dear," she said, looking at me with sparkling eyes.

Turning from the light, that she might not see the tear-stains, of which I was deservedly ashamed, I asked her what the news was, in a voice quite quiet and natural.

"Philosophy to the rescue!" said Mrs. Percival. "Mrs. Judith has called to see you."

"To see me?"

"To see *you*, my dear. I tried to spare you. I told her that you went out for a long walk early in the afternoon, by I was only rewarded by a terse reproof of my insincerity," said Mrs. Percival, laughing both at herself and at Mrs. Judith, "and by the information that you must be at home, as she had seen you returning an hour ago.

"That is true," I answered, ruefully. "I did not dream she saw me. She only crossed the path fifty yards from us, and I did not catch a glimpse of her face."

"There are few things Mrs. Judith does not see, my love. But you are going down?"

"I suppose I must, ma'am?" with an accent of interrogation, flavored by a faint reflection of hope.

"It would be better, Miriam, dear. She is a good soul, whom every one humors. People suppose—I scarcely know why—that she has suffered some unusual and overwhelming sorrow. That gives her a right to respect. And she earns it otherwise by the good deeds in which she is constantly occupied."

I rose and smoothed my hair, taking off the bright bow at my throat for one of more sombre hue, lest Mrs. Judith should object to crimson ribbons.

For a moment Mrs. Percival watched me in silence; then she said, gently, smiling too:

"Whatever she says, Miriam, dear, don't be offended, please. She means nothing but good. I only warn you because she has on her bonnet of state—the largest of them all—and she never wears that unless she considers her business more than usually important."

I really began to tremble. Mrs. Percival had no idea what her errand was, nor could I conjecture. I earnestly entreated her to come with me, but she shook her head, laughing:

"Mrs. Judith said expressly that she desired to see you alone. Do you imagine I could have the temerity to go

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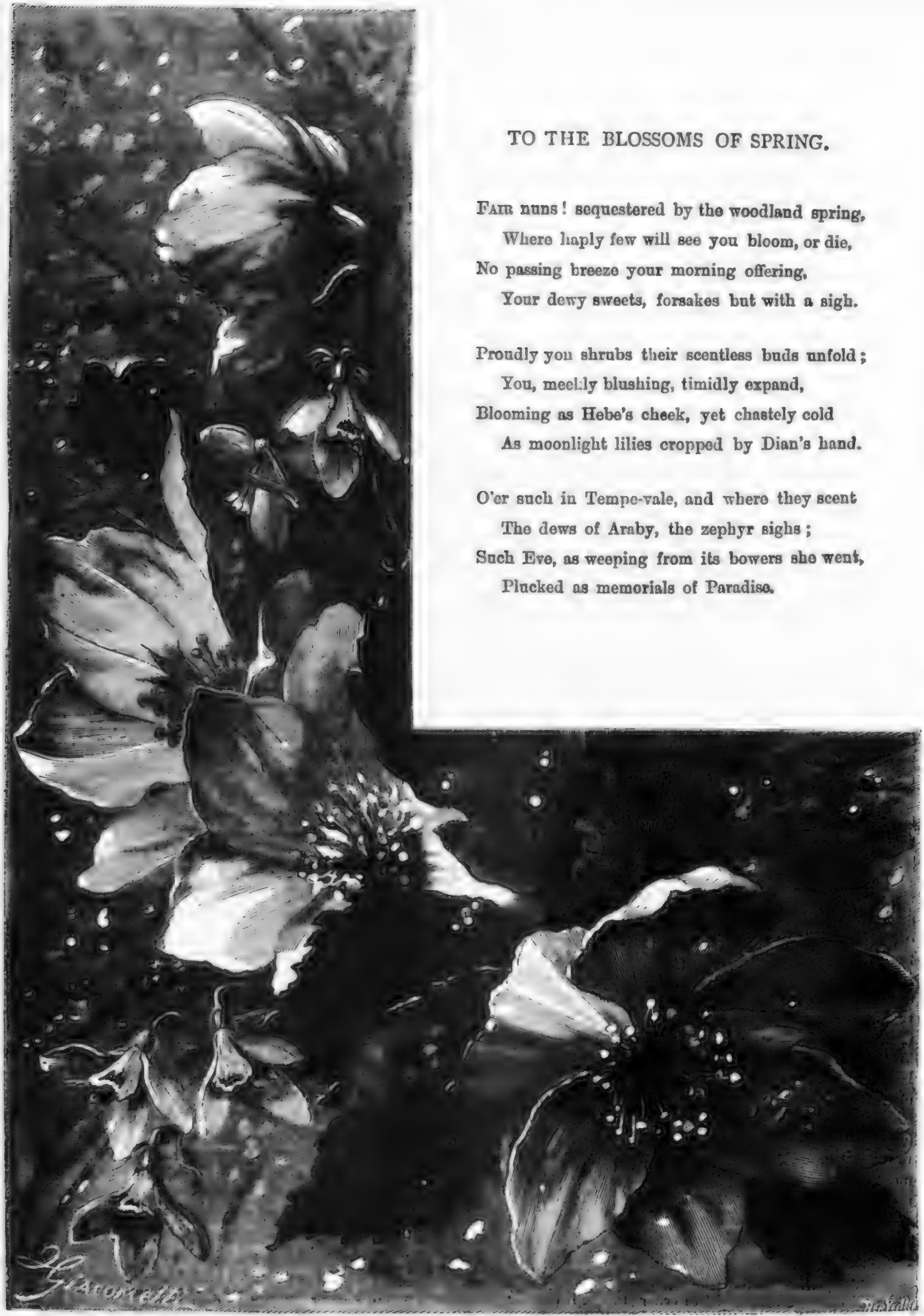


TO THE BLOSSOMS OF SPRING.

Fair nuns! sequestered by the woodland spring,
Where haply few will see you bloom, or die,
No passing breeze your morning offering,
Your dewy sweets, forsakes but with a sigh.

Proudly yon shrubs their scentless buds unfold;
You, meekly blushing, timidly expand,
Blooming as Hebe's cheek, yet chastely cold
As moonlight lilies cropped by Dian's hand.

O'er such in Tempe-vale, and where they scent
The dews of Araby, the zephyr sighs;
Such Eve, as weeping from its bowers she went,
Plucked as memorials of Paradise.

with you, after that? Run along. It will be nothing, no doubt; she may have heard that the children commit verses to memory, and Mrs. Judith objects to verses. But go. Do not keep her waiting."

I went—very rapidly down the steps, more and more slowly through the corridor, and came to a dead pause at the parlor door. I don't know that any feeling assisted me to open it so much as the terror lest Mrs. Judith, incensed at having been kept waiting, might suddenly emerge, and find me there cravenly trembling. I did open it finally, and carefully closed it behind me. Whatever she might have to say to me, I preferred it should be to me alone. Then I lifted my eyes for the first time.

They encountered the steady glance of two small, keen gray eyes—not unkindly eyes—set back beneath the brows further than is usual in female faces. She was certainly what people call "hard-favored," but to me—thus scrutinizing her for the first time—her face looked strong and honest. She wore a black stuff dress of scanty fashion, and a black bonnet that placed her face at the end of a gloomy vista; she sat upright, not touching the back of her chair.

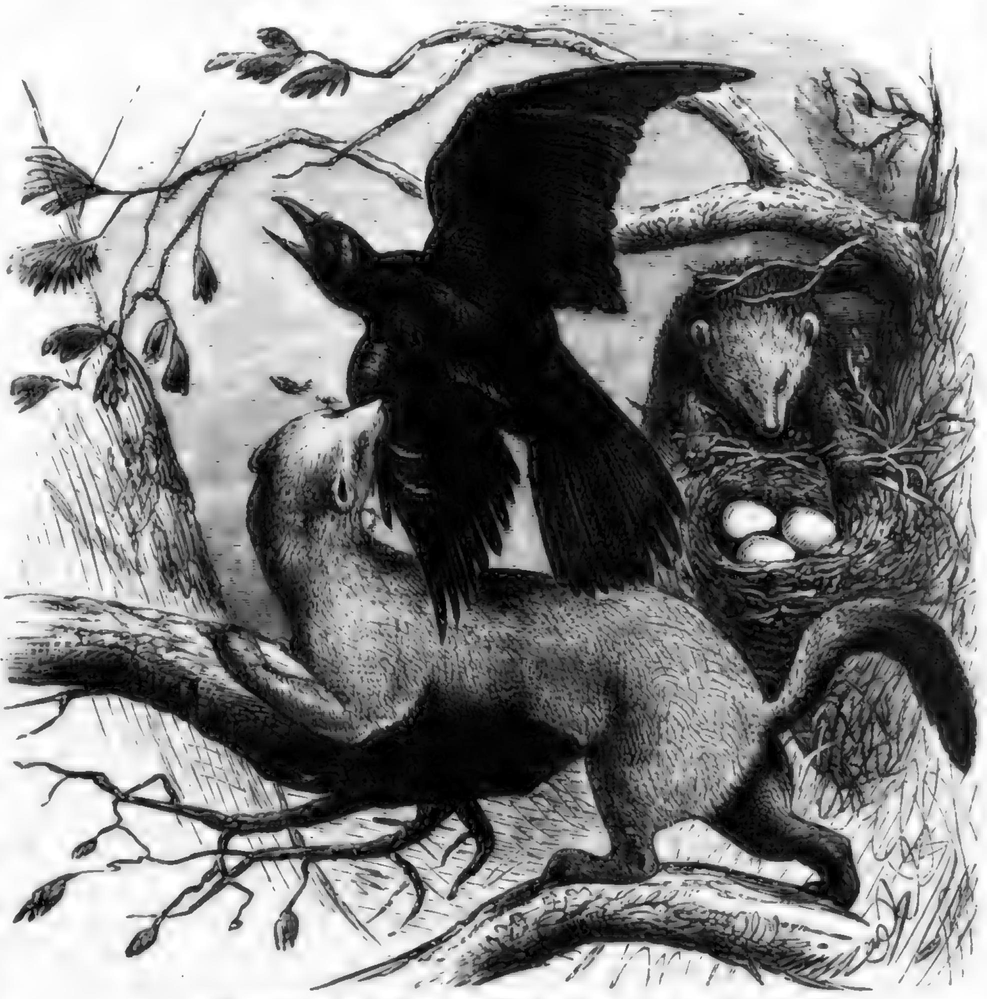
I approached and offered her my hand. But Mrs. Judith informed me in a harsh voice—which yet, like her stern, wholesome-colored face, was not unpleasant—that I had better find out something about her before I shook hands with her, and told me to sit down.

I sat down.

"Why did you keep me waiting so long?" said Mrs. Judith, and she fixed her eyes upon my face, from which she never removed them.

It was very strange. But in a moment I was completely at my ease. An interview with a fine and beautiful lady would at that moment have seemed to me much more terrible. I felt at once that all Mrs. Judith required was sincerity, and that I could give her. The other would have been full of elegance and graces, for which I could make no return. So I answered, quietly, that though I was unable to explain the reason, her summons had made me a little timid, and so I had lingered.

A singular sound came from Mrs. Judith's throat at this, which I am unable to describe, but it seemed to express satisfaction.



THE AMERICAN SABLE, OR PINE MARTEN.—SEE PAGE 667.

For the few minutes during which she now silently considered me, I appeared quite at ease, because I really was so. She then asked me how old I was.

I answered, twenty-three.

"If a woman is without sense at twenty-three," remarked Mrs. Judith, sententiously, "she is without sense for life. Now, you do not look as if you lacked sense. But you ought to know that, if you did lack it, the Lord that made you would be answerable for your folly. But if the Lord has given you sense, and you refuse to use it, your burden is to be a heavy one in the day He makes His reckoning."

"Does my mode of teaching May and Annie displease you, ma'am?" I asked, gently.

"Do you think I have left my work and come to Stillwater Farm to teach you what you ought to be able to teach me?" said Mrs. Judith, sternly, and displaying that blindness concerning herself which seems inseparable from humanity. Mrs. Judith was constantly doing such things, and now she was greatly offended at the bare suggestion of such a possibility.

"Look into your heart; interrogate your conscience. Ask *them* what I have come here for, and you will get a truer answer," said Mrs. Judith, with exceeding severity.

I blushed burning crimson, and the water forced itself into my eyes. How it was I know not, but I did comprehend Mrs. Judith's errand as if by a flash of inspiration, and with an agony of shame and remorse that I cannot describe. To think that to Mrs. Judith that had been visible which I had denied to myself—yes, even in my prayers to heaven! I felt as if I would be glad to die. I lifted my handkerchief to my eyes, my head sank lower and lower.

"I am a woman who has suffered," said Mrs. Judith, presently, but with no less determination in her voice, "and I feel for others. I will not see you throw your life away for nothing. A woman of sense is able to act as her sense directs her. A man of sense—he is a fool his whole life long," said Mrs. Judith, quoting Martin Luther unconsciously, "if a yellow-haired doll that pretends to be an angel chooses to make him so. I have come to tell you that you must leave Stillwater Farm."

I was crying, with a broken heart. Throwing my life away! Alas, alas! what was my life worth after my heart was thrown away?

"But—but you know I teach the children," I murmured; for, oh, it seemed I *could* not go!

"It will not be so bad as it seems," said Mrs. Judith. "No trouble is, when we face it squarely. I saw a ghost once—yes, a ghost, in a graveyard. I fell down on my knees beside the graves of my children, and said the Lord's Prayer aloud, then I walked up to the ghost, and I found it was my own white mulley cow, that had come in by the gate I left open myself. It is not for the children you wish to stay. You must leave Stillwater Farm at once."

"But, Mrs. Judith," I said, weeping with intolerable bitterness, for both the good sense and the truth with which she spoke oppressed me sorely—"Mrs. Judith, I have nowhere to go."

"You can come to me until you get some children to teach. There are plenty of children."

She waited a little while in silence. I still wept. But now a vague flavor of rebellion mingled with the pain and shame that had hitherto overwhelmed me. Mrs. Judith might be as well-intentioned as she was peculiar, but she was certainly officious. So that when she inquired, with her inflexible voice, when I intended to go, I said nothing; and when, even more peremptorily, she repeated her question, I answered through my tears that I had not even decided to go at all.

"It is not my custom," said Mrs. Judith, quietly, "to ask the sick if they will submit to the only treatment that can cure them. I foresaw that you might resent my efforts to help you. It will be of no earthly use. If you obstinately refuse to come to my house, I shall tell Mr. Frederick plainly that it is *his* duty to leave Stillwater Farm until after you do."

For a moment I was stunned. I gazed at Mrs. Judith in blank amazement. Then, with cheeks burning, looking at her through angry tears, I stammered:

"You cannot surely mean, madam, that it is your intention to offer any such reason to Mr. Frederick as you have given to me?"

"It is very likely that Mr. Frederick would understand me at once," said Mrs. Judith, with unmoved calm. "At any rate, I should think it my duty to make him do so."

I rose in blind indignation. Choking with twenty conflicting passions, I said:

"I suppose that you think you are doing what is right. For that reason I will try to forgive you. But you must allow me to say good-evening at once."

Mrs. Judith also pushed her chair aside.

"Poor child," she said, in a low tone of genuine commiseration, "it would be too much to expect you to know what was good for you. But I have explained matters. I will give you a week to decide in; and if I do not hear from you within that time, I shall speak to Mr. Frederick. Will you shake hands with me now?"

"No, madam!" I said, quivering with indignation and hurt pride.

"I am glad to hear you say so," said Mrs. Judith, looking sincerely pleased. "It shows that you are an honest-hearted girl. If I had not thought you so, however, I do not know that I should have troubled myself to save you. Good-by, my child! Think over what I have said, and let me hear from you."

Then Mrs. Judith walked out of the house, as calmly as she had entered it.

I went up into my bedroom. I locked the door, and those first hours of mortification, of perplexity, and anguish, must pass unchronicled.

At tea I begged to be excused, and the next day a violent nervous headache kept me close prisoner. But in the afternoon, fearing that my longer absence might be commented on—fearing that that awful Mrs. Judith might come, or send, or write—fearing twenty impossible things, but most that the reason of my indisposition might be guessed—I made a great effort, and succeeded in dressing myself. I had seen no one all day; for they knew my nervous headaches at Stillwater, and kindly left me to the only useful physician, which was perfect solitude. I was shocked at my own appearance—hollow-eyed, wan and haggard. I looked to myself the mere ghost of even the pallid creature I had seen mirrored there yesterday. I did what I could to lessen my ghastly appearance, thanking heaven sadly, meantime, that my much thinking had enabled me to reach a reasonable conclusion.

It must be best, I had convinced myself at last, that I should leave Stillwater. Rough was the treatment that had cured my blindness; but it was cured for ever, and I was ready to accept the consequences of light.

In the city which I had left I had one humble acquaintance, who would, I knew, offer me an asylum, until I could find for myself a new abiding-place. To her I would go, making such excuses here—concerning my health, etc.—as would suffice to shield me from the charge of ingratitude which I knew I was far from deserving.

When I entered the sitting-room, it looked to me more homelike and cheerful than it had done for a long time. A low fire burned on the hearth, for the nights were chilly. Mrs. Percival sat in her own sewing-chair, placidly listening to, laughing at, and now and then commenting on the story which, according to a long disused wont, Mr. Frederick was telling the children, who sat as in the old time, delightedly entranced. Angelique was not visible.

They all welcomed me with cordial kindness, the children with kisses and subdued exclamations. Mr. Frederick placed the most comfortable chair for me in the coziest nook. May brought a footstool, Annie a cushion for my head. Mrs. Percival offered me her salts. They were too kind. My homeless heart ached; the tears filled my eyes, that were so soon to look their last upon these dear faces. I accepted all their pleasant attentions gratefully, but said little, fearing to trust my voice. After a while, I asked where Angelique was.

"Angelique—the beautiful Angelique—has gone!" said Mrs. Percival, smiling at my looks of astonishment. "We miss her—it would be scarcely hospitable to say, we miss her pleasantly."

"Gone!" I ejaculated. "Why, when did she go?"

"On the early train this morning, my love. She received a letter last night, which she said necessitated her immediate departure."

I cannot tell what was the inflection in Mrs. Percival's voice that suggested there might have been some other reason for her sudden leave-taking.

But I interpreted it. Of course she must be at home, I thought, to prepare for her wedding! I pressed my hand to my temples. So sharp and sudden a pang shot through them, that I feared my headache was to return in its former violence.

"She left 'good-by' for you, Miriam, dear, and her love," said Mrs. Percival, with a singular smile.

"I am very much obliged to her," I answered, absently. "I hope you will give her mine, when you write."

Then Mrs. Percival laughed outright. She rose.

"May and Annie," she said, "I am going to see the chickens fed. Don't you want to come with me? Frederick, entertain this poor child with a brilliant flash of silence, after all this noise of ours. She is not fit for talking."

"Why are you looking so grave, Miss Miriam?" said Mr. Frederick, finally, very gently. "I have been watching your face for half an hour. Are you really so sad, or is it an expression?"

"I am really very sad to-night," I answered, not daring to lift my eyes, nor to speak much above a whisper, lest I should cry. "I am very sad, Mr. Frederick, because I have concluded I had better leave Stillwater Farm. I think so, because my health——"

I stopped—I could not go on.

"Well?" said Mr. Frederick, gravely and tenderly.

I conquered a rising sob with a great effort.

"My health has never been quite recovered, I think; and of late it seems to grow rather worse than better. It may be that teaching——"

Another pause.

"I have thought of that," said Mr. Frederick. "Caroline and I have spoken of it. We think it would be far better for you to stop teaching, even finally."

My heart sank at this corroboration; but I tried to speak bravely.

"As to stopping finally," I said, "that is out of the question. But perhaps a little rest——"

"Not a little rest, my darling! A lifelong rest—a rest in a home where all will love you; and as the mistress of it—as my wife, Miriam! Shall it not be so?"

I suppose no one will expect me to repeat what was said immediately after that, and it would be impossible if I tried.

But just before Mrs. Percival came back, I asked what was the real reason that Angelique went away. Mr. Frederick smiled.

"Caroline gave her some hint of an important affair, which I had told her I had much at heart—why do you blush so, Miriam?—but I think, after all, it may have been the letter that she said she received yesterday evening."

THE AMERICAN SABLE, OR PINE MARTEN.

THIS little animal inhabits the wooded districts of the northern part of America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, varying in numbers according to the character of the forests in which it resides, being found in greatest abundance where the timber is of pine, tall and heavy. The limit of its northern range in America is like that of the woods, about the sixty-eighth degree of latitude, while it is rarely found south of forty degrees.

In general form it is quite foxy, though much smaller, being twenty-five inches in length, from nose to tip of tail, and also shorter and thicker of limb in proportion. In habit, it has a large share of the cunning, sneaking character of the fox, as much of the wide-awake and cautious style of the weasel, a similar proportion (and a little of the smell) of the mink, with the addition of a climbing propensity like the raccoon. This little prowler, as may be inferred from his description, is shy, sly, cruel, shrewd and alert, and partakes of the habits of the predacious animals above mentioned, with the exception that it is not known to approach the residences of man, but rather prefers to keep within the shadow of dense woods, where it can prey, as it does, by day and night, upon birds, their eggs and young, squirrels, mice, shrews, wood-rats, etc., together with beetles and other insects, toads, frogs, water-reptiles, and fish.

The name of pine marten is very properly given, as it favors pine and spruce forests, though it is most generally known to the country people of the North, and to furriers, as the *sable*.

It is very prolific, bringing forth from six to eight young at a time, choosing a hole in some large tree, some twenty or thirty feet from the ground, for its abode, though it frequently occupies a fallen log, and sometimes a burrow in the earth. The fur is—when the animal is in prime condition, and that is about the end of Autumn to mid-Winter—very lustrous, soft, and thick, being composed of two sorts: a soft basal fur, with longer hairs interspersed.

The marten is invariably captured in traps, no other method of hunting being adopted. These traps look very much like little piles of brush and logs, with a small opening on the side from the tree, at the base of which they are always placed. A small piece of dried meat or fish, which is skewered on the trigger of a deadfall within, attracts the hungry sable, who cautiously pokes his head and neck into the opening aforesaid, seizes the bait, and—that's all the animal knows about it, for down comes a heavy, notched log or stick, which falls with great force on the unfortunate marten's neck, breaking it instantly, and pinning it to the snow, where it is found in the course of a few hours or the next morning by the hunter, who visits his traps every day.

The pelts vary very much in color, lustre, and consequently in value. A prime skin is worth, among the Indians of the northwest coast, where the finest are procured, about $2.50. The traders get them for that, then in turn retail them to fur-dealers, in large markets, for about $5 to $8, and our lady friends who ask the price of a set of sables may therefore judge of the handsome profit made by somebody.

SPORT IN INDIA.

THE boy is but the father of the man. The first book a boy reads with his whole heart sometimes directs the efforts of his future life, and many a bold explorer has been created by an early and earnest perusal of "Bruce's Travels" or "Robinson Crusoe." My own love of field sports and natural history, which has beguiled the monotony of many a foreign station, and kept me healthy, by constantly giving me employment and exercise, was, I firmly believe, firmly implanted in me as a passion on reading Walter Calder Campbell's exquisite work on Indian field sports, "The Old Forest Ranger." It was one of the first of a class which now contains hundreds of similar character, but none have ever exceeded it for the vivid delineation of Indian sport, and the truthful descriptions of Indian scenery.

Alas, for the effects of civilization and cultivation! many a spot then famous for the quantity of large game may now be beaten over for many miles per day without the chance of a shot. Tea plantations now occupy in the Nilgherry Hills the ground round Coonoor, where, in the old Forest Ranger's day, a good bag was a certainty. Human occupation has driven the game to the far-off *sholas* in the less accessible Koondahs and Wynaad jungles.

It was with a feeling of intense delight that I read my name in orders for India. It seemed like the realization of a far-off dream. I remember an old Indian officer, who had passed but little of his life in Europe, who used to relate his sporting adventures to me when I was a boy. He paraded his guns—a long array of arms, rifled and smoothed-bored, and told of the game he had killed with

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them—and with "the long bow." The quantity was prodigious. He was a kind old man, and I was a great favorite with him, for I was a good listener, and had perfect faith in his prowess as a sportsman. His pet phrase when giving advice on Indian sport, was: "If you spare your lead you are nowhere." I never had any doubt of the wisdom of this axiom, but I found by experience, when I had been only a few days at an Indian station, that *tin* is quite as essential to success in Indian sporting as lead, and for want of it I was often, as he had so quaintly expressed it, "nowhere." The distances to be traveled, the shikarri and beaters to be hired—to say nothing of elephants for the pursuit of large game—render shooting in India too expensive a pursuit for any but the rich. It is a luxury only to be enjoyed by the poor man on a small scale.

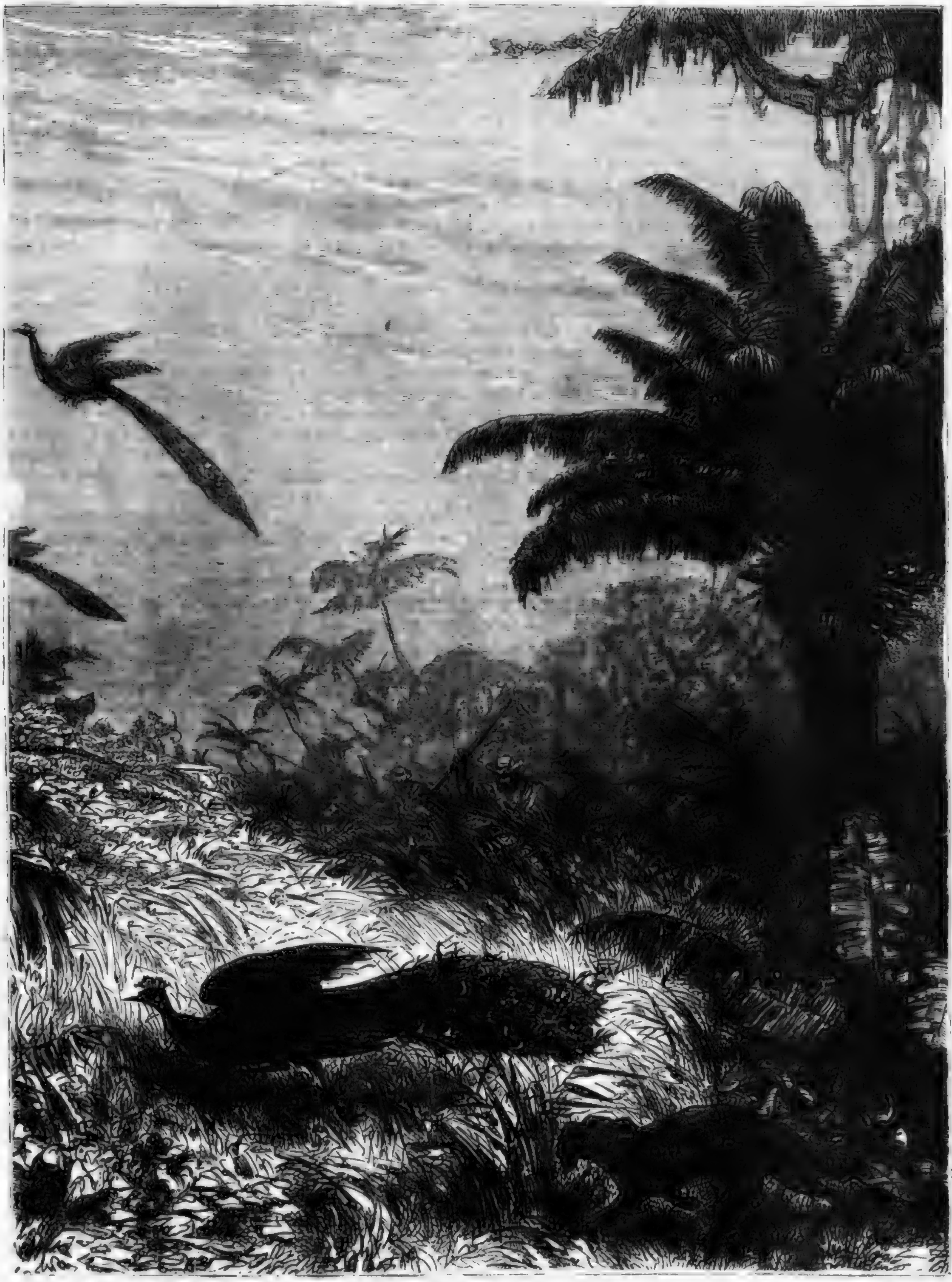
A TEASE OF A BROTHER.

Native servants who have not been trained to the gun are as utterly useless, and more troublesome, than an unbroken dog, and are a perfect nuisance. Nothing can restrain their clamor. They are at best but grown-up children. I once lost a fine chance of a shot at three nylghai by the senseless vociferations of my servants. I sat one morning at breakfast in my bungalow on the hill at Ramteck, when the antelope came trotting up the *ghat* in front of my open window. They were within range, but before I could seize my rifle the clamor of half-a-dozen voices drove them into the jungle. It is worse than useless to rate them, or to get into a passion. They would do exactly the same thing an hour afterward. I had one capital fellow named Yellapah, who occasionally went out with me, whose quiet demeanor betokened shikarri blood.

One day I started out with Yellapah through the partly open country in the direction of Seonee, to try for *sambur* in a jungle about twelve miles from Ramteck. I traveled on a native conveyance called a *checkra*. A round chump of wood, like the body of a child's rocking-horse, is the seat. This is supported by four stout legs, just long enough to enable the passenger to rest his feet on the axle. A cross-bar for a handle, at a convenient level, gives sufficient purchase to prevent the rider from being tossed into the air at every rough place; and in Indian traveling rough places are neither few nor far between. A net beneath affords a place for sandwiches and the spirit-flask. The driver sits on the framework, or rather on the end of the pole, and it is well if the rider on this rude vehicle have a strong stomach, for once on the road, odors not of Araby the Blest arise from him and from the pair of oxen which he urges to a speed of about four miles an hour, by twisting their tails. Some poor oxen have nothing of a tail to twist, or at least nothing to speak of, for constant punishment of this sort dislocates the vertebræ, and the whole tail is only a congery of loose joints. The gun must be either carried across the knees, or slung over the shoulders. It would be difficult to conceive a more wretchedly uncomfortable vehicle; but it was the best, indeed the only one, I could procure.

The country through which we traveled is an undulating plain, spotted over with groups of jungle, formed of the usual low, shrubby growth of acacia, with trees of the wild mango at frequent intervals. Here and there spots of cultivated ground are seen, cropped with grain or millet, and carefully guarded from the incursion of wild animals with close-set fences of a thorny shrub.

After about three hours of terrible torture, I arrived within sight of a large *talao* or tank, covered over with a splendid show of water-lilies, gorgeous with pink double flowers. In the small intervals of clear water, a few fowl like our water-hens were feeding. On one side of this pool rose a high rock, with a path between it and the pool, just sufficient for the passage of one person. I dismounted from my comfortless seat, and walked round the



SPORT IN INDIA.—HUNTING THE PEACOCK.

talao, in the hope of a shot at snipe, but without success. Leaving the *checkra*, with orders to await my return, I went on with my attendant, and we soon came on a similar tank, but of smaller size, from which rose a flight of Braminy ducks. They are beautiful birds, of full size, with cream-white bodies and chestnut-colored heads. I stood perfectly still, whilst round and round they circled in flight at an immense height. Gradually they contracted their circles and drew nearer, but still at a great elevation.

Tired of waiting, I calculated for the height and distance, and to my own astonishment brought one down with a broken wing. He led me and Yellapah a weary dance, as he cunningly dodged from one cover to another. At last we caught and bagged him, and I returned to the large tank, where I thought it possible the rest of the flock might have dropped. I was right in my conjecture, but they were on the wing again the instant I appeared in sight. Again I waited as before, and then brought down another bird, which fell into the tank and dived. Yellapah had not much raiment to strip off before he plunged in.

The search was a vain one, and the poor fellow emerged from his long bath with his legs covered with the sharp spines with which the stems of the lilies are armed. I then turned into the closer part of the jungles, and, although we found the spoor and fresh droppings of sambur, not a deer was to be seen.

As I started homeward, I heard at some distance the call of a peacock—*hank-paoo-paoo!*—as well as the screaming chatter of the buff magpie (*latora*). I told the boy to stay where he then was for ten minutes, and then to beat slowly in the direction I indicated. I made a very wide circuit, and then stood perfectly still. By-and-by I heard the sharp, short run of the peacock. It reached me at intervals. He evidently ran, and then stopped to listen. I stood as silent as a statue. Presently I was startled somewhat, for a magnificent peacock suddenly emerged from the brush, not more than three yards in front of me. He stared at me for a couple of seconds, then he dived down and disappeared. I shouted to Yellapah to beat up to my post, and then I rushed forward. With a roar like a four-pound rocket, the bird rose forty or fifty feet, and then away he went in a straight line. I had a fair shot at him, and killed him cleanly.

He was the most magnificent wild bird I had ever seen. He was in full plumage, and measured seven feet from his bill to the end of his train. I rolled a cloth carefully round his body, and my boy carried him home on his head, with the glorious train of feathers streaming down his back. Many a knight of the olden time has been proud of the crest he bore, but no knight ever wore so splendid a crest or bore one so proudly as did my boy that day, when crestwise he carried home the peacock I shot in the Indian jungle.

The breast of a wild peacock when well roasted, fresh from the fire and rich in *osmazome*, is food worthy of Lucullus; but of his legs and wings, the less said the better. They would require teeth of steel in the jaws of a wolf to masticate, and the stomach of an ostrich to digest. I skinned the head and breast carefully, with the wings attached; and when I retire from the service I hope to make a fire-screen of them and of his train to decorate my domestic den, in utter disregard of the popular superstition that the feathers of a peacock are trophies which bring misfortune to their possessors.

MADAME ELIZABETH, SISTER OF LOUIS XVI.

Among the noblest victims of the guillotine of the Reign of Terror was the sister of Louis XVI., known as Madame Elizabeth, a woman remarkable for her nobility of mind, deep piety, benevolence and love for the poor, and sound political judgment.

The Princess Philippine Mary Helena was born at Versailles, May 3d, 1764, youngest child of the Dauphin, who died before his father, Louis XV. She was naturally quick and irritable, but education and piety had corrected this tendency, and she acquired a gentle, winning way, without losing the firmness which became so necessary amid the afflictions which overwhelmed her family. Her tastes were serious, history and mathematics being favorite studies. Her favorite occupation was the works of benevolence. Brilliant and royal, she was amid a frivolous court a very angel of peace and goodness. When an establishment was provided for her, she requested that a sum of twenty-five thousand francs, assigned for her private expenses, should be given as a dowry to a young lady in whom she was interested.

Elizabeth's amiable and noble qualities won her the respect and love of all who approached her. Several princes solicited her hand, among others the Infante of Portugal, the Duke of Aosta, and the Emperor Joseph II.; but state reasons raised obstacles, and the princess herself seemed to prefer her maiden life. She remained to give an example of sublime devotedness and courage.

During the rigorous Winter of 1789, she exhausted all her means in relieving those who were perishing with cold and hunger. When the Revolution began, her clear mind took in at a glance the certain result of the movement, but she nobly resolved not to leave her brother and his wife and children. She was in the palace at Versailles when it was attacked by a mob. When she was brought back to Paris, she wrote: "We are lost; my brother will not believe it, but time will convince him." Her piety and courage increased with the danger. When the royal family resolved to leave Paris she accompanied them. She stood beside Louis XVI. when the mob invaded the Tuileries, June 20th, 1792, and was mistaken for Marie Antoinette. A sabre-blow was aimed at her head, when an attendant rebuked the assassin.

"Why did you undeceive him?" she said; "you would have spared them a greater crime."

She followed the royal family to the National Assembly, where Louis XVI. was declared deposed, and was confined with them in the Temple. There she forgot herself to lighten the sorrow of the King and Queen, and became a second mother to the young princes.

The Dauphin was taken from her in July, 1793, and when the unfortunate Marie Antoinette was arraigned, Madame Elizabeth was dragged forward as a witness against her sister-in-law. Her conduct amid the vile and indecent questions poured upon her, showed all the greatness of her soul. After the Queen's death, she lavished all her care on the education of the princess, daughter of Louis XVI., whose admirable courage and noble resignation were to undergo such cruel trials.

After an imprisonment of twenty-one months, this woman, whose life had been spent in doing good and in self-forgetfulness, was torn from the arms of her beloved pupil, and conveyed amid the execrations of the mob to the Conciergerie, which she left the next day to hear her death-sentence. The firmness of Madame Elizabeth did not waver. More than twenty victims were hurried to the scaffold that day, and among them several ladies, who saluted her respectfully as they passed before her. Madame Elizabeth embraced them all affectionately, and continued in fervent prayer to the fatal moment. She died May 10th, 1794, at the age of thirty. Her correspondence, which has been published, shows excellent judgment, a firm character, and a pure and sensitive soul.

The savage who never knew the blessings of combination, and he who quits society from apathy or misanthropic spleen, are like the separated embers—dark, dead, useless; they neither give nor receive heat, neither love nor are beloved.

BALLAD OF OLD PLAYS.

(*Les Œuvres de Monsieur Molière. A Paris, Ches Louys Billaine, à la Palme.* MDCLXVI.)

LA COUR.

When these old plays were new, the King,
Beside the Cardinal's chair,
Applauded, 'midst the courtly ring,
The Farce of Molière.
Point lace and silk were all the wear,
Old Corneille came to woo,
And bright De Brie was young and fair,
When these old plays were new!

LA COMEDIE.

How shrill the butcher's cat-calls ring!
How loud the lackeys swear!
Black pipe-bowls on the stage they fling,
At Brecourt, fuming there.
The porter's stabbed! A *mosquetaire*
Breaks in with noisy crew;
'Twas quite a commonplace affair,
When these old plays were new!

LA VILLE.

When these old plays were new! They bring
A host of phantoms rare,
Old jests that float, old jibes that sting,
Old faces debonair.
Menage's smirk, De Vise's stare,
The thefts of Jean Ribou;
Ah! publishers were hard to bear,
When these old plays were new!

ENVOY.

Ghosts, at your poet's word ye dare
To break death's dungeon through,
And frisk, as in the golden air
When these old plays were new!

BY-THE-SEA ; Or, THE WARDS OF CRANMORE.

By Edward R. D. Mayne.

"MR. BY-THE-SEA, the first lieutenant says you are to go on board the flagship, and answer a signal for a midshipman."

"What boat is called away, quartermaster?"

"The second gig, sir."

"All right. Monteith, hand me my sword. I'll be hanged if it's fair. I always have to copy orders. I think it's nearly time some of you fellows took a hand at it."

"You write so well," said a small reefer (midshipman), "that it would be a pity to spoil the order-book with our inferior caligraphy. The captain told me so in confidence."

"What a yarn! I don't believe the skipper ever spoke to you, except the other day, when he told you that if you didn't keep your hands out of your breeches pockets he'd have the sailmaker to sew them up," said By-the-sea, as he went on deck to receive further instructions from the senior lieutenant.

He found that officer walking the quarter-deck with the captain, Sir Wilfred Mandesley, and was told to answer the signal, and be as quick as possible.

"That boy," said Sir Wilfred to Lieutenant Ransom, as By-the-sea disappeared over the side, "will, I think, make an excellent officer. He is undoubtedly the best midshipman in the ship. Do you ever have any trouble with him, Ransom?"

"Well, no, sir," said the lieutenant, laughing. "He is rather full of mischief, but he always attends to his duty. I must say I have no fault to find."

"For my part, Ransom," said Sir Wilfred, "I don't like youngsters who have no mischief. I have always found that those boys whose love of fun is continually getting them into scrapes, turn out the best and bravest officers in the service."

"There is little doubt of it, sir," said the lieutenant; "and, weighed by that standard, By-the-sea ought soon to be at the pinnacle of his profession."

"By-the-by," said the commander, "did you ever hear of the mystery that hangs over that boy's origin and parentage?"

"Nothing but some undefined rumors. In fact, I don't remember what I did hear."

"It is a strange story. He and his brother were found, when infants, in a basket on the beach at Margate. A letter was pinned to the clothing of one of them, containing the most solemn assurances of their legitimacy, and that they were of noble birth. The only clew, besides the handwriting of the letter, is that their tiny clothing was marked with a ducal coronet and the letter B."

"How did they get the name of By-the-sea?" asked the lieutenant.

"They were adopted by the Marchioness of Cranmore, who gave them the surname that they now use, and which means literally that they were found by the sea."

"It sounds more like romance than reality."

"Yes, indeed. The documents now in the possession of the marchioness informed her that 'they had been christened, and the elder, Henry, would be known by the black ribbon tied around his neck. The name of the other was Charles.' It also stated that 'Henry was the heir to a well-known title and immense estates.' This letter was written by the mother, who closed the extraordinary writing by saying that her whole life would be devoted to restoring them to their rights, which a cruel destiny prevented them from occupying for, perhaps, many long and weary years."

"Does By-the-sea know this?"

"Not all; indeed, I doubt whether he knows that he is a foundling, though he knows there is a mystery surrounding his origin. Lady Cranmore told me that, after he left Eton, he was very importunate as to who were his father and mother."

"Is the marchioness fond of the boys?"

"Yes; Lady Cranmore placed Henry under my especial protection. It is said the Queen takes a great interest in the boys' welfare."

"Where is his brother?"

"He is a military cadet at Sandhurst."

"It was a great act of generosity on the part of Lady Cranmore to incur all the responsibility and expense of the waifs."

"As to expense, her ladyship has been at none. An amount was placed to her credit in a London banking-house, sufficient to allow them eight hundred pounds a year each."

"Could no clew be found from this source?"

"None whatever. Ah, here comes By-the-sea. Say nothing of what I told you in the wardroom."

"Certainly not, sir," said the lieutenant as he walked toward the gangway.

By-the-sea reported that he had copied a general order for the Flying Squadron, to which H.M.S. *Vengeance* belonged, to prepare to sail immediately for the Baltic.

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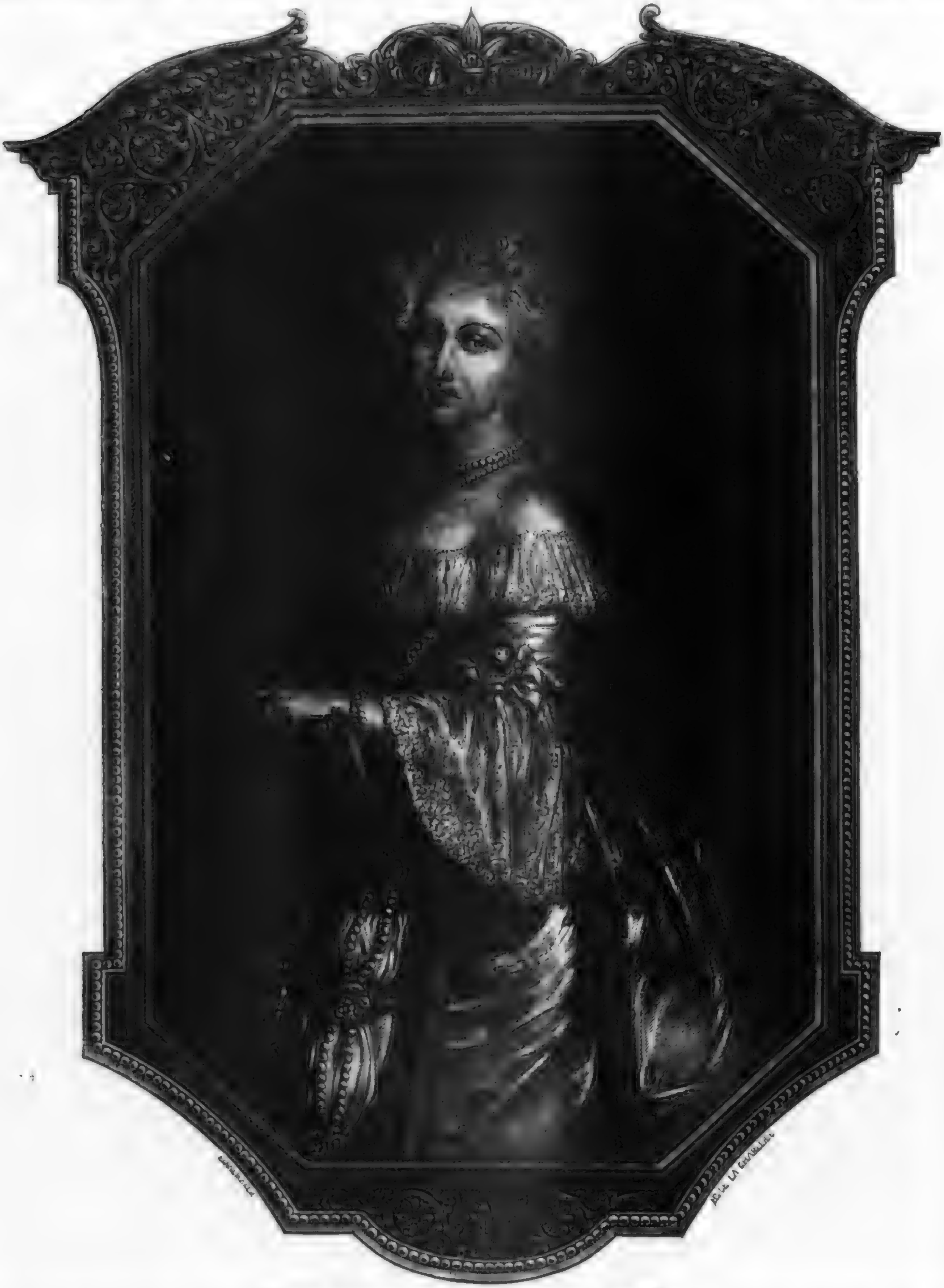
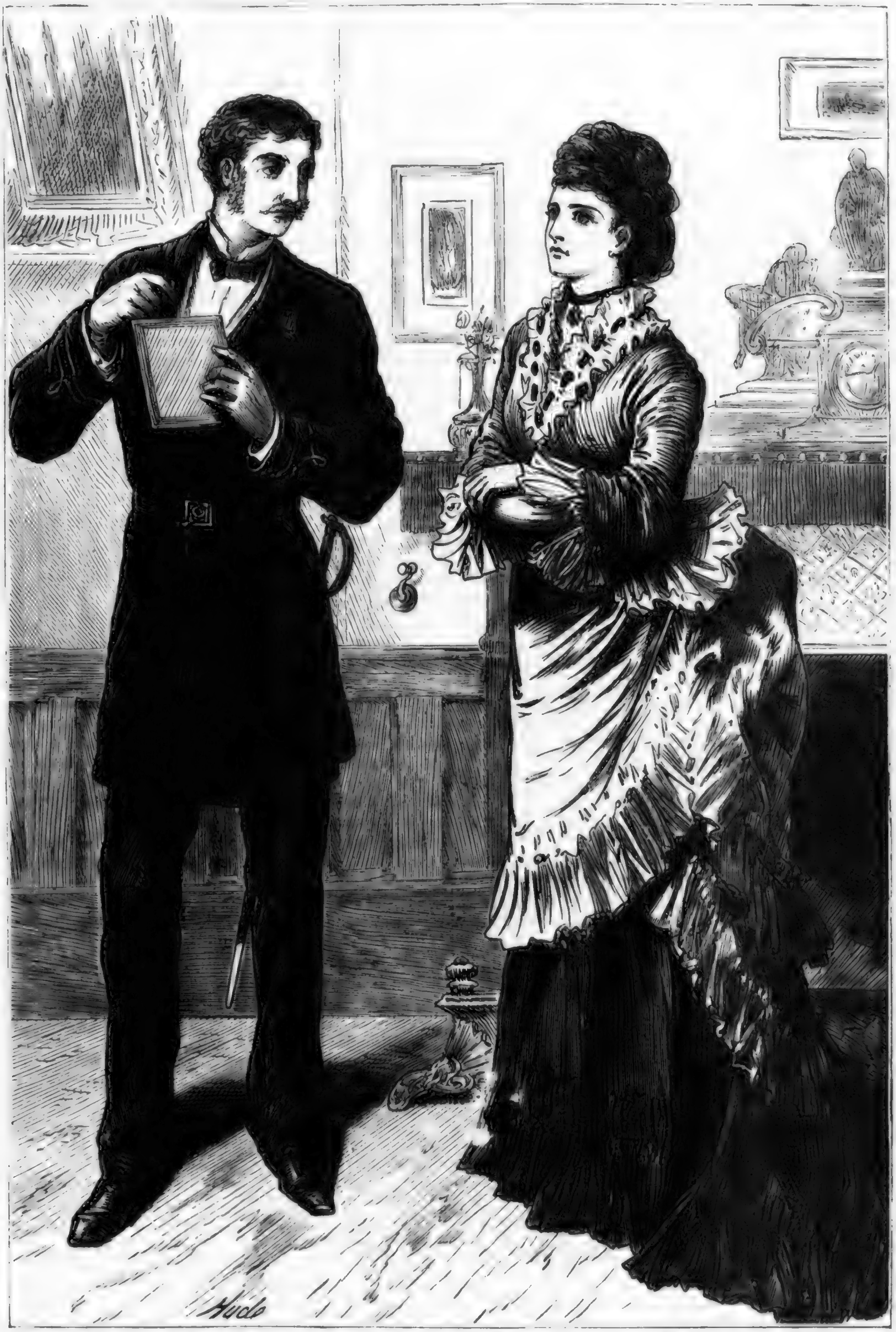
All was bustle and activity. Lighters coming alongside with coal, provisions, water, and last, though not least, what sailors would be very sorry to dispense with—rum, had to be cleared with dispatch, and in four hours the squadron was ready.



MADAME ELIZABETH, SISTER OF LOUIS XVI.—SEE PAGE 670.

"A general signal for the captains of the Flying Squadron," said the signal midshipman to Sir Wilfred Mandesley.

"Very well," said the captain. "Mr. Ransom, man the galley." The galley was quickly alongside, and Sir Wilfred reappeared on deck, buckling on his sword, and was soon dashing alongside the flagship.



BY-THE-SEA; OR, THE WARDS OF CRANMORE.—"'HOW EXACTLY LIKE CHARLIE,' HE SAID. 'OH, HOW SORROWFUL SHE LOOKS.'" SEE PAGE 671.

When By-the-sea ran down to the messroom after the gig had been secured, he said:

"Fellows, we're off for the Baltic. I just copied the orders, and they've made a signal for the captain. Now we'll have a chance of a brush with the Russians. We are off for Elsinore, and are to rendezvous at the Skaw on the 20th of March. Isn't that jolly?"

"You won't find it as jolly as you think," said Curtis, a mate, who was senior member of the mess. "I went up the Baltic a month later than this in '51, in the *Polyphemus*, and there was enough ice to make you think you were in the Arctic regions."

"Well," said Webber (the youngster who, in our opening, made the astounding statement about By-the-sea having to copy all orders), "I don't care. They say there's lots of nice dancing at Elsinore. Lots of balls and parties."

"Was it not at Elsinore," asked a mild-eyed clerk's assistant, "that Shakespeare was buried?"

"Youngster," said Sugden, the second master, "your education was neglected. Shakespeare went out one night and was never heard of again. You were thinking of Macbeth."

"Oh! perhaps I was."

"By-the-sea," said a small cadet, who had never been to sea before, "when are we going?"

"To-morrow, I expect. So you had better say your prayers."

"Why?"

"Don't you know that an advance squadron is like a 'forlorn hope,' and if any of the ships ever come back it will be by chance? How did you come to be appointed to this ship?"

"My father applied to have me appointed here."

"Did he know she was going with the 'flying squadron'?"

"I think so. Commodore Watson told him so one day at dinner, and said it would be better for me to be appointed to one of the ships under his command."

"What did your father say?"

"He said he thought so, too."

"Phillips," said By-the-sea, solemnly, "how many brothers and sisters have you?"

"I have four brothers and five sisters. Why, By-the-sea?"

"Nothing; only I can see through it all. Your governor wants to get rid of you. That's the reason you're here."

"Did your governor have you sent to the *Vengeance* to get rid of you?" asked the cadet.

"I have no governor, Phillips."

"Is he dead?"

"I didn't mean that," he said, evasively. "Lady Cranmore has always been my guardian, and she had me appointed to this ship."

"Ah! that sounds like business," said Sugden, as the shrill pipes of the boatswain and his mates resounded throughout the ship, followed by the hoarse cry of—"All hands!" "Hands in boom-boats!" and in an instant the gunroom was cleared, and every one of the young officers flew to his station.

Poor little Phillips that night wrote a reproachful letter to the Rector of Cranstonwick, for his unnatural conduct in having consigned him to almost certain death, and finished by bidding his astonished father an affectionate and forgiving farewell, and all his sisters a fond adieu.

By-the-sea was delighted to hear from Sir Wilfred that Lady Cranmore and Charlie were coming on board that evening to see him, and was asked to dine in the cabin.

It was nearly six o'clock when the steward came to tell By-the-sea that the marchioness had arrived, and he hastened to the captain's cabin to meet her.

She said:

"Harry, I could not let you go without coming to see you once more. I did hope to have spent a week with you at Portsmouth, but the fleet has been ordered to sea prematurely, so I did the best I could, and brought your brother with me."

"Thanks, dear Lady Cranmore; you are always kind. I am sure I can never be sufficiently grateful!" and he kissed her affectionately.

Dinner being announced, Sir Wilfred led Lady Cranmore into the main cabin, and seated her at the table, the twins following.

The conversation during the dinner was generally connected with the intended operations of the fleet against the Russians during the ensuing Summer. The only guest beside the marchioness being Lieutenant Hare, who had escorted her ladyship from the sallyport. He was quite young, and always had a pleasant, half-mischievous smile on his face, leading one to suppose that wardroom associations had not yet eradicated the deviltry of a "midshipmen's mess."

"I hope that your ladyship did not find the passage to the ship unpleasant," said Sir Wilfred.

"No, indeed," said she; "I was well wrapped up. Mr. Hare is quite an adept at making ladies comfortable."

"Oh!" said the captain, laughing, "Hare is our 'ladies' man'; we never could get along without him. It is his especial duty to escort ladies."

"Then I am afraid, sir, that for some months to come I shall be like Othello—'my occupation will be gone,' as we sha'n't meet many ladies during the cruise."

"Never mind, Hare; all the more treat when we come back. The ice will drive us out before December, and then I hope that the tribute we shall have paid to Mars during the Summer will have made us better cavaliers, and more worthy of worshiping at the shrine of Venus."

"Why, captain," said Lady Cranmore, "I had no idea that naval officers made such gallant speeches. That remark of yours was worthy of a courtier."

"Naval men," said he, "generally speak as the spirit moves them, and what they think. I am afraid that sometimes, instead of being compared to courtiers, we should be considered as far from possessing the courtly style and manners of those knights of the carpet."

"I have always had the highest opinion of the officers of the Royal Navy for gallantry," said the marchioness, "alike in drawing-room, field or on the ocean. If I had not, I am sure I should never have allowed Harry to enter the service."

After dinner the captain and Hare retired to the half deck to smoke, and the marchioness and her wards retired to the after-cabin.

Lady Cranmore seated herself on a sofa, and motioning the twins to sit beside her, said:

"It is now nearly three years since you asked me at Cranmore concerning your parentage. I then begged you never to mention the subject again, but to rest assured that you were of honorable birth. I am still completely ignorant whom your parents are, but the other day I received this letter, in the same handwriting as one received fifteen years ago, from your mother. I will now show you both of them. Read for yourselves. This one, dated in 1839, was pinned to your dress, Harry, when you and your brother were found in a basket on the sands at Margate. The only clew besides these letters is the fact that the tiny clothes that you wore were marked with a *ducal coronet* and the letter B. You were found by a fisherman, and brought to the hotel where I chanced to be staying. I took you under my charge, having no children of my own, and thank God for permitting me to have done so. In two days after I adopted you I received notice from a London bank of a large amount placed to my credit for your use."

The letter read thus :

> "A cruel destiny, that 'twere alike ruin to these dear infants and to myself to combat, compels what appears this *heartless desertion*. God knows my soul rebels against leaving them to the uncertain fate of the foundling; but it cannot be otherwise. If earnest prayer to an overruling Providence and just God can avail —prayer so fervent that no pen can describe—then they will fall into hands that will guard and guide them alike in the paths of virtue and righteousness. He who has promised to hear the supplication of the fatherless and oppressed will hear mine, and so direct that they will be cared for as becomes their birth and station. They are no offspring of sin, poverty or shame, but of the most noble blood of England. The children have received the holy rite of Baptism; the elder, who will be known by the black ribbon that I have tied with my own hands around his neck, is called Henry, and the other is Charles. Henry is the heir to an exalted title and immense estates. Charles is also well provided for when the terrible ban shall be removed, and they take their place in the sphere of life to which they belong. There will be a sufficient amount deposited, of which notice will be given, to the kind person who may adopt them, to allow each the sum of eight hundred pounds a year, and more if necessary.
>
> "I, the mother of these dear children, in the presence of Almighty God, do solemnly declare the truth of what I have written, and my whole life will be devoted to but one purpose—namely, the restoration to my darlings of name, fortune and rights, which a cruel fate prevents for, perhaps, many long and weary years.
>
> "May heaven bless whoever their protector may be; and let them not forget to teach my darlings that a mother's prayer for their welfare shall never cease until death."

The twins were much affected at the contents of the letter, and both gratefully kissed Lady Cranmore, who handed them the other letter. It was without date, but had the Paris postmark on the envelope :

> "Gratitude, when heartfelt, such as mine, can scarcely be told in words. God has heard me daily returning thanks for having placed my darlings in such hands as yours, dear Lady Cranmore. Heaven has been very merciful to me and my children in giving them such a guardian as yourself. The day that you adopted them I knew in whose care they were, and also that they are your near kinsmen. The clouds seem brightening in the horizon of my existence, and ere long I trust that all obstacles may be removed from proclaiming to the world who they are, backed by the necessary legal evidence. How or in what way they are akin to you, I dare not tell; but they are near. Remember and give my boys their mother's love, as great as if they were with me and had always been. Tell them that I have but one object in life, and that is to hear them call me 'mother'!
>
> "Farewell, dear Lady Cranmore. May God bless and keep you as you have done my darlings!"

The boys could not help weeping on reading this affecting letter, but were greatly rejoiced to find that they were of the same blood as their beloved guardian.

The captain, having finished smoking, re-entered the cabin, and proposed a walk on the main-deck, to hear the magnificent band of the frigate.

They listened to the sweet music for some time, and then returned to the cabin to tea, after which the marchioness and Charlie bade Harry a fond adieu, and departed for the shore. The next morning, at daylight, the Flying Squadron was under way for the Baltic, and in one week were safely at Elsinore.

The operations in which Harry took part, in 1854, were of so trifling a character that they are not worth noticing. Suffice it to say that December of that year found the *Vengeance* safely at anchor at Spithead, and under sailing orders for the Crimea.

The next day after her arrival she was under way, and steering across the Bay of Biscay. All the officers were in the best of spirits at the prospect of brisker work than they had had in the Baltic during the past Summer.

The voyage to Gibraltar was pleasant, and on the eighth day they were anchored under the frowning walls of the fortress.

The week that the *Vengeance* staid at Gibraltar there was a constant round of gayety, and the officers of the frigate gave a grand ball on board, to the general commanding, and the officers of the garrison.

Among the guests was the daughter of the governor, and from the time that By-the-sea met her at Government House, he seemed to be irresistibly attracted toward her.

She appeared to reciprocate the feeling. It would scarcely do to say that they were in love, for they never thought of such a thing. Whatever the attraction was, they liked each other, and mutual confidences were exchanged.

At last Edith—Edith Hensley was her name—said :

"Oh, Mr. By-the-sea, I know some one so exactly like you in the face! She is my dearest and kindest friend. You know mamma has been dead many years, and Lady Elfindale was always more like mamma to me than anybody else in the world. Well, you are exactly like her."

"Indeed! I am afraid it is poor flattery to Lady Elfindale. Where is she? I should like to see her," said Harry.

"Oh, she is in Paris. Lord Elfindale, her husband, always lives in France. He is much older than she is, and awfully cross. I don't think he is kind to poor dear Lady Elfindale. He is a great friend of papa, and I staid at his house for five years, while he was in India."

"I am sure I should like to see her," said By-the-sea.

"I have her likeness," said Edith, "and must show it to you. Won't you come to luncheon at Government House to-morrow, and spend the afternoon? Papa is never there, and I am so lonely."

"Thanks," said By-the-sea. "I will if I can get leave."

"Oh, I am sure you can come. I will go and ask Sir Wilfred;" and, before he could stop her, she laid her hand on the captain's arm, and said: "Sir Wilfred, won't you let Mr. By-the-sea come on shore to luncheon to-morrow?"

"I am sure," said he, "Miss Hensley, I have not the least objection."

"Thank you," said she; and over she marched to By-the-sea, saying: "It's all right; the captain says you can come."

Next morning, after quarters, the captain said :

"You have been making a decided conquest of Miss Hensley, Mr. By-the-sea. You can go on shore in my galley at seven bells. She is going to bring off Colonel Gower of the Artillery."

"Thank you, sir. I'll be ready;" and down to the cockpit he dived to dress.

"Hullo, By-the-sea," said Webber, who was at his chest, getting dressed for the shore, "where are you going."

"I'm going ashore."

"So am I. Are you going to the cork wood?"

"No."

"Are you going riding on horseback?"

"Not that I know of."

"We can both go and have a lark together."

"Thanks. I am going to luncheon at Government House."

"Who asked you—the Governor?"

"No."

"Oh, I know who it was. Miss Hensley, the girl you

XUM

AMONG THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.—"A MULE AND A WAGON AND TWO WOMEN CAME ALONG."—SEE PAGE 679.

were spooning with last night. Oh, By-the-sea, you're a 'goner.' I never thought it of you."

"You shut up," said By-the-sea, flinging a boot at him, "or I'll punch your head."

"Well," said Webber, "I'm sorry for you. What did you throw your boot in the tar-bucket for? I hope you have another pair to put on, or Edith will have to peek alone."

"Confound you!" said By-the-sea, letting go the other boot at him. "What do you mean, Webber, by mentioning a lady's name in that manner?"

"Why, old fellow," said Webber, "I did not think you were in earnest. I know it was not right;" and the next minute they were as good friends as ever.

"What boat are you going in, By-the-sea?" asked Webber.

"The galley—the skipper told me I might go."

"By Jove, old fellow, you're in luck. I don't suppose Sugden and I will be able to get the dingy, even."

"I thought that you were so much in the captain's confidence," said By-the-sea, laughing, "that all you would have to do would be to whisper, and he would hoist out the launch for you."

At this moment the galley was reported manned, and By-the-sea was soon on shore at the Governor's house, where he found Edith, who rose cordially to greet him, saying:

"You must excuse this small room, Mr. By-the-sea, but I always like it. The drawing-rooms are so large that I hate to sit there. I feel lonely and lost."

"I have often told my guardian the same about the large rooms at Cranmore," said he.

"Cranmore? Do you know Lady Cranmore, the marchioness?"

"Why," said he, "she is my own and my brother's guardian, and our dearest friend on earth."

"Why, how strange! I have so often heard Lady Elfindale speak of her as a perfect angel. I will go and bring her likeness."

In a moment she returned with a small but finely executed portrait, and handed it to him.

"How exactly like Charlie," he said. "Oh, how sorrowful she looks!"

"She always seemed to have some hidden sorrow," said Edith.

By-the-sea's thoughts could not help running, as to whether this beautiful woman could be any relation to him or not, and the memory of the letters brought the unbidden tears to his eyes.

"I'm afraid," said Edith, "that the portrait has touched the chords of some sorrowful remembrance. Have you lost a dear sister that this reminds you of?"

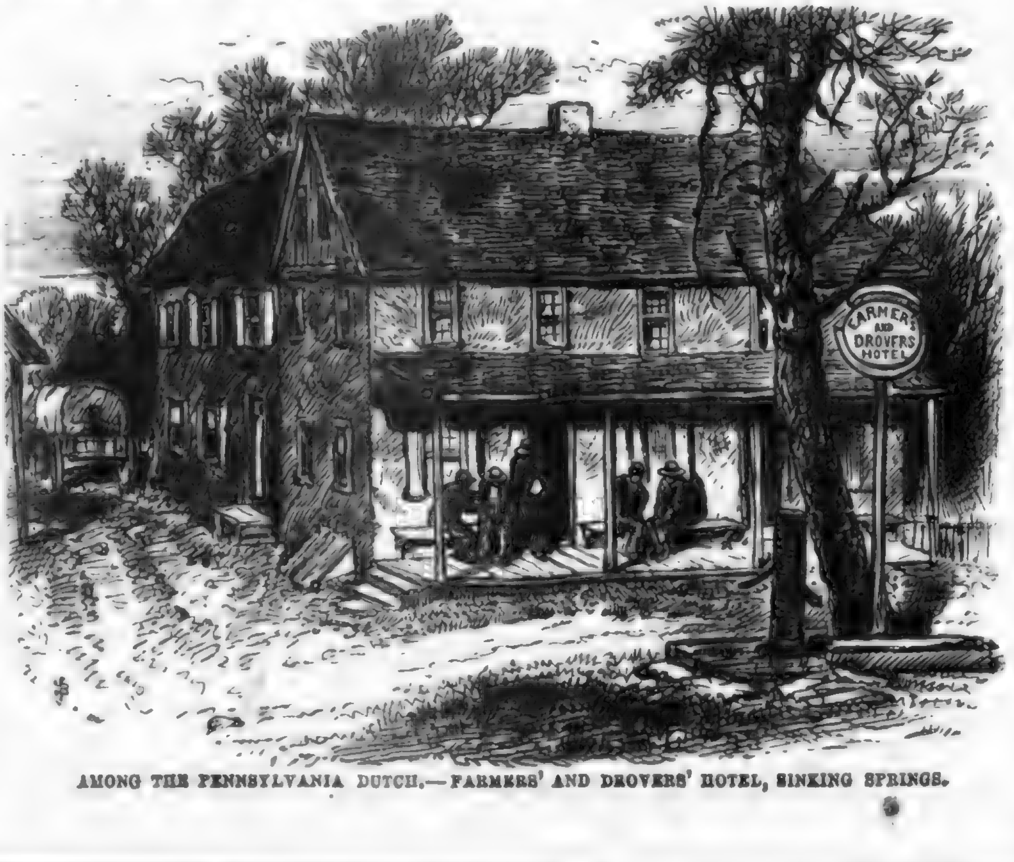
"No," said he; "I never had any relative but my brother. I have never mentioned our story to any one but Lady Cranmore and Charlie. Miss Hensley, may I tell it to you?"

Harry said this in such a mournful way that Edith's eyes filled with tears as she said: "If you think me worthy of the confidence;" and, without more ado, he poured forth the whole story of his life.

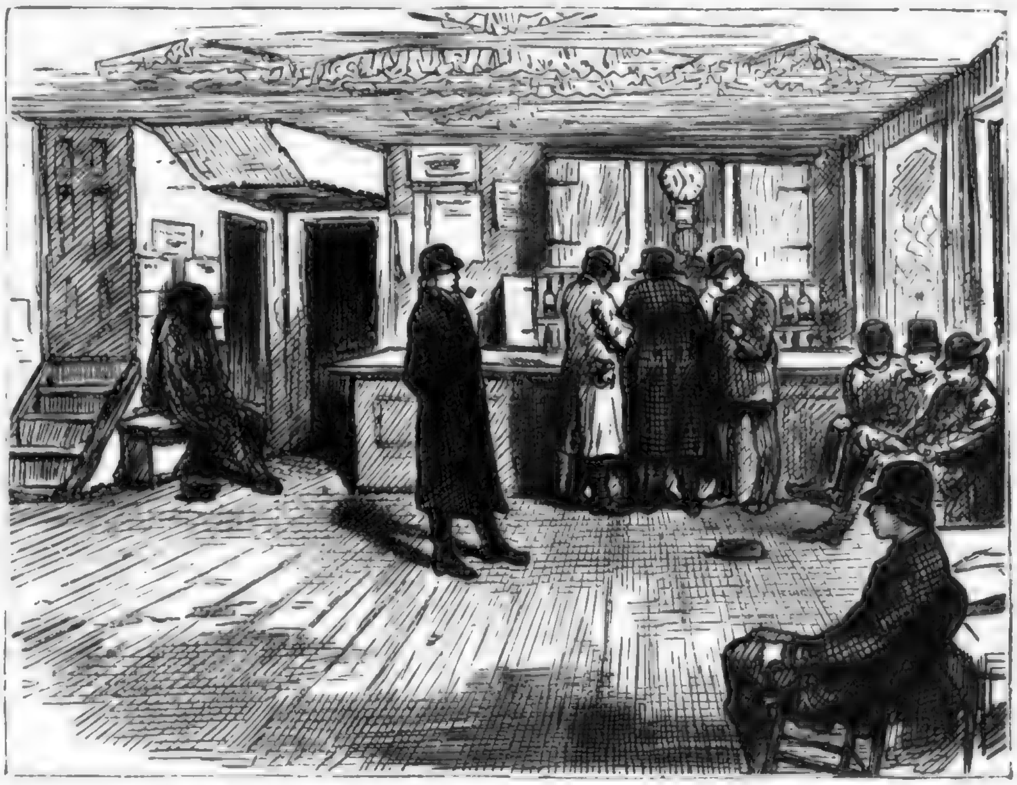
Edith listened with much interest, and when he told her of the letters, she asked him "If he had them with him." He said "No; that Lady Cranmore always treasured them away;" but, in answer to her interrogation as to whether he remembered the writing, he said "That he did so, well; that he would know it in fifty years' time." Edith at once left the room, and presently returned with a large bundle of letters, one of which she handed to him, open.

"My God!" said he, letting the letter drop with astonishment; "that is my mother's writing. Where did you get it?"

"From Lady Elfindale," said she. "Are you not mistaken, Mr. By-the-sea?"



AMONG THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.—FARMERS' AND DROVERS' HOTEL, SINKING SPRINGS.



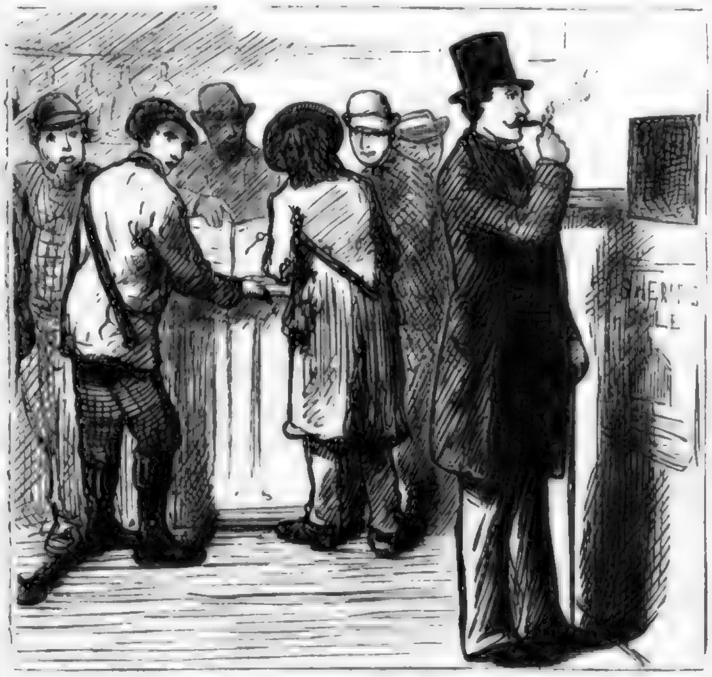
AMONG THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.—REGISTERING OUR NAMES.—SEE PAGE 679.

"It is impossible," said he; "that is the same writing as that in Lady Cranmore's possession. Can Lady Elfindale be my mother? For heaven's sake, Miss Hensley, keep this a secret. If she is my mother, if it were possible, she would make it known."

"I will, indeed," said the girl. "You can trust me. Won't you write to me when the *Vengeance* goes away, Mr. By-the-sea?"

"I will, indeed," said Harry.

After luncheon they had the horses saddled, and took a ride out to the "Neutral Ground." They had not got far out when they saw, flying along the road toward them, two horsemen. The glitter in the sun of the gold bands showed them to be naval officers, and soon the cavaliers proved to be none other than Sugden and Webber, who were endeavoring to solve the problem as to which of the old livery-stable "hacks" that they bestrode was the best racer. That, however, was never determined, as Webber's charger unfortunately performed a curious evolution with its hind-legs, that sent that officer head-over-heels into a green pool of stagnant water by the roadside, just as they came in full view of Edith and By-the-sea. The old nag, after getting rid of his burden, gave vent to a series of evolutions, in the way of kicking, that made him look like a rocking-horse; and then, taking the bridle in his teeth, started, full speed, for home.



NATIVES INSPECTING THE REGISTER.

After scrambling out as best he could, covered with mud and the weeds of the stagnant pool, his grotesque figure made the whole party roar with laughter. But, in his usual cheeky manner, he lifted his cap to Miss Hensley, saying: "Excuse my shaking hands, as both mine are full of botanical and other specimens, which I must put in water before I can shake hands with any one."

He then wanted to get on behind Sugden, which honor that officer declined, and poor Webber had to go home on "Shank's mare."

About five o'clock they returned to Government House to dinner, and then he went back on board.

At last the *Vengeance* sailed, and, after calling at Malta and Constantinople, safely anchored off Sebastopol.

Sir Wilfred immediately went on board the flagship, and returned with orders for three hundred officers and men to prepare for landing in the trenches, to join the "naval brigade under Keppel"; the companies to be commanded by Lieutenants Ransom, Hare, Rathbone, and Broughton, and nearly all the junior officers, among whom were By-the-sea, Sugden, Webber, and Phillips.

To follow the operations of the allied armies is not part of our story. The *Vengeance's* men did their work bravely and suffered much.

Among the noble names who fell, the gallant Ransom, and the brave, genial Hare were the first, and in the attack on the Redan, Sugden and Phillips fell mortally wounded—By-the-sea, under a heavy

THE NE'ER-DO-WELL OF THE VILLAGE.

fire, carrying the latter to the rear, for which act of gallantry he received the Victoria Cross.

Sir Wilfred was also wounded at the head of his men, but entered the fortress where many a gallant Englishman that day bit the dust.

When peace was proclaimed, the men were sent back to their ships, and the *Vengeance* was ordered home.

On her arrival at Spithead, Harry procured leave, and at once visited Cranmore, where he found Charlie, who had been invalided from the effects of a wound; and the meeting of the trio was a most affectionate one.

Harry then brought forth the letter, and told Lady Cranmore of the circumstance of the strange likeness of the portraits. The old lady could not remember ever having met the countess, and was puzzled. But it was decided that the twins should go to Paris, and endeavor to find some clew to the mystery. They were cautioned by the marchioness on no account to make anything public.

In Paris they found that Lady Elfindale was in the south of France, but where, could not be ascertained. A joyful surprise, however, awaited Harry, for one day, when in the Bois de Boulogne, he had the inexpressible pleasure of meeting Edith Hensley walking with another charming young lady, who was introduced as her cousin, Lilian Travers.

Charlie was warmly greeted by Edith, and introduced to Miss Travers, whom he thought very charming.

They found that Edith was staying again in Paris with her aunt, the Honorable Mrs. Travers, Sir John Hensley being again in India.

The twins had a very happy time in Paris, and when they left Edith and Lilian, both promised to become their wives as soon as they were of age, or as soon afterward as the exigencies of the service would admit.

* * * * * *

Five years had passed. The twins were again at Cranmore, having seen much active service in India. Harry was a commander, and Charlie was a major, both having distinguished themselves before the enemy, and early obtained promotion.

The letters had just been brought in, and one was addressed to the twins. Harry eagerly opened it with trembling hands, for the writing was easily recognized as that of their mother.

He read aloud the contents to Lady Cranmore and Charlie as follows, his voice trembling with emotion:

"MY DEAR CHILDREN:—At last my prayers have been answered, and I can now declare to the world who you are. In my youth, when barely sixteen years of age, I met your father, the young Duke of Burlington. We became attached, and formed a clandestine marriage, the only witnesses being a French valet of your father and my old nurse.

"The old woman died soon after, as did the clergyman who married us, and your father discharged his servant, who went God knows whither. We had been married only three months when your father met his death in the hunting-field, as is well known to his aunt, your guardian. I dared not tell my grief, for I feared the anger of my parents, as I had been betrothed in infancy to the late Earl Elfindale; and now my marriage with him was accelerated, and I was dragged heart-broken to the altar within two months of my husband's death.

"I then found that I was going to become a mother, and nothing remained but to tell the earl. He heard me, and demanded the proofs. These he took, and informed me that he had destroyed them, and it only remained for me to go into seclusion until the birth of my offspring, or stand a divorce suit. He said, 'You have no proofs of marriage, and I shall deny having destroyed them, and the world will brand you as a wanton.' I prayed for mercy, but he was relentless, and I had to accede to his cruel proposal. For twenty-two years have I been trying to find the man Rosiere, your father's valet; and when you were fifteen, I believed I had found him. 'Twas then that I wrote that letter to Lady C.

"All, however, thank God, is now clear. Lord Elfindale died suddenly three days ago, and I, as a last hope, searched his papers, and in an iron safe I not only found the certificate, but also the leaf of the parish register that Lord Elfindale had torn out.

"My lawyers assure me that everything now is clear. I am settling up all affairs, and in two days will be at Cranmore, to pour out a 'mother's' thanks to your noble guardian, and give my darling boys a 'mother's embrace.'

"I know, Harry, of your attachment to the dear girl who has often been my solace in the past; and if anything can 'fill my cup of happiness to overflowing,' it will be to see Edith the Duchess of Burlington.

"Believe me ever, my dear children, your affectionate and now happy mother, MARY ELFINDALE."

The sequel is soon told. The marchioness was almost wild with joy and impatience to see her, and the brothers embraced and congratulated each other.

It would be impossible to describe the meeting of the twins with their mother, so we will allow the reader to draw on imagination for that happy scene.

The Duke of Burlington—for so we must now call him—took his title with no opposition, his kinsman gracefully withdrawing. Lord Delacome—Charlie's title as younger brother—was as much pleased at his brother's fortune as his own.

Of course, Edith married Harry, and is now the duchess, and Lilian is Lady Delacome.

Lady Elfindale lives with Harry at the castle, and the dear old marchioness insisted on Charlie and his bride living at Cranmore, making him her heir, and she dotes on Lilian.

There is no fear of the dukedom of Burlington going to any distant branch of the family, for the brothers in due time were each presented with twins.

Sir Wilfred has retired, and lives on his estates, and Webber is in command of one of her Majesty's ships. Hoping all may live long to enjoy their prosperity, we bid our heroes a fond adieu.

A GREAT RUBY.

THE first and most famous of existing rubies forms part of the Imperial State crown made for Queen Victoria in 1838, embellished with all the gems left after the destruction of the regalia during the period of the Commonwealth, and subsequently added to by purchases. This ruby, standing in the centre of the Maltese cross, on the top of the British crown, and the most conspicuous gem on it, is believed, on tolerably good authority, to be the same as that worn in front of the helmet of King Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt. Unlike famous diamonds, rubies have no proper names, but this one in the British crown might be called the "Agincourt." Its history can be traced back to the year 1367, when, after the Battle of Nagara, near Vittoria, King Pedro of Castile presented it to Edward, the "Black Prince." This "Agincourt," if so it can be called, has a small hole bored through it, after a fashion common in the East, to be hung by itself round the neck. This hole is now filled in the front part by a small ruby, to be distinguished from the stone only by close examination. Of about the same size as this ruby is another, formerly among the regalia of Austria, but of the present existence of which little, if anything, is known. The Emperor Rudolph II. received it in 1360 from his sister, Queen Dowager of France, it being valued at the time at 60,000 ducats, or about $150,000. It would now probably be worth not far from three millions of dollars, the value of the ruby having increased more than that of any other precious stone.

AMONG THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.

A STROLL ABOUT THE VILLAGE OF SINKING SPRINGS.

It is not strange that the village of Sinking Springs, Pa., has never acquired notoriety. There is nothing remarkable in the fact that it has not as yet contributed a poet, a sculptor or an author to the world. Sinking Springs cannot boast even a general or a Congressman. But it is the fault of Sinking Springs; the blame cannot be placed elsewhere. Something of the apathy which is intangibly expressed by the name seems to have settled upon it, and although the village is one of the oldest in the country, and is within a ten-cent car fare of Reading, Pa., it has steadily deteriorated as that flourishing town has improved. In fact, so modest and retiring has Sinking Springs been, that the railroad stretching its iron antennæ in its direction seems to have frightened it away; and although the brand-new hotel at the depot—a hotel that seems to smell of white paint—announces the fact that it is the "Sinking Springs Hotel," there is not the slightest appearance thereabout of the village in question. Impressed with this curious circumstance, the writer and artist asked the young man in the spick-and-span hostelry whether his hotel comprised the hamlet.

"Oh, no," he added, laughing; "Sinking Springs is back there," and he flirted the towel with which he was polishing an apple-jack bottle, in the direction of the mirror, as if the place sought was behind it.

"Well named is Sinking Springs," the bartender went on; "it has been sinking ever since the first house was built, and it will soon sink out of sight."

"How do you get there?"

"You go up this road until you reach the top of the hill, and then you will see all there is of it. But what do you want to go there for, if I may be so impertinent as to ask? No strangers ever came here before to ask for the village. Perhaps you are after some one? It's a good place to hide."

We laughed, and told him the object was mere curiosity; but the expression upon the young man's face as he came to the door of the hotel, that by this time did actually smell of white paint, so strongly was the imagination exercised in that direction, was such as to lead us to believe that he seriously doubted our veracity.

It wasn't the most agreeable road to travel, and in that regard resembled "Jordan," as told of in the song. It was a compound of mud, slush and snow. So slippery was the going that we thought seriously of turning around and walking toward the depot again, as the little boy did in the story who started for school, made one step on the icy walk and lost two, and only reached the academy by reversing his direction and heading for home. Then there came the embarrassing difficulty of two roads, that branched off from the main one, as if they had had a falling out, and were running away from each other. Were we to take either, or keep straight on? There seemed to be a hill at the horizon extremity of each. Was it better to keep on to the hill right ahead, or fly to the other hills we knew not of? Fortunately, wheels were heard, and a mule and wagon and two women came along.

The mule was attached to the wagon, of course, and from the careful way in which it was driven, it was fair to presume that the women were attached to the mule. Yes, they did know where Sinking Springs was. Keep straight along to the top of the hill, and then take the road to the right. Good! So we followed on after the queer-looking vehicle, whose inmates turned many times to look at the phenomenal men who were looking for Sinking Springs, and especially on such a day, for by this time a slight drizzle of rain was falling. There was no question about what they thought—they considered the case one of insanity.

At the top of the hill the village was visible—one long, muddy street, with the houses straggling along like soldiers in full retreat after a disastrous battle. Smoke curled up from the chimneys, and floated through the gaunt branches of the moisture-dripping trees. It was nearly five o'clock in the afternoon, and Sinking Springs was undoubtedly getting its supper. The road to the right was reached, and soon it became the main and only street of the village. A few people were stirring about, and a man in a blacksmith-shop ceased shoeing a horse to gaze at the apparition of strangers.

"Is there a hotel here?"

"Farmers' and Drovers', right ahead."

It was raining in earnest, and shelter was necessary. Supper also loomed up as a problem to be solved as speedily as possible. So when the Farmers' and Drovers' came in view, it presented at once a picturesque and agreeable sight.

Architecturally the hotel is not much to look at. The Fifth Avenue and Windsor of New York City are much superior; and even the paint-smelling affair at the depot has a smartness about it which the Farmers' and Drovers' sadly lacks. But it is a comfortable and cozy place, and one that recalls old traditions. The eaves hang far over, like heavy eyebrows, and you go in to the bar by two steps that plunge downward to the sanded floor. There are oaken beams across the ceiling that are black with age. The sign upheld by the pole is weather-beaten and rickety. Lounging on a bench outside the door were rough, teamster-looking fellows, and an old Conestoga wagon could be seen up the lane of mire that ran alongside the house to the kitchen in the rear.

"Shouldn't wonder if General Washington stopped here once," the artist remarked to the clerk and bartender as we prepared to register our names.

"Stopped here many a time; this used to be his headquarters."

Here is a piece of valuable information for the historical societies. Those headquarters are constantly increasing as death diminishes the number of the General's nurses. A correct list should be made of them.

There was, of course, great curiosity manifested in the large room of the Farmers' and Drovers' as to who the new arrivals were. The old-fashioned registry book did not show a strange name for years back. In fact, there had been very little registering at all. Occasionally, as we afterward ascertained, some one from Reading who owned farms thereabout, or who wanted to buy one, would come to the hotel. This was seldom, and when it did happen the visitors were always known. Now here were two individuals who were not known, whose clothes had a far-away, outlandish style, entirely different from the fashionable garments to be obtained in the main street of Reading, and who persisted in not immediately declaring themselves. No wonder the Sinking Springsers who were in the place were mystified, and no wonder that as soon as the new-comers had turned to light a cigar they crowded about the book, and examined the handwriting with all that attention which a connoisseur and collector would give to the autograph of Napoleon that he intended to purchase.

This delicious state of uncertainty, curiosity and expectation commingled was charmingly increased when our artist went deliberately into the middle of the road, stood in a puddle that came half-way up his big boots, and made a sketch of the house. The proceeding was immediately telegraphed inside, and all came to the door, save

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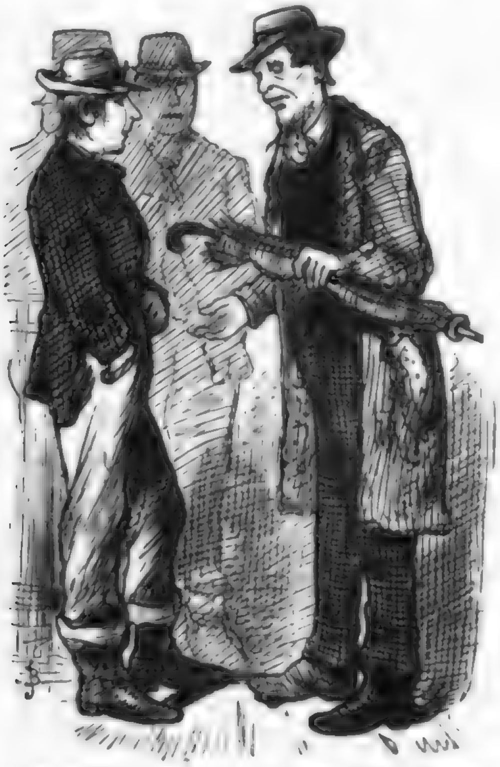


AMONG THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.—THE VILLAGE AUTHORITY EMPHASIZING HIS REMARKS WITH AN UMBRELLA.

the ne'er-do-well of the village, who, in the excitement, was left leaning close to the bar, and in close proximity to a bottle of rum. When the bartender returned, the rum was still in the neighborhood of the bar, and in fact not more than a foot and a half from the bottle, which was empty. One could tell, from the expression of entire indifference to surrounding events—to visitors from the moon or to anything else, upon the face of the ne'er-do-well, where the rum really was.

Once the sketching began, argument anent it was immediately instituted. The writer stood near enough to hear the village authority tell all about it, emphasizing his remarks with an umbrella that may or may not have been used by Noah when the shower first came up, and surprised him putting the finishing touches to the ark. He (the authority) said that we were surveyors, and that it was intended to run another railroad from Reading slap-bang through the Farmers' and Drovers'. This conversation was partly in German and partly in English. By inquiry, it had been ascertained that the village and all the vicinage was German, pure and simple. It was certainly, simple enough. The population was very primitive and thoroughly agricultural. It did not dabble much in politics, but went on religiously voting for General Jackson. A trip to Reading was a dissipation—a trip so far as Philadelphia was an event of a lifetime. We met one man, and only one, who had any definite idea of New York. That man was the bartender.

"A bad place," said the village authority. "I had a friend who went there once, and he never came back."

This was said impressively, and gave as vivid an idea to the listeners of the wickedness of the metropolis as Talmage does to his Tabernacle flock.

After a nice supper, of fresh eggs, preserves, milk-white bread that was cut from a loaf as big as the moon, apparently, and good coffee, we started through the rain for the depot, the village authority obligingly going along to show us the way. Strangely enough, he never raised his umbrella, but kept brandishing it as he talked. It was clearly an umbrella of rhetorical ornament. We learned from him that there is good grazing ground about Sinking Springs, that the farms pass from father to son just as the United States Senatorship does in the Cameron district; and that a first-class article of cider was made there.

Once more at the white, paint-smelling hotel, the porch of which was now occupied with villagers, who had gathered to see the train arrive. Soon the red light of the locomotive blazed through the mist, and finally shone full upon the wet platform. We got on board; shook the village authority by the umbrella—his other hand was waving in the air—and were off to Reading.

One backward glance, and we saw the last of Sinking Springs, which had been recommended to us as a typical Pennsylvanian Dutch village. And it was.

HOW HE LEARNT HIS LESSON.

Chapter I.

"Oh, what have I done! What have I done!" exclaimed Nellie, under her breath, as sad and dismayed she hurried up the garden-path. "He will never be kind to me any more. How *could* I have said such a thing?" And her hands trembled so that she could scarcely lift the latch of the old-fashioned door, and she turned away to quiet herself a little before going in.

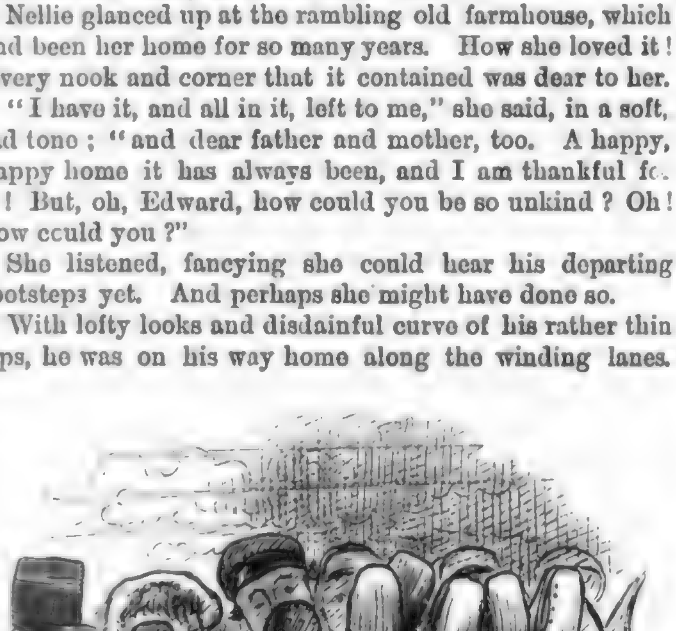
The garden was lovely and luxuriant, and heavy dews, weighing down the heads of all the beautiful blossoms, made it still more lovely in the calm, clear light of the moon which shone so brightly overhead. But with a sigh Nellie crept out of the glory of silver light, and paced to and fro beneath a row of rugged elms, whose far-spreading branches cast a fretwork of shadow over the flowery borders and neatly graveled paths below.

Nellie glanced up at the rambling old farmhouse, which had been her home for so many years. How she loved it! Every nook and corner that it contained was dear to her.

"I have it, and all in it, left to me," she said, in a soft, sad tone; "and dear father and mother, too. A happy, happy home it has always been, and I am thankful for it! But, oh, Edward, how could you be so unkind? Oh! how could you?"

She listened, fancying she could hear his departing footsteps yet. And perhaps she might have done so.

With lofty looks and disdainful curve of his rather thin lips, he was on his way home along the winding lanes.



AMONG THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.—"ONE BACKWARD GLANCE, AND WE SAW THE LAST OF SINKING SPRINGS."

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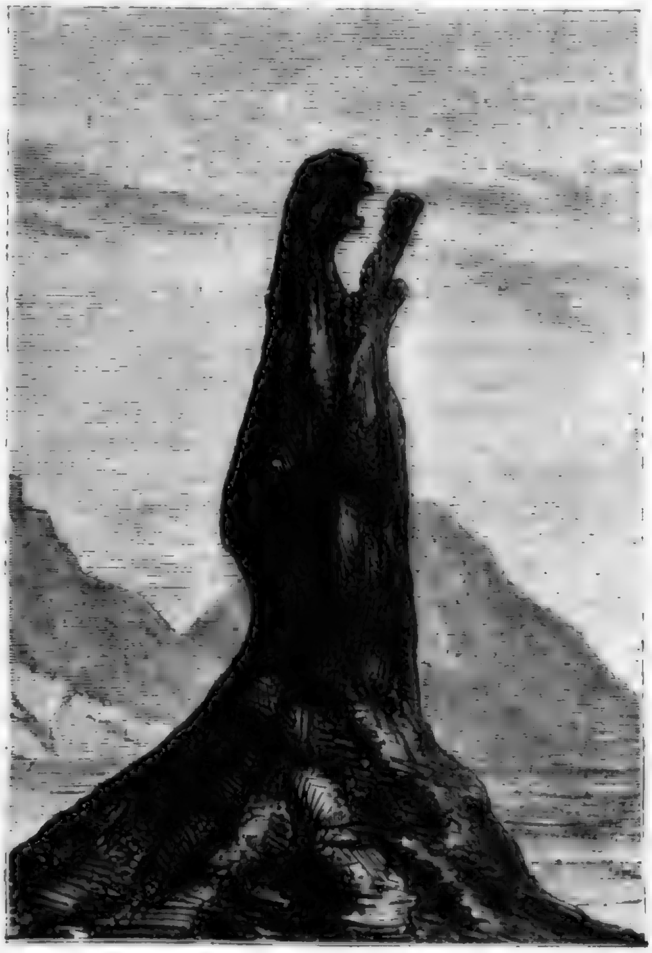
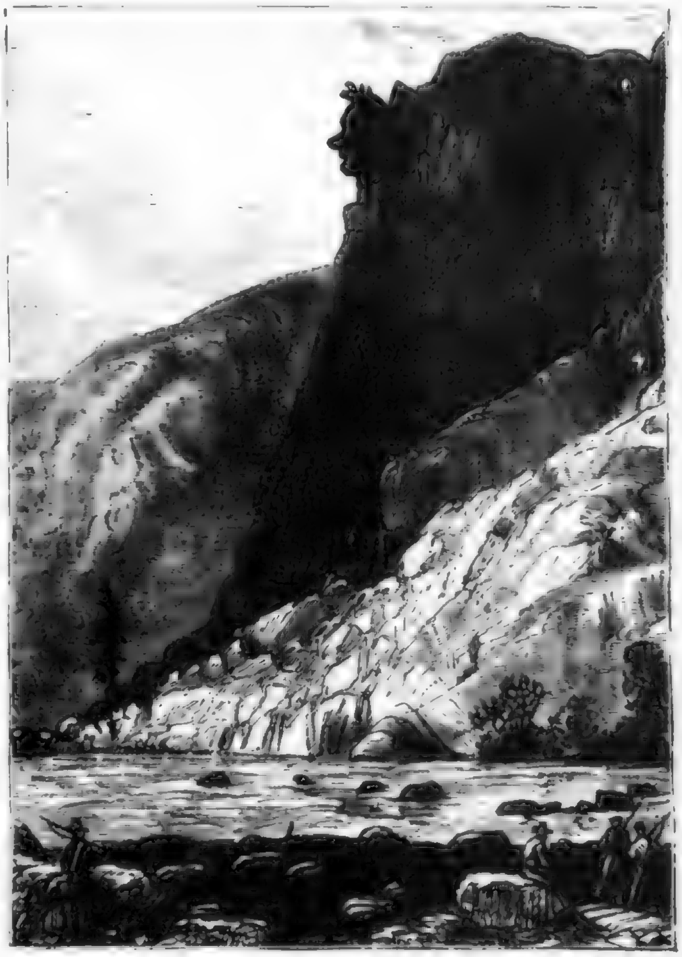


FREAKS OF NATURE IN LANDSCAPE.—ROSARIO ROCK, CANARY ISLANDS.—SEE PAGE 683.

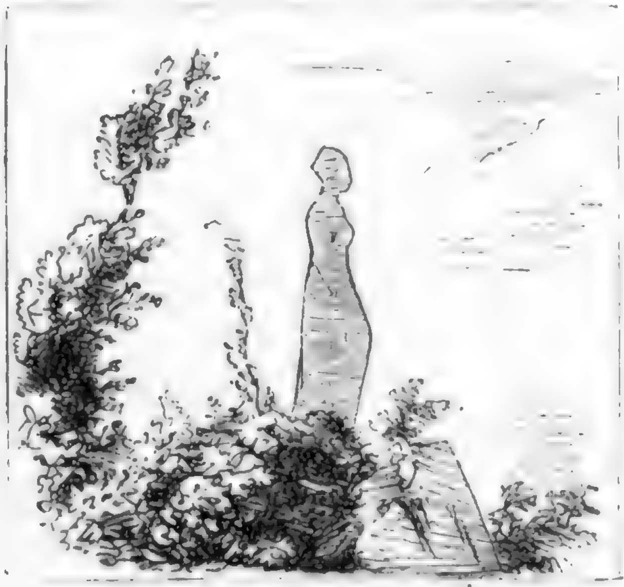


FREAKS OF NATURE IN LANDSCAPE.—THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS, CLEAR CREEK, COLORADO.

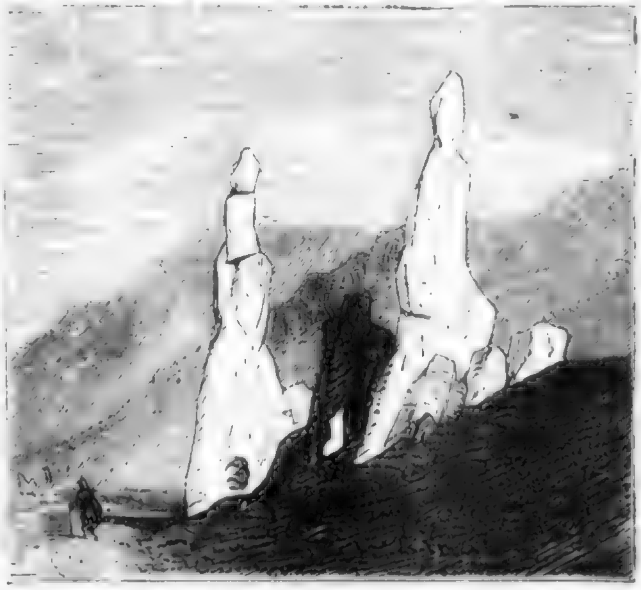
He was a man of five-and-thirty, while Nellie was scarcely twenty. She was simple and innocent as a child; but he had learnt many a lesson in the school of life ere this. Yet another was in store for him, and probably another and another, for while we live we must learn; and we will learn—so foolish are we—in the most costly and laborious way, for the most part. "Experience keeps a dear school," says the proverb, "but fools will go to no other." And are we not all fools until hard and inexorable experience has knocked and kneaded wisdom into us? And one lesson which Edward Melville prided himself on having learnt was the value of money. He was a bachelor, and so he made up his mind he would remain until he could find a woman *with money* who would be his wife. He himself was a country doctor, and, with a very small and not increasing practice, it would never do to marry and have nothing but that to depend upon, he told himself.

He had generally escorted Nellie to her own door, after their evening walks, but this evening he had left her just outside the gate. He was her aunt's stepson. She had known him all her young life, and had always called him Cousin Edward, all unsuspicious of the feeling which was steadily gathering strength within her heart, till this evening. And Edward, for his part, had always treated her as a mere child.

"A glorious night!" he murmured, as he leisurely pursued his way; and as he looked round at hamlet and



THE STONE LADY OF WIESENSTEIG.



THE PETRIFIED MAIDS IN THE VALLEY OF THE BRENO.

XUM

trees, and wayside brook, and picturesque farmhouses dotted here and there, all sleeping in the moonlight, the disdainful curve left his lips, and pride and hauteur smoothed themselves away from his brow.

"Poor little Nellie!" he said again, with something like a complacent smile. "I suppose, then, that she cares a little more for me than I deserve. It is a great bore, for of course it is out of the question that I should—that I could——"

He paused, and began humming a tune, and switching the dew-laden hedges with his walking-cane.

"No," he presently recommenced, "one must have enough to be comfortable. And Nellie has got nothing, and I have got next to nothing. One may put up with the want of a little sentiment, I should imagine, if one has a tolerable settlement in life. At all events, I mean to try it."

Chapter II.

"You will go to meet Miss Bassett, I suppose, Nellie?" inquired her mother.

"Oh, yes, mother. Edward was good enough to say that he would drive me to the station in his dog-cart, and he will bring us both home, too. He says that a rich young lady like Miss Bassett will not care to walk a mile, even along our lovely lanes, he is sure."

Perhaps there was the slightest undertone of sarcasm in Nellie's voice, for her mother glanced at her as if in surprise, without replying.

Edward had given Nellie, bit by bit, and with a good deal of tact, his ideas upon the subject of money, and of the comfort to be derived from a proper use of it. Outwardly the two were as good friends as ever. At heart, however, he was carefully on his guard, while Nellie, tender and gentle-natured though she was, could not help slightly despising him.

Miss Bassett was an old schoolfellow of Nellie's and a great heiress, and she had taken a fancy to spend the remainder of the Summer in the old tumble-down farmhouse which Nellie called home.

Edward was very attentive, even especially kind to Nellie, on their way to the station, and her heart went out to him again.

"If only I had not said that to him," she thought, as the dog-cart stopped and he carefully lifted her out. "I hope—oh! I do hope that he may forget it."

The train ran in. There was pretty Gracie Bassett's face at a first-class carriage window; and in a few minutes she was seated in the dog-cart beside Edward, chatting to and laughing with him as if she had known him for years; and Nellie had taken the seat behind. And that was not the only drive they had, nor the only evening they spent in chatting and laughing. Nellie and her father and mother—all three, and many of the neighbors besides, soon saw what it would come to. And Nellie grew older and graver day by day. But as yet she kept her own secret, and she hoped more and more that Edward had forgotten her foolish, thoughtless words on a certain moonlight night, now some seven or eight weeks ago.

At last the engagement was announced. Grace Bassett had no friends to interfere with her, and flattered by Edward's attentions, and quite believing that she loved him "quite enough for happiness," she had agreed that the marriage should take place as soon as all needful arrangements could be made.

"You know, Nellie," said she, as the two sat sewing in the garden one hot afternoon, while Edward was out on his rounds, "it really does not do to love a person too much. You are certain to become a slave to his whims and caprices if you do. I have always made up my mind that I would marry a man who loved me, and that if I had a reasonable liking for him in return, he would not expect or even wish anything more."

Nellie made some reply, she scarcely knew what, and then she went on thinking the matter over. Had she been exalting love to an undue value? With her it had stood before everything. "If a man would give all the substance of his house for love it would utterly be contemned." She had entirely indorsed the sentiment. But now was it possible that she had made a mistake? Gracie Bassett was a year or two older than herself, and probably knew better than she did. Nevertheless, at the conclusion of her cogitations, Nellie shook her head, and half smiled and half sighed, as she answered:

"Well, you have, of course, a right to your own opinion, Gracie, but I must say I don't agree with you. I think that I would rather die than marry a man whom I did not love with all my heart."

And Nellie gathered up her sewing and went into the house, singing, as she went:

"Love shall still be lord of all."

Chapter III.

The wedding was over. The honeymoon was over also, and Mrs. Melville, richly dressed, and looking very lovely, with Edward as an attentive and devoted husband beside her, was receiving her guests.

Nellie was among them. She was paler than usual, and her free, happy, girlish laugh was gone for ever. Yet she, too, looked lovely this afternoon, in her pretty blue silk dress and cottage bonnet, and there was a sweetness and beauty in the expression of her gentle young face that went far beyond any mere beauty of feature.

The house was handsome and well-appointed; the servants were models of attentive respect. All seemed as it should be. Nellie stayed the remainder of the day, and saw nothing that she did not like. Edward was for ever on the watch to please Grace, and she, for her part, took it all as her due, and so far gave him her sweetest smiles in return. What more could be wanted?

Only a few weeks passed. Nellie was invited to dine with them. After dinner they were moving about the drawing-room, and Grace was exhibiting to Nellie some choice bouquets of flowers which had been sent her that morning. They had all been arranged on one table, in accordance with a whim of the young wife, who declared that the effect of their richness and color was lost when they were scattered.

But Edward had not heard her say this.

"Let me put this blue vase here, Gracie," he unwittingly began, removing it, as he spoke, to another table. "There! It shows to advantage now!"

Grace, with heightened color, walked to the table, and taking up the vase, restored it to its former position.

"It is quite out of the way there," she said, stiffly, "and this is where I wish it to be, Edward."

"How great a matter a little fire kindleth!" Edward's color also rose, yet he did not look angry.

"And *I* wish that it should stand here," he returned, once more taking up the vase; and then he added, half reproachfully, half playfully, "You promised to obey me, Gracie, did you not?"

"Don't be so ridiculous, Edward." And her eyes flashed, and she looked as if she would have dashed the flowers from his hand, and before he could set them down she had taken them from him, and finally placed them in the particular spot she had chosen.

Edward looked pained, and Nellie mused wonderingly over it all, as he in moody silence escorted her home. Could all this have happened in a house where love was lord? No, indeed. "A woman," thought Nellie, "who loves, loves also to obey."

But this proved to be only the beginning of small discomforts and disagreements. Many months passed, Grace grew more imperious than ever, and Edward's face lost all its brightness, and he seemed day by day to grow old and silent and sad. And when Nellie went to see them now she found that unless Grace expected visitors she took but small pains with herself, remarking sometimes to Nellie as they went down-stairs for the evening:

"I have not dressed, Nellie. Of course you don't mind, and there's nobody else but Edward."

Nobody but Edward! Love would have made him all the world to Nellie.

"I would wear my prettiest and best dresses for my husband, Gracie," she said. "As for other people, they might go. What should I care for them?"

But Grace only frowned for reply.

Nellie had not been to see them for some time, and various small circumstances caused her to suspect that they had had a serious quarrel. Grace had gone out for a fortnight—all alone—and Nellie's father, taking pity upon solitary, sorrowful-looking Edward, had invited him to spend an evening with them.

After tea he sauntered into the garden, and he was gone so long that Nellie went to look for him. She glanced under the shady trees—it was Summer again, now—but he was not to be seen. Then she came to the summer-house. Ah, there he was, leaning forward on the little green-painted table, his head in his hands, and Nellie heard him murmur, in a low, moaning tone:

"I wish, oh! I wish——"

The rest was indistinct, and his longing, whatever it might be, was still his own secret. And Nellie passed softly on and in-doors.

* * * * * * * *

Grace had a little daughter, but instead of rejoicing in Edward's house, there was bitter sorrow, and as the young husband knelt by the bedside of his unconscious wife he felt all the old love for her filling his heart once more.

But what will even the tenderest love avail in hours like these? Grace's last moments were numbered, and she passed away, leaving her little one to Nellie.

And Edward, when the first benumbing influence of his grief was over, sold his practice—he had no need of it now—and went abroad.

Eighteen months passed away. A man, bronzed and bearded, stood at the gate of the old farmhouse. A little toddling creature ran down the path, her fair curls flying in the wind. The stranger caught her up.

"What is your name, little one?"

And in a baby voice she told him, "Gracie Melville," and he covered her little face and hair with kisses. But who was this coming out to look for her?

"Auntie Nellie," she said, in pretty piping treble, and slid down from her father's arms.

"Cousin Edward!" exclaimed Nellie, gladly, the color rising rapidly to her usually quiet, pale face.

And he shook hands with her; then, keeping the hand he had taken, he led her in-doors.

* * * * * * * *

"And will you tell me *now*, once more, Nellie dearest, that you love me better than any one else in the world——"

Nellie swiftly covered his mouth with her hand, while burning blushes dyed her cheeks.

"Oh, Cousin Edward, do please forget that I ever said so!"

"Not likely," he returned, smilingly. "Ah, Nellie," and he was serious now, "I have learnt my lesson since that evening. I have learnt to value love, not as it deserves, but at least to set it above everything earthly. My Nellie! do not tell me that your love for me is dead!"

Never mind Nellie's reply. Two months from that day she became Edward's wife, and he never had the smallest need to remind her that she had promised to obey him, simply because she loved him, and to do as he wished was a pleasure.

And having at great risk and cost learnt his lesson, Edward strove to teach it to others, and to more than one young man he gave in confidence the advice:

"If you wish to be happy, marry only a woman who loves you. Neither money, nor position, nor anything else, can bear the least comparison with love, which will outlive them all."

FREAKS OF NATURE IN LANDSCAPE.

Leonardo Da Vinci, in his celebrated treatise on painting, advises artists often to observe and examine ancient walls, stones, rocks, etc., as curious landscapes, groups of figures, human figures and profiles, and so on, may be seen among them, and may furnish aid to the imagination and invention of the painter or sculptor. Although we think that an artist may find better employment for his genius than to discern quaint figures and faces among rocks and hills, it cannot be denied that many landscape painters represent in their works other things besides the professed subject of the view—odd faces and grotesque forms so often occurring among the inanimate nature that one feels sure that it cannot be mere accident, and that the painter has here been indulging some comic or whimsical humor. The talented etcher, Everdingen, is a case in point—so many of his spirited studies of rocks, masses of stone, stems and roots of trees, etc., unmistakably representing the profiles of men and animals, generally grotesque or caricature-like. Stones, more than anything else, suggest these resemblances, their stiffness and unchangeableness giving them an especial fitness for taking and retaining these definite shapes. Who has not in the twilight or moonlight taken a large block of stone for an animal; or a tree, or even a sign-post, for a man or woman coming along the road? Such expressions as "neck of land," "belt of country," "headland," "brow," "ness" (nose), "foot of a hill," "backbone" of a country, etc., show how readily fancy connects hills and rocks with animated nature.*

Nor are rocks, ranges of hills and boulder-stones the only objects which take these strange forms. Clouds, also, though but for a few minutes, often assume most singular shapes. There are, indeed, some persons so without imagination that they can never be made to see these resemblances in cloud or stone to a man, animal, or bird; but we know there are some persons quite indifferent to the beauties of nature altogether. An acquaintance of the writer's who made a long pedestrian tour over the mountains always replied, when asked if he admired this or that point in the landscape, that he had no taste for such things, but had simply undertaken the journey by the advice of his doctor, and for the benefit of his health.

Learned men might arrange these curious objects into

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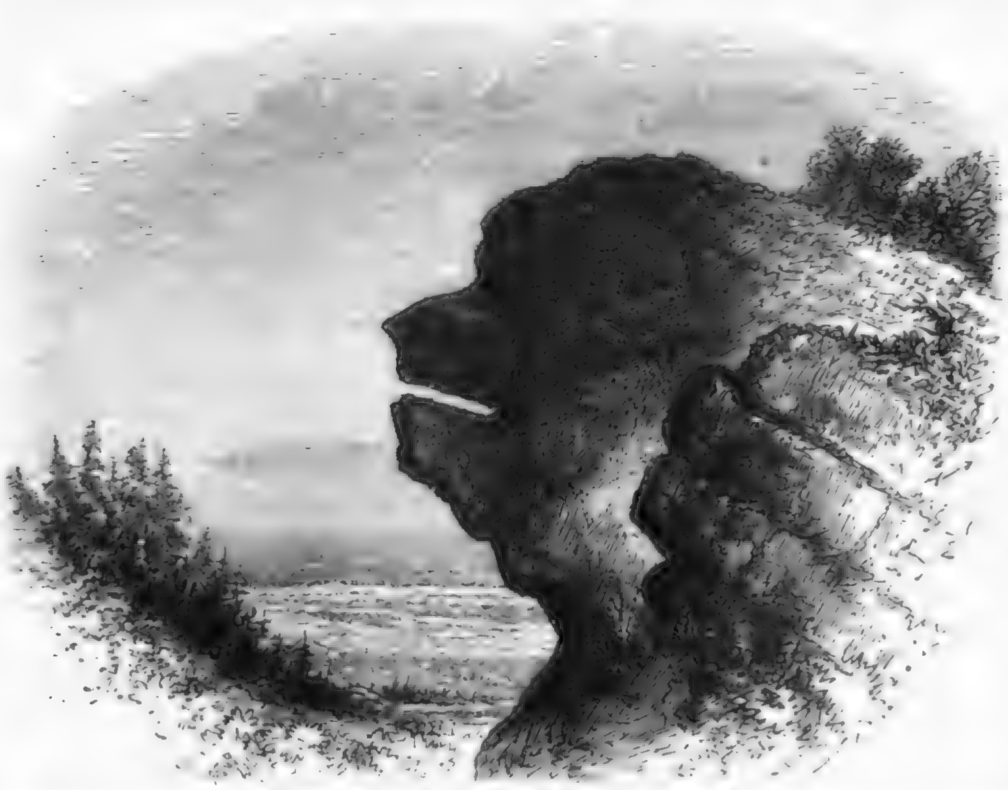
* The Cevennes in France, and the Chevin (a hill in Yorkshire, England), derive their names from an old Celtic word akin to the Welsh "Cevn," the back.

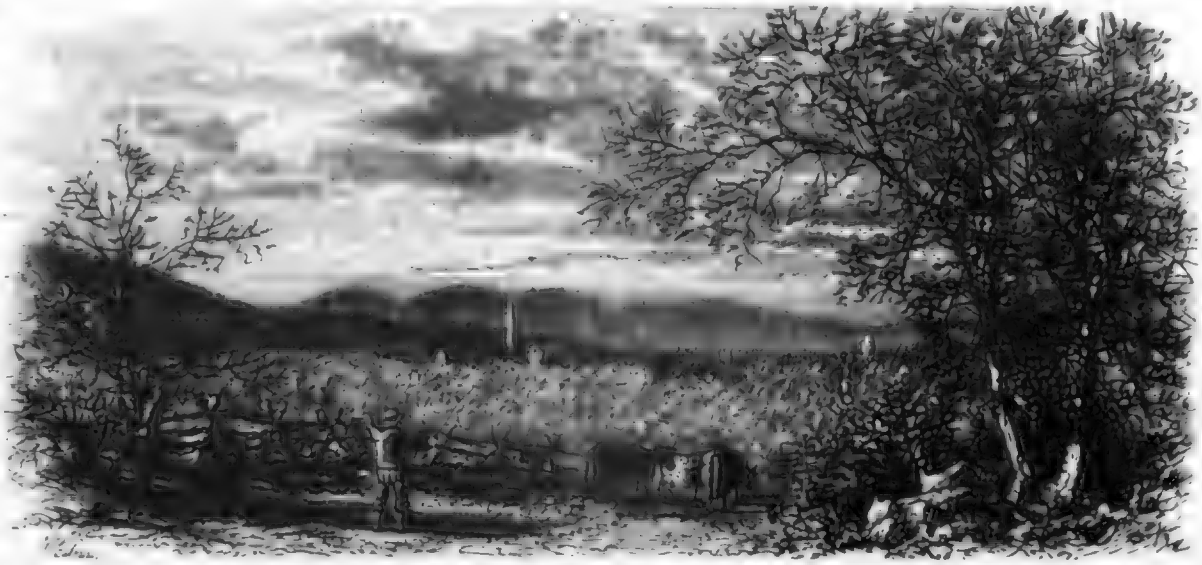
XUM



LAUGHING HEAD, DARDANELLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.

classes, perhaps in different grades, beginning with animals, going on to human beings, and ascending in the scale to the highest point of all, profiles of historical personages; or might divide them into objects on the earth, above the earth, and within or below the earth—the subterranean embracing those in stalactite caverns, which contain all manner of curiosities. Lions couchant, dancing bears, lizards and dragons are to be found in some places. Near Lausanne the form of a cow is pointed out among the rocks. The Crouching Camel, on the wooded heights of Hohenstoffeln, near Holigan, as seen from the side of Hohentwiel, is an instance.

Human figures are, as a general rule, rarer than animal ones. A pretty example is the Praying Nun in the Baumann's Cavern in the Hartz Mountains, near Richeland. Less known, but equally interesting, is the Stone Lady at the Wiesensteig in the Swabian Alps. This statue is a little less than] six mètres high, and the hard dolomitic free limestone of which it is formed gives a firm resistance to wind and weather. According to the popular tradition, this figure is the petrified form of a countess, a woman of extraordinary beauty but wicked disposition, who accused of witchcraft, and caused to be burnt, a number of innocent persons of both sexes, and whose cruelty and hardheartedness were punished by her being turned into stone. In spite of her crimes the wonderful beauty of the countess seems to have furnished subject for the verse of some enthusiastic poets of her day.



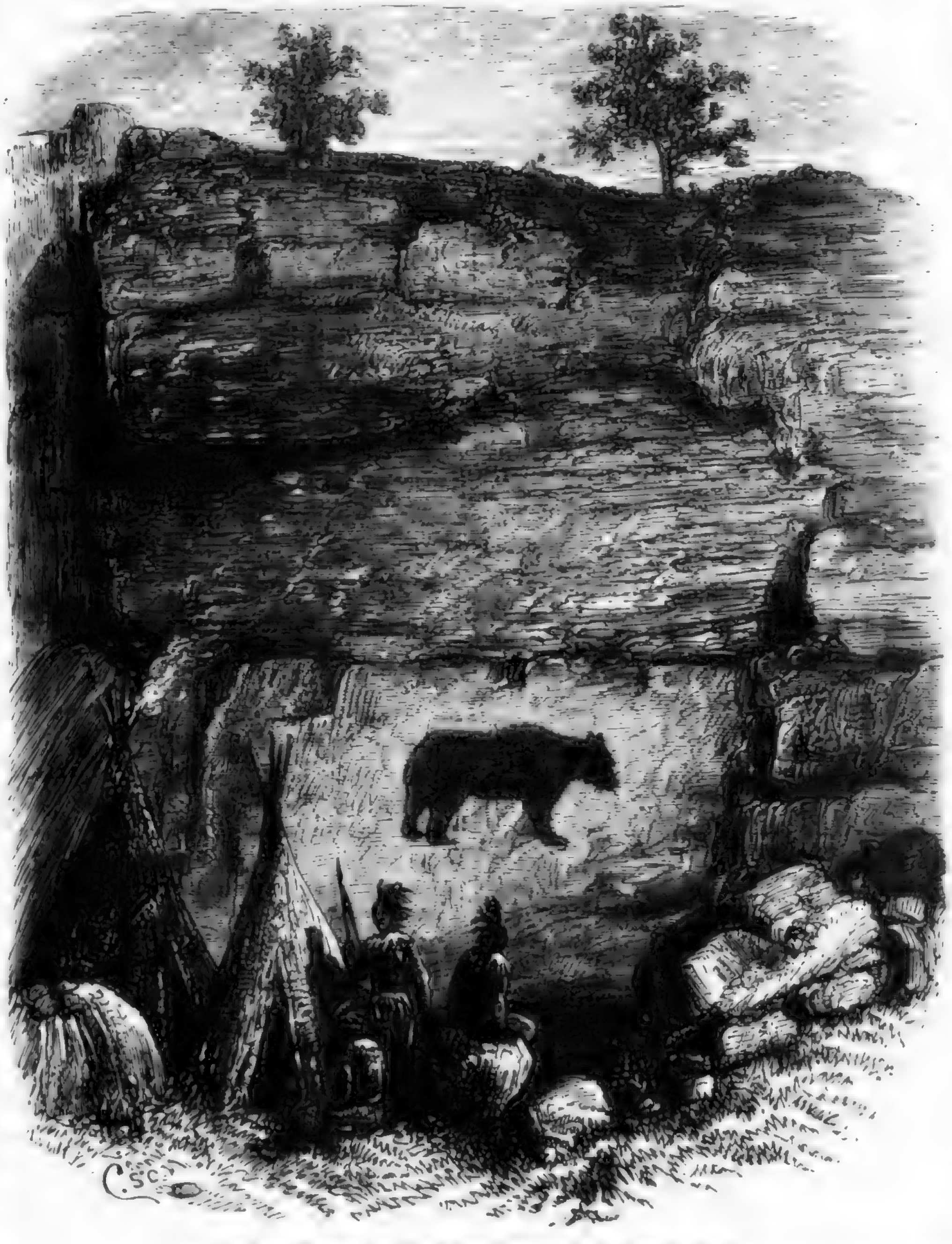
THE OLD DEAD INDIAN NEAR NEW HAVEN, CONN.

A somewhat similar curiosity to the stone lady of Wiesensteig is the singular face of needle-shaped rocks in free dolomite in the Breng Valley, known as the Petrified Maidens, or, in more common parlance, the Pointed Maids ("Spitzigen Jungfern") of Eselsburg. They stand halfway between Hertbreektingen and Eselsburg, at the foot of the rocky declivity beneath which flows the little river known as the Alpbrook, a stream the romantic banks of which are justly admired by all lovers of the picturesque. From whatever side we behold these singular masses of rock the impression produced by them is the same—that they resemble two gigantic human figures just about to ascend the hill; and, what is the most remarkable, the proportions of both forms are precisely the same. The statues are not stiff, but in the attitudes of life, and, if some portions of both bodies appear slightly distorted, this might easily be explained by the superstitious as furnishing a proof that the enchanted maidens submitted to the process of petrification and transformation sorely against their will.

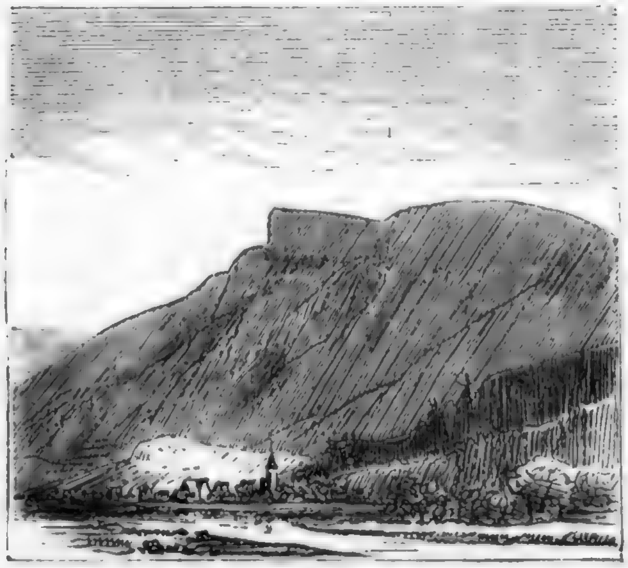
The story is that these maidens were girls, servants or vassals to the noble family, Esel of Eselsburg, who every day had to draw water from the Breng, and take it a quarter of a mile up to the top of the hill on which the castle stood. It is said that one day, being tired and irritated with this hard work, they both declared that sooner than carry water up the hill again they would rather be turned into stone, a wish which received immediate fulfillment. At Schonhuth, however, a more romantic version of the legend is related. The male descendants of the Esel family having all died out, the castle was held by a maiden lady, who, having herself experienced the inconstancy of the male sex, conceived so violent a dislike to all men that she would suffer none but females to enter her castle, forbidding at the same time, in the most strennous manner, the slightest approach to flirtation or attachment between any of her household and outsiders. But down in the valley dwelt a youthful fisherman, whose handsome form and melodious voice seem to have produced more of an impression on the susceptible hearts of two of the castle maidens than their mistress approved. The lady herself was addicted to the practice of magical arts, and punished the two girls by turning them into stone.

Many of those freaks of nature can only be seen when looked at from some particular point, or when seen at some especial time of day. To this class belongs the so-called Quarrelsome Man—"Hader-Mannli"—on the Fankenfluh, near Interlaken, which from some aspects seems to resemble an old man with an angry countenance. It is the same as the so-called "Dead Monk" in the Valley of the Adige in the Tyrol—a mass of rock formed into its present singular shape owing to a landslip. The figure can only be distinctly seen for a short distance on the road between Botgen and Irelau, and is then gradually lost sight of, with the exception of the nose and forehead, which long remain visible.

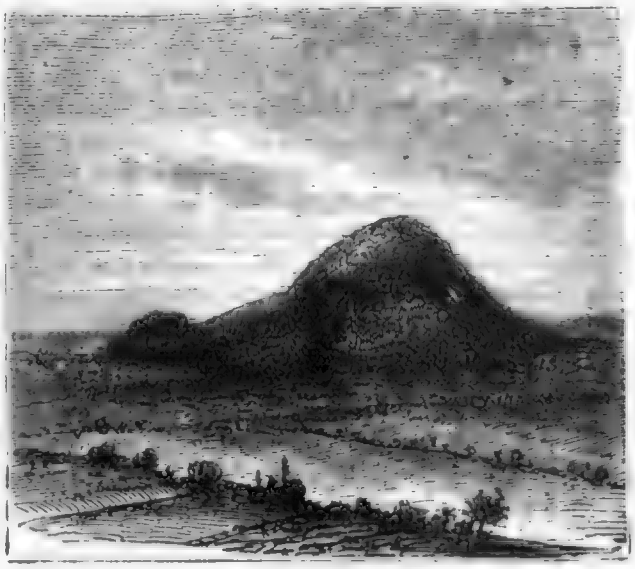
The profile of Louis XVI., on the contrary, is to be seen very plainly on the summit of the noble Iraunstein, from a large portion of the shores of the Iraunsee ("Lake of Iraun"). This profile is remarkably characteristic, from the Bourbon nose, the receding forehead, and the projecting chin being all most plainly distinguishable. It



THE BEAR ROCK ON THE PURGATOIRE RIVER, COLORADO.



THE DEAD MONK IN THE TYROL.



THE CROUCHING CAMEL.

can only be seen really well, however, when the spectator has the sun in his face, and still better when it is behind the mountain, so that the gigantic profile is beheld shrouded in a thin mist, which prevents details from spoiling the general effect.

The profile of Napoleon I. is shown at the rock of the Lorelei, on the Rhine, so famous for its romantic water-sprite legends. It is better seen when going up than down the river. A still better likeness of the great Emperor may, however, be caught by looking at the Mountain of Lecco, in the Lake of Como, when sailing to Lecco from Bellaggio. It will appear distinctly upon the horizon when the traveler has the mountain range either straight before him or on his left hand.

Among other rock-portraits in Europe is that of Napoleon III., in the Dietharz Valley, Thuringia, about ten minutes' walk from the village. As you follow the carriage road, this rock comes in view, rising to a height of about eighty feet, and, at the top, as it juts prominently out, presents a remarkable semblance to the Emperor Napoleon III. All are struck with the likeness, for not only is the outline such as to recall his features, with the upturned mustache, but the eye with half-closed lids, that habitual look he wore of weariness, which half concealed his wonderful energy.

A very curious rock is that called The Aguja del Rosario, in the Canary Islands, which is in outline an old woman, with projecting nose and chin, muffled in a shawl, and holding a stick in her hand.

Our own country abounds in rocks where nature seems to have delighted in mimicry. The Old Man of the Mountain, in New Hampshire, is one of the best known examples, but the likeness is not as perfect as in the case of the Old Man of the Mountains on Clear Creek, Colorado, discovered by E. A. Mathews, about 1865. The rock rises to a height of 234 feet from the waters of the creek, and is crowned by a clearly defined human face. Small as this appears in our illustration, the profile is eighteen feet high from the chin to the top of the head, and the shrubbery lends itself to the delusion by giving to the head an appearance of hair.

The Old Dead Indian or Giant's Grave, near New Haven, is a curious spectacle. People ride in all directions through the neighborhood, and never see it; but any one who crosses the bay by the long covered bridge, and climbs Beacon Hill, will be rewarded with a sight of it from the summit. From that spot the Old Dead Indian appears distinct and clear, stretching his huge length to the north, a complete outline of a recumbent human body from head to toe. Its real length is about fourteen miles, and the appearance is produced not by one eminence, but by several, some nearer the spectator, and others more remote, whose lines here blend into the semblance of a body.

In Arkansas there is a Laughing Head that is worth noting. From one point on the Arkansas River the traveler who looks at Dardanelle Rock, a part of Magazine Mountain, that juts out opposite Norristown, in Pope County, will see a grotesque face, with wide-open mouth, as if laughing, and even the semblance of an eye.

The Bear Rock is a freak of another kind. In this case the work is not formed by the irregular edge of a rock, but is a picture, so to say, drawn on the surface. On the left bank of the Purgatoire River, just above the mouth of the Alkali Arroyo, and about twenty-five miles from its junction with the Arkansas, in Colorado, is a remarkable object known as the Bear Rock. At this point, and for many miles above, the Purgatoire, sometimes known as the Purgatory, but generally corrupted into Picketwire, flows between sandstone bluffs from forty to sixty feet high, which leave at their base "bottoms" valuable for grazing, and, when irrigated, for cultivation, from one-fourth of a mile to nearly two miles wide. Until within a very few years this stream was a favorite resort of the prairie Indians, especially of the Arrapahoes; and its valley is still exposed to their incursions whenever they are hostile.

The Bear Rock is a comparatively smooth face of a sandstone bluff, that extends about sixty feet above the water, from which it is distant a hundred or more yards. Upon the exposed surface of the rock, about ten feet from the bottom of the cliff, is an excellent life-size representation in profile of a three-year-old cinnamon bear.

The figure is dark-brown, approaching black, being darker on the anterior half. The outline is distinct and perfect, unless exception may be taken to a slight blurring at the bottom of the hind-feet, and a somewhat pronounced excess of the claws of the fore-feet. From the tail to the nose the length is about six feet, and the height at the shoulders is about three and a half feet. The legs are all visible, and the head points straight to the front, as if just about to take, or just having taken, a step. The fore-feet are on a slightly higher plane than the hind ones, as if on rising ground. The expression is one of surprise and alarm: the head is thrust forward and slightly upward, the ears are sharply cocked forward, as if on the alert, and the whole attitude displays the utmost fidelity to that of a bear in some excitement and apprehension.

There is no trace of any paint or pigment, and there is all the difference in the world between the bear and the Indian hieroglyphics lower down on the rock. It is no Indian work, and there is no probability that the Spaniards ever spent their time in executing such a work with instrumentality beyond our knowledge.

A writer in *Old and New* some years ago suggested that it was caused by lightning. There are authenticated cases where pictures of objects have been by that agency made on the human body, and although none similarly made are known to have been recorded, the thing is not impossible, and a scientific body who visited the rock in 1867 also expressed the opinion that it was the result of electricity.

SAVED.

A FULL moon gleamed fitfully through dark rifts of cloud, lighting up a long stretch of beach upon which the foam-capped billows broke with that deep, moaning sound which presages a coming storm. This sound had awakened Lucy Mott, the fisherman's daughter, who now stood leaning upon the sill of her window, looking out half anxiously, half dreamily, on the wild and desolate scene. She was a slight, fair girl of eighteen, with delicate features, and an air of native grace and refinement which seemed scarcely in accordance with her homely surroundings. And yet her father—"old Phil Mott," as he was called—had come of a respectable, well-to-do family, who had long since discarded him on account of his wild and lawless ways, and his marriage with a sailor's pretty daughter, who had made him a better wife than he deserved.

She had been some years dead, and Lucy now filled her place in the humble home. She did what she could to make it pleasant and attractive; but the girl's nature was an elevated and refined one, which found no congeniality in the society of the few fishermen's families by whom she was surrounded, and nothing to gratify her taste in her humble home beyond her bit of flower-garden, and the sea, always grand and beautiful, and, most of all, a box of books, which had years before been left in her father's care, and never reclaimed. It takes a solitary, pleasureless life such as Lucy's to enable one to appreciate the value of such treasures as Shakespeare, Scott, and others, who have been to thousands, and shall be to millions more, a blessing and a "joy for ever."

But Lucy was not thinking just now of her dearly loved books. Her mind was less pleasantly occupied in anxious thought of her father, who had left home at daybreak, on a fishing excursion, promising to return at sunset. She had watched for him till long after dark, and had then fallen into a light slumber, from which she had been aroused, as we have said, by the premonitory sounds of the coming storm.

"I hope nothing has happened to him," thought Lucy, anxiously.

And, as if in answer to the thought, came suddenly the sound of her father's voice, borne toward her by the breeze. Leaning forward, she saw dimly two figures advancing swiftly up the beach, and she stood still, wondering who could be her father's companion at this late hour. Nearer they came, and paused at length almost at her window, talking earnestly.

"I don't much like it, I must say," she heard her father remark; and in answer came some words in an eager, suppressed voice, at sound of which Lucy drew back with a sort of shudder.

It was Martin Heriot, as he was called—a young man who had suddenly dropped into this quiet little fishing hamlet as from the clouds, and concerning whom nothing was known, except that he was good-looking, clever, and very agreeable when in a good humor, but fierce and desperate when aroused.

He had fallen in love with pretty, modest Lucy Mott, and her father had only yesterday told her it was his wish and his will that she should become the young man's wife. Heriot, he said, was a clever fellow, and could make her a fortune if he would. And so soon as they should be married, they would go, all three, away from this wretched place to another, the name of which he did not mention, but where, he said, their fortune would be secured. And the girl knew that when her father spoke in this resolute way, he was in earnest, and that, therefore, her fate was sealed.

Poor Lucy! It was not only that she instinctively shrank from and mistrusted Heriot, that this match was so distasteful to her, but that, almost unknown to herself, she had allowed her thoughts and her heart to become interested in another. She blushed when she thought of it, and remembered that this other was almost a stranger to her—a young man whom she had seen only as he rode past her father's cottage, and had spoken to but once or twice as he had stopped and asked if her father were at home, and then, lingering, had remarked upon the beauty of the flowers in her little garden. And the last time she had seen him, he had glanced at the old leather-bound volume which lay open on the gate-post, whilst she was busily tying up her roses, and had inquired, with that look of pleased surprise in his deep blue eyes, whether she liked "The Lady of the Lake."

That had been only yesterday, and ever since Lucy Mott had been in a sort of vague, delicious dream, that startled and frightened herself—all born of something inexplicable which she had seen in the look of those blue eyes. But he was the rich young heir of the Rockford estate—she could see the tall chimneys and Lombardy poplars rising miles away—whilst she was only a fisherman's daughter.

And now, in place of that sweet, half tender voice, the accents of which still haunted her, Lucy was listening to Martin Heriot's rough, energetic tones.

"I tell you, Mott, the thing must be done at once, or not at all. We have scarcely half an hour left."

"But if he shouldn't have the money with him?" said Mott, doubtfully, as if seeking an escape.

"He *has* got it with him. It was purposely for this money that he went to M—— yesterday, and, as I told you, he was seen to secure it in his wallet before he left the bank. Four thousand dollars! Think of it, man, and what it will do for us!"

And Heriot grasped his companion's arm, and gazed earnestly into his face.

"We may be found out——"

"We *can't* be found out. I have planned securely against every risk, and defy the devil himself to betray us. In the name of——"

And here followed an impatient burst of blasphemous language, in the midst of which Philip Mott, as if yielding to a power superior to himself, exclaimed:

"Well, come along! and if blood be spilt, let it be done by your hand, and rest upon your own head. Blood! and almost my own blood, too—for George Hazelton's father was my cousin——"

The voices died away in the distance, the rapidly retreating figures disappeared, and Lucy Mott stood, white and trembling, with clasped hands, and a heart the wild beatings of which seemed to suffocate her.

Suddenly starting from the stupor of horror, she threw up her arms, and cried, as in an agonized prayer:

"Oh, my Father in heaven, what shall I—what *can* I do?"

What should she do, indeed? For, to save the man she loved, even could this be done, would be to convict her father.

Her first impulse now was to rush wildly out of doors, and, running in the direction in which her father had disappeared, to shriek his name frantically in a half-formed design of pleading with him, of saving him from crime, and George Hazelton from violence, if not death.

But the two men, walking rapidly, were already beyond reach of her voice, scarcely to be heard amid the uproar of the now rising storm. Then Lucy turned, and, scarcely conscious of what she did, ran swiftly across the sands, through the tangled gorse-bushes, and over the low, marshy track, thick with reeds and rushes, which lay between her father's house and the road that ran half a mile from the beach.

It was here that George Hazelton must pass on his return from the distant town of M——, whither she knew he had yesterday gone. She had heard a neighbor say something about his having purchased a tract of land adjoining his own, and that it would be paid for on the morrow.

For this purpose, doubtless, was the four thousand dollars intended, which was now, perhaps, to cost him his life. The thought quickened the girl's steps, and she flew rather than ran, despite the now falling rain, and the violence of the wind, which was tossing her hair and her garments wildly about. Hoarse peals of thunder broke over her head, and vivid flashes of lightning nearly blinded her, but on she ran, never slacking her speed, or pausing to take breath.

Suddenly she caught, amid the roar of the storm, a sound which sent every drop of blood tingling to her heart—the sound of a horse's rapidly approaching tread. If she should be one moment too late! And again the girl pressed on, with a wild cry, which the wind bore away like the sound of a lost spirit in agony.

Faint as was the sound, it reached the ears of young Hazelton. He slackened his horse's speed, and turned in the direction whence it came. And then, rushing across the dreary waste, with arms imploringly outstretched, and hair flying wildly behind her, he saw a form which had more the appearance of a spirit than of anything human. The next moment she had reached him, and the lightning revealed to him the white face of Lucy Mott, thefisherman's daughter.

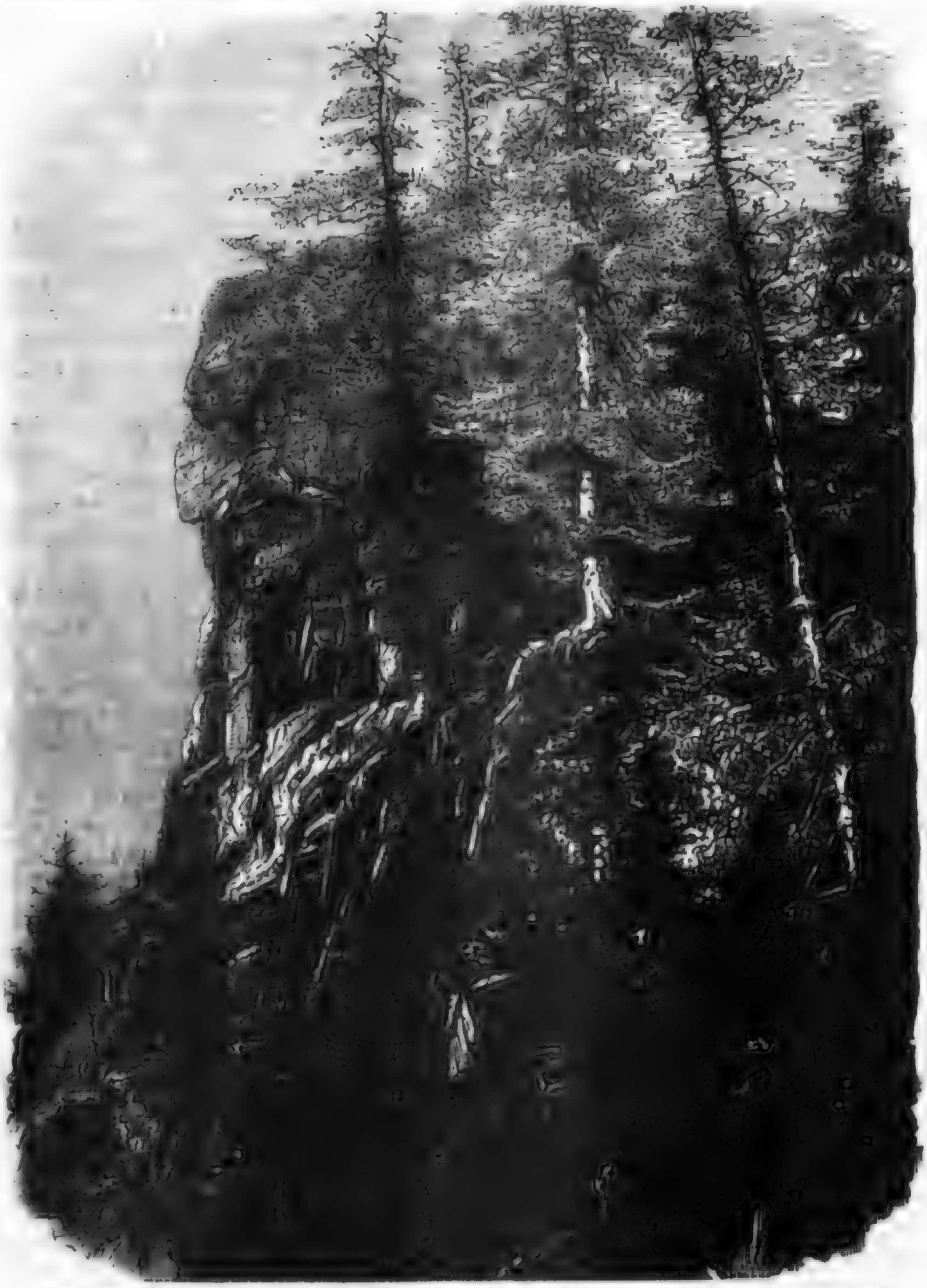
In an instant young Hazelton had sprung to the ground, and caught the form of the almost fainting girl.

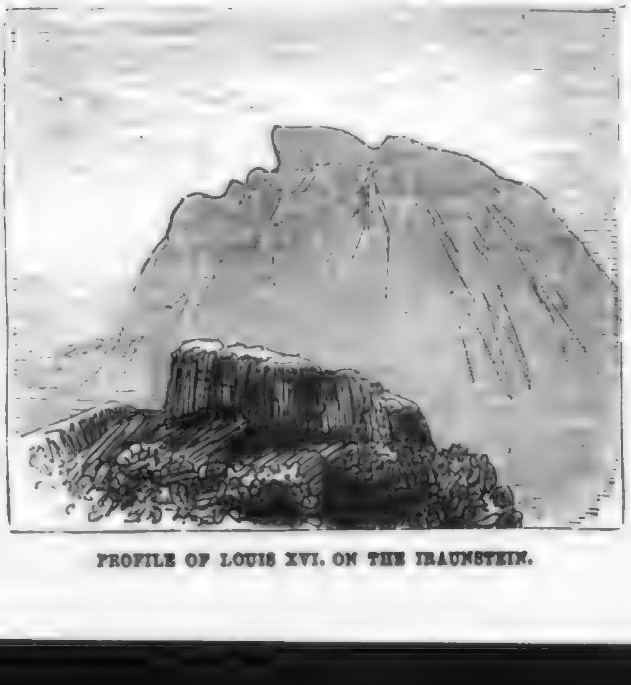
"Good heavens, Lucy, what has happened? Why are you here in the storm?" he questioned, anxiously.

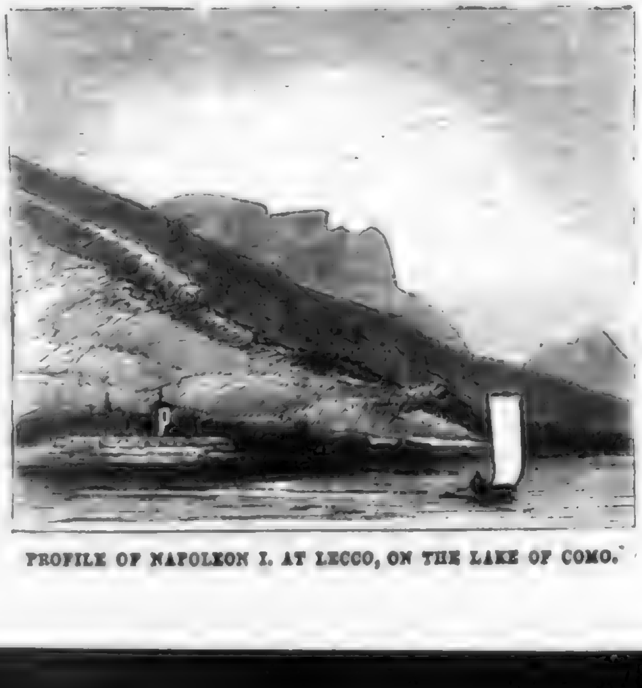
And Lucy could only answer, in breathless, broken gasps:

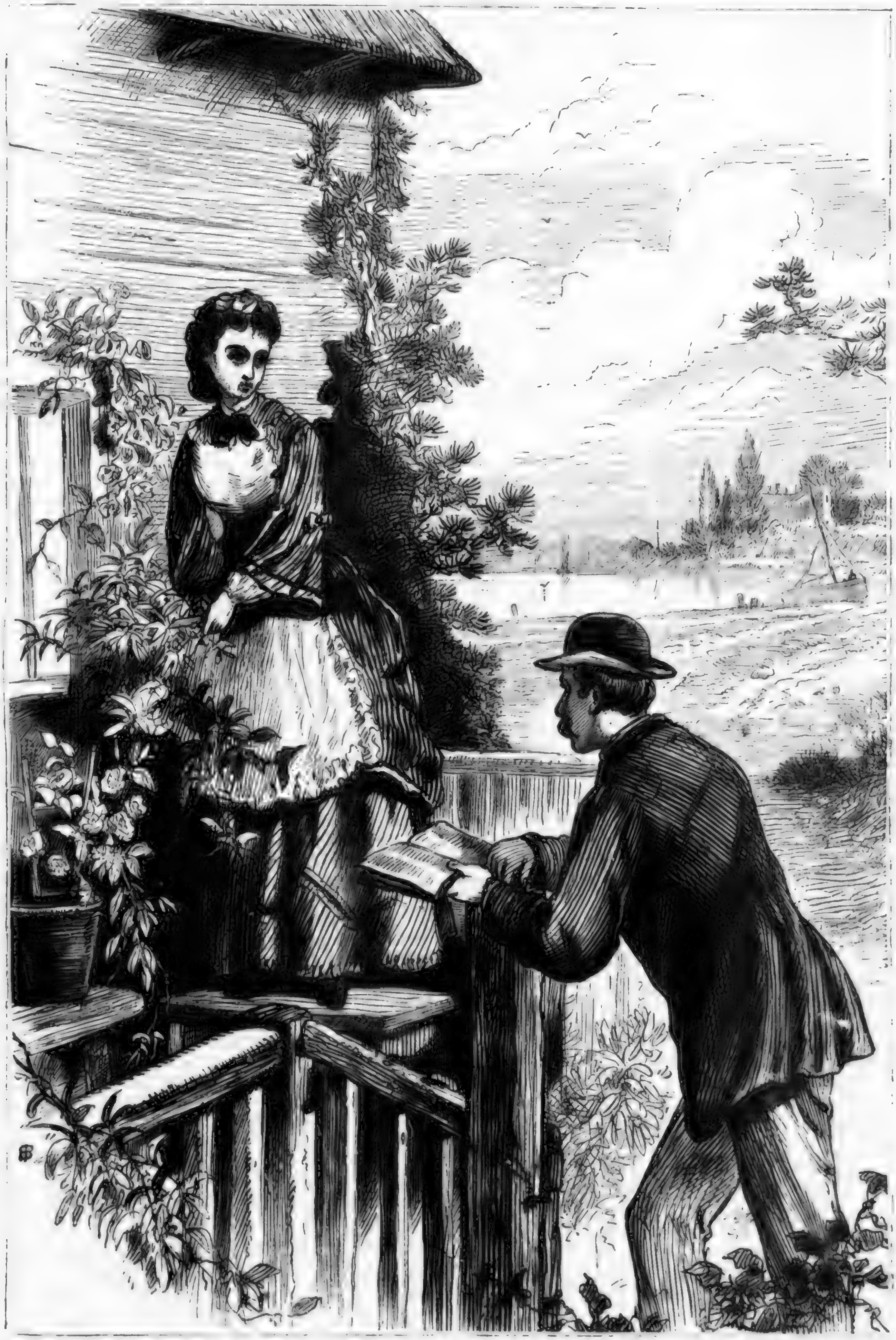
"No further!—no further! Danger—robbery—murder——" and then, utterly exhausted and overcome, she sank fainting in his grasp.

George remembered the money he had with him, together with certain warnings he had received from his friends and had laughed at, concerning the danger of carrying it with him on a lonely ride, and he now instantly comprehended it all. He was armed, and trusting to this and his horse's speed, he would still have braved the threatened danger; but to ride on and leave the girl alone and helpless in the storm was not to be thought of, even had she been less dear to him than she was. Neither, considering the


FREAKS OF NATURE IN LANDSCAPE.—ROCK PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON III., IN THE DIETHARZ VALLEY, THURINGIA.—SEE PAGE 663.


PROFILE OF LOUIS XVI. ON THE TRAUNSTEIN.


PROFILE OF NAPOLEON I. AT LECCO, ON THE LAKE OF COMO.



SAVED.—"THE LAST TIME SHE HAD SEEN HIM, HE HAD GLANCED AT THE OLD LEATHER-BOUND VOLUME WHICH LAY OPEN ON THE GATE-POST, WHILST SHE WAS BUSY TYING UP HER ROSES."—SEE PAGE 686.

circumstances, could he take her home to her father's cottage.

He knew that Philip Mott, a relative of his own father, was not a very scrupulous character, and that he had of late been very intimate with the young man Martin Heriot, concerning whom vague rumors had but this day reached his ears in M——, in connection with mutiny and murder on the high seas. As this thought flashed across him, he instinctively divined the circumstances of the case, and the cause of Lucy's strange appearance and warning.

It took not a moment to decide upon what course he should pursue, and lifting the form of the still insensible girl, he placed her in front of him on the saddle, and turning sharply off from the road, struck across the low, marshy track, which extended some distance further between the road and his home. His horse floundered on rather heavily at first, for he was weary with his day's journey; but ere long, finding firmer ground beneath him, broke into a swifter pace. In an hour's time the young man had alighted at the door of his own house, and lifting his strange burden, he conveyed her within, and gave her into the charge of his mother and sister.

"Do all you can for her, mother," he said. "She has saved my life."

And good, motherly Mrs. Hazelton, and warm-hearted Alice, prompted partly by kindness, and more by gratitude, did do all that could be done for their fair though humble guest, both then and through the long illness that followed. For the excitement of that evening, together with her fatigue and exposure to the storm, had their effect upon Lucy, in fever and utter prostration of body and mind.

For three weeks she lay ill beneath the roof of the great house with the tall chimneys and Lombardy poplars, upon which she had so often wistfully gazed from the window of her own humble home. And yet—as they told her when she grew better—her own great-grandmother, who was also the great-grandmother of George and Alice, had once been mistress of that house.

Wherefore, said people, it was not so strange or inappropriate, after all, that Lucy herself should in time become its mistress. They would not allow her to go back to the cottage on the beach, but, won by her loveliness of person and disposition, insisted upon keeping her with them at Rocklands; and in less than a year after, she, as Mrs. George Hazelton, claimed it as her legitimate home. And no stranger who now sees her, beautiful, refined and cultivated, presiding at her husband's table, or driving with her two rosy children along the beach, toward the fashionable watering-place which has since sprung up in that neighborhood, could imagine that in one of the fishermen's cottages on the sands the elegant Mrs. Hazelton had once her home.

Martin Heriot was arrested the day after the designed robbery and probable murder of Hazelton, by officers of justice, who had long been in search of him. Philip Mott, who, though reckless, was not depraved, rejoiced that he had escaped the commission of the crime from which his daughter had saved him; and thenceforth, through his own better convictions, and the exertions of Lucy and George, became an altered, and much more respectable character. The latter's money and influence obtained him a good situation, which gratified his seafaring taste, and Lucy, in her prosperity, never failed in her duty as a daughter.

HARD workers are usually honest. Industry lifts them above temptation.

THE FANCIES OF AUTHORS.

CARNEADES, the philosopher, seldom wrote without dosing himself with hellebore. Æschylus, Eupolis, Cratinus and Ennius are said never to have sat down to compose till they were intoxicated. Dryden often had himself bled, and, like Fuseli, ate raw meat to assist, so he said, his imagination. Shadwell, De Quincey, Psalmanaazar, Dean Milner, Coleridge and Bishop Horsley stimulated themselves with opium, as De Musset was helpless without absinthe. Gray seldom sat down to compose without first reading through some cantos of the "Faery Queen." Corneille fired himself with the perusal of "Lucan." Blackstone never wrote without a bottle of port wine on his desk, nor Schiller without a flask of Rhenish within call. When his imagination was sluggish he would sit with his feet in hot water, drinking hot coffee, "to thaw the frost on his wits." Montaigne was never happy without his cat, and with the pen in his right hand while his left was smoothing the glossy back of his favorite tabby, meditated his "Essays."

Boxhorne, the great Dutch scholar, could never write a word without a pipe in his mouth, and as he preferred a long pipe and yet required the use of both hands, he bethought him of a very ingenious device. He had a hat with an enormous brim, which impended in front of his face; through this he made a hole to support his pipe, thus securing the double advantage of shading his eyes and enjoying without inconvenience his favorite luxury, and in this way he produced his voluminous and valuable writings. Hobbes had the same weakness, "ten or twelve pipes with a candle" being his invariable concomitants at the desk, and Dr. Parr was not less dependent on tobacco. Southey could never write a line except at his desk, with his books round him and with familiar objects by.

Milton could, he said, never compose anything to satisfaction except between the vernal and autumnal equinox. At those seasons his poetry came like an inspiration. At other times, in spite of the most strenuous efforts, he would be unable to bring to the birth a single verse. Thomson, Collins and Gray had the same superstition about themselves. Johnson, with his usual bluff common sense, ridicules such fancies, and calls them unworthy of any sensible man—the good doctor's theory being that a man who had the power of writing always could write "if he set himself doggedly to it." Crabbe's fancies about himself are so curious that we will quote the passage in his son's biography of him which bears on the subject: "He fancied that Autumn was on the whole the most favorable season for him in the composition of poetry, but there was something in the effect of a sudden fall of snow that appeared to stimulate him in a very extraordinary manner. It was during a great snowstorm that, shut up in his room, he wrote almost *currente calamo* his "Sir Eustace Gray." Latterly he worked chiefly at night, after all the family had retired."

William Prynne, the voluminous author of the "Histriomastrix," was nothing "without a long quilted cap which came an inch over his eyes." Buffon was helpless without a spotless shirt and a starched frill. Still stranger were the whims of Graham, the author of "The Sabbath," and Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who, if we are to believe De Quincey, found their vein never ran happily unless they sat down to their tasks with boots and spurs on. An eminent modern novelist finds his pen and his imagination powerless unless he sits surrounded by lighted candles in a darkened room, and Horace Walpole tells us that Lord Orrery found no stimulus so efficacious as a sharp fit of the gout. The great Dutch scholar, Isaak Vossius, and

XUM

the English poet, John Philipps, would employ a servant to comb their hair whilst they meditated their works. Coleridge told Hazlitt that when engaged in composition he never found his vein so happy as when he was walking over uneven ground, or making his way through a coppice with the twigs brushing his face. Wordsworth, on the other hand, preferred a straight gravel walk, where he could wander mechanically, and without any impediment, to and fro; in this way almost all his later poems were composed. Lord Bacon had a fancy for inhaling the fumes of a bottle of claret poured out on earth which had been newly upturned.

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

It was a glorious afternoon in the June of last year that I drove out to Schönbrunn from Vienna, two miles, in order to take a peep at the beautiful Elizabeth, Empress of Austria.

After passing through a not very picturesque suburb, albeit Vienna is rich in delightful *entourages*, the carriage entered the long, straight, tree-lined road that leads to the favorite Summer residence of the beautiful and eccentric Empress.

Schönbrunn was begun as a hunting-seat for the Emperor Matthias, by Fischer of Erlach, and finished by Maria Theresa in 1750. It contains a number of portraits of the ancestors of the imperial family, few of which are likely to arrest attention, except those of Maria Theresa, Joseph II., and Marie Antoinette. The building, however, possesses some historical interest, as having been inhabited by Napoleon in 1809, when the treaty of Schönbrunn was signed; and by his son, the Duke of Reichstadt, who died here at the age of twenty-one, in 1832, in the same apartment in the left wing overlooking the garden, and on the same bed, it is said, which his father had occupied. This amiable young prince, who, according to the statement of some writers, lived the life of a prisoner at the court of his grandfather, was in truth brought up with every tenderness and care; and if he was the object of any unusual watchfulness, it was merely with a view of preventing his becoming the victim of some mad scheme of carrying him off to France.

The gardens behind the palace are laid out in straight walks, long avenues, trimmed and clipped like hedges, to a height of fifty or sixty feet, in the French style, and ornamented with statues and fountains. On a fine Sunday afternoon they are thronged with crowds of citizens and their families from Vienna. Stapps, the enthusiastic German student who attempted the life of Napoleon in these gardens, was shot here a few hours afterward, and buried on the spot. He disdained to beg his life, or it would probably have been spared. At the end of one of the alleys is the "Beautiful Fountain," *Schönen Brunnen*, which gives its name to the palace, ornamented with the statue of a nymph. The *Gloriette*, a mere colonnade of pillars, on the high bank immediately behind the palace, commands a fine view of Vienna.

One of the avenues branching off on the right, as you enter the garden from the palace, leads to the flower-garden. The palm-house is very rich. The conservatories and forcing-houses (fourteen in number) are extensive; and the collection of equatorial plants, especially Brazilian, is very fine. There is also a formidable collection of Alpine plants. Facing the palm-house, and near it, is the Emperor's zoological collection, or menagerie. The specimens of Austrian animals and birds are interesting.

In the great courtyard—a vast plain of gravel surrounded by mountains of stone, wrought into a palace—an imperial carriage attached to two magnificent coal-black horses that stepped as though eggs not to be broken were beneath their hoofs, and driven by a coachman weighing about 250 pounds, with an arm that would break the jaw of an alligator, moved gently in a sort of circle, while a knot of people were collected near a door consisting of plate-glass and the imperial arms sprawling in gold.

"They are waiting to see the Empress," said my *cicerone*; "but they will have their wait for nothing. The carriage is there as a decoy. Come with me. It will pass under yonder arch, and, at a small postern-gate connecting with her Majesty's private apartments, it will pick her up."

As we crossed the great plain, a flourish of trumpets was heard, with the gruff voice of the officer turning out the guard.

"Do not hurry," said my *cicerone*. "That is for the Crown Prince; he is going to drive to the "Tir Garten," a preserve on the mountains about thirteen miles from here. The Empress will follow in another carriage. That left wing of the palace is the residence of the Crown Prince. See, there he comes!"

Another flourish of trumpets, and an English high mail-phaeton, such as one sees in Hyde Park tooled by a guardsman, dashed into the courtyard. Rudolph had the ribbons well in hand, and his superb horses seemed to fly rather than anything else, while two great clouds of dust followed the wheels. He was attired in Tyrolean hunting costume, and the *chasseur* who sat behind was similarly gotten up.

"He is a very nice, simple-mannered young man," observed my friend; "very fond of telling very stupid stories when encouraged, for he is both diffident and retiring. Everybody laughs at the stories for their dullness, so he stands the chance of being laughed into a confounded bore unless the coming wife stops it."

"Are you Austrians pleased at the marriage?"

"Yes. We like the idea of our Crown Prince marrying a good girl. It will prevent his going astray, and he's at a very dangerous age."

"Do you like the idea of the Empress going to Ireland for the hunting?"

My friend laughed.

"Que voulez-vous, mon cher?" with a shrug. "It is lucky her strong passion is for *horses*."

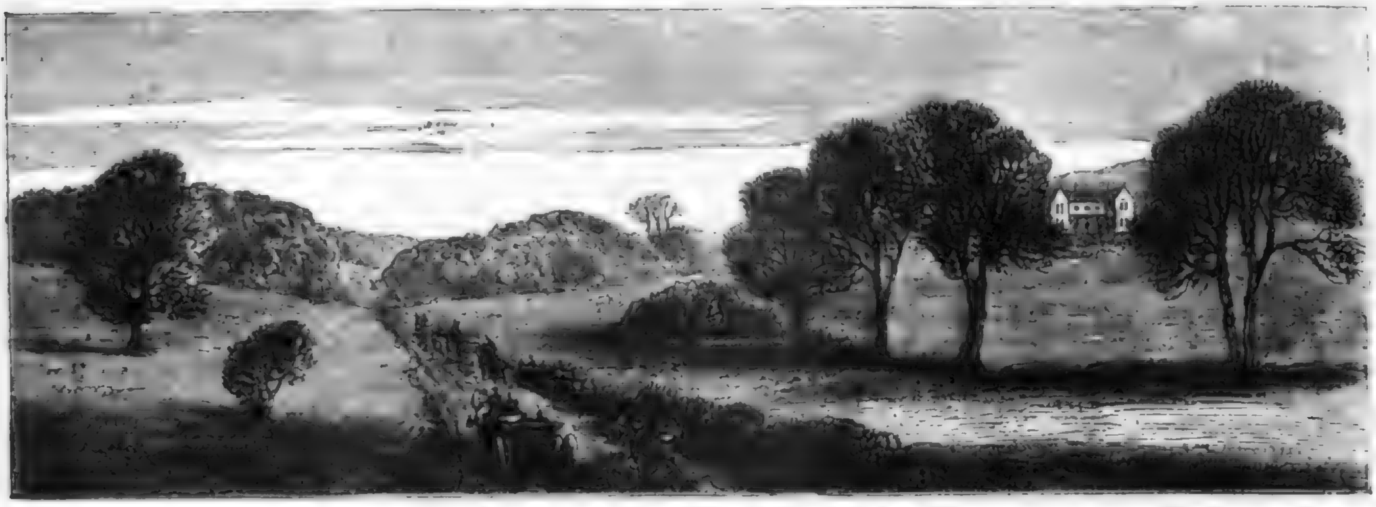
We passed beneath an archway leading to a long, straight avenue, one leafy bower of lime-trees, which, on that June day, emitted a most delicious perfume.

"You see that little green gate? Her Majesty will come out by that. Stand somewhat behind this tree, for she hates to be stared at. There; that will do."

Having posted myself quite close to the gate, and partly screened from observation, I awaited, and in a moment or two, click! went the bolt, and out stepped Elizabeth of Austria in a riding habit and high silk hat. A waiting-woman followed with wraps. The carriage was slow in coming round, so I had what is vulgarly termed an eye-full of her.

Never did my eyes rest upon so willowy a form. Never did I behold so *svelte* a figure, such a small but proportioned waist, such a white and blue-veined hand; of which more anon. Her habit, it is scarcely necessary to say, fitted her like the paper on the wall, and revealed every curve of her lissome form. In the forties? Never! A plait of magnificent rich brown hair—all her own, they say—came from under the *piquante* hat; a white stand-up collar encircled the delicate throat, and a neat little bow of carnation acted as a pendant.

XUM



HOLLYWOOD BATH HOUSE, COUNTY MEATH.

She cast a sharp, searching glance at me. I lifted my hat, she bowed, and then—yes, then she took a hairpin out of her back hair, like any other woman, and proceeded to button her glove with it. Then I saw the lily-white hand and its blue veins. The carriage dashed up, her Majesty entered it, revealing a foot the height of whose instep would have satisfied even Lady Hester Stanhope herself, and as she took her seat and the carriage drove off she bowed again, this time flinging in a smile.

Her lustrous eyes, bright smile and beautiful features are before me as I write. In the forties? "Forbid it heaven!"

"I saw her this morning," observed my friend, who rejoined me, "crossing the private garden, coming from her bath, her long hair floating down her back. The little Princess, her daughter, was with her, and the child wanted a blossom that grew high on a tree. The Empress at first thought to reach it in the ordinary way, but failing in this, she stepped back a few paces, and then took a flying leap and brought down the flower. It was splendidly done."

I strolled through the imperial stables, and with Bassant, the first pad-groom, went over her Majesty's pet hunters, all of which were enjoying themselves in loose boxes, looking sleek and starry-eyed and happy. Hard Times and Donnybrook were there, and Kildare Maid, who bore her imperial mistress over so many miles of "stiff" in Royal Meath. I then visited the ring, and subsequently the imperial *cirque*, where Elizabeth o' mornings exercises her horses, circus fashion. The former is a vast building very plainly gotten up, and consisting for the most part of the roof and the floor of tan. The latter is a veritable ring, with a private box for royalty, furnished with a carpet, half-a-dozen chairs, and gayly ornamented with evergreens and flowers. It is here that her Imperial Majesty spends her early mornings, witnessing the paces of her pets. It is from this platform that she bestows a caress, or a cake. A basket of dainties is always in readiness; and it is in the dining-room to the right that S. M. I. is sewed into her habit.

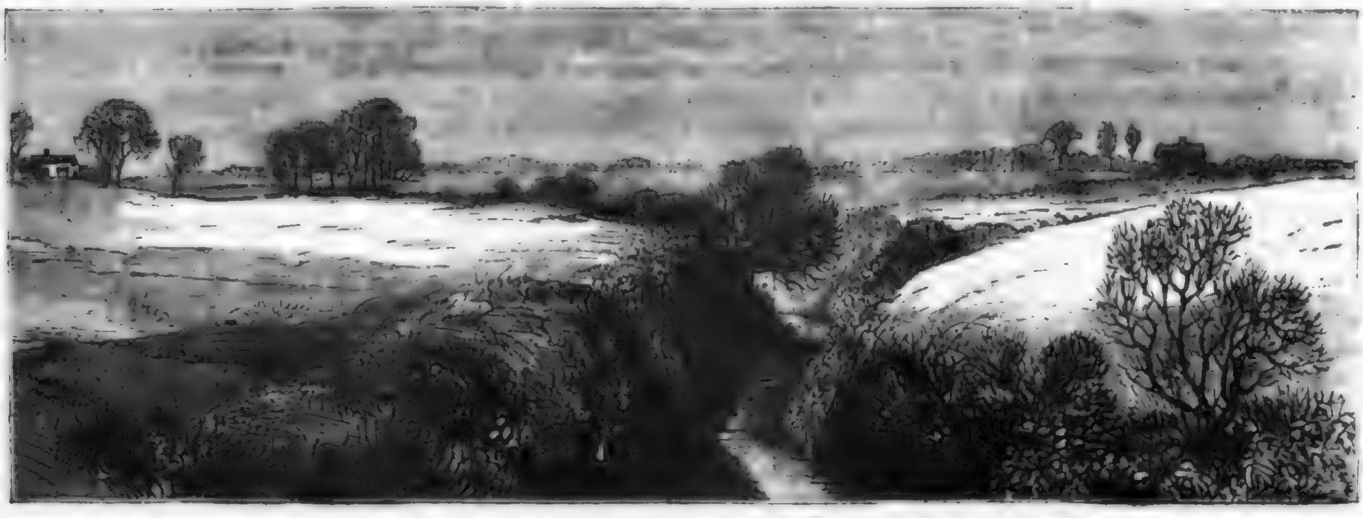
I visited the menagerie and botanic garden, and then strolled up to the Belvedere, from which I had a panoramic view of Vienna.

Shall I forget that little dinner at Dommayer's, and the love-story of a certain lieutenant in the Horse-Guards who was *en service?*

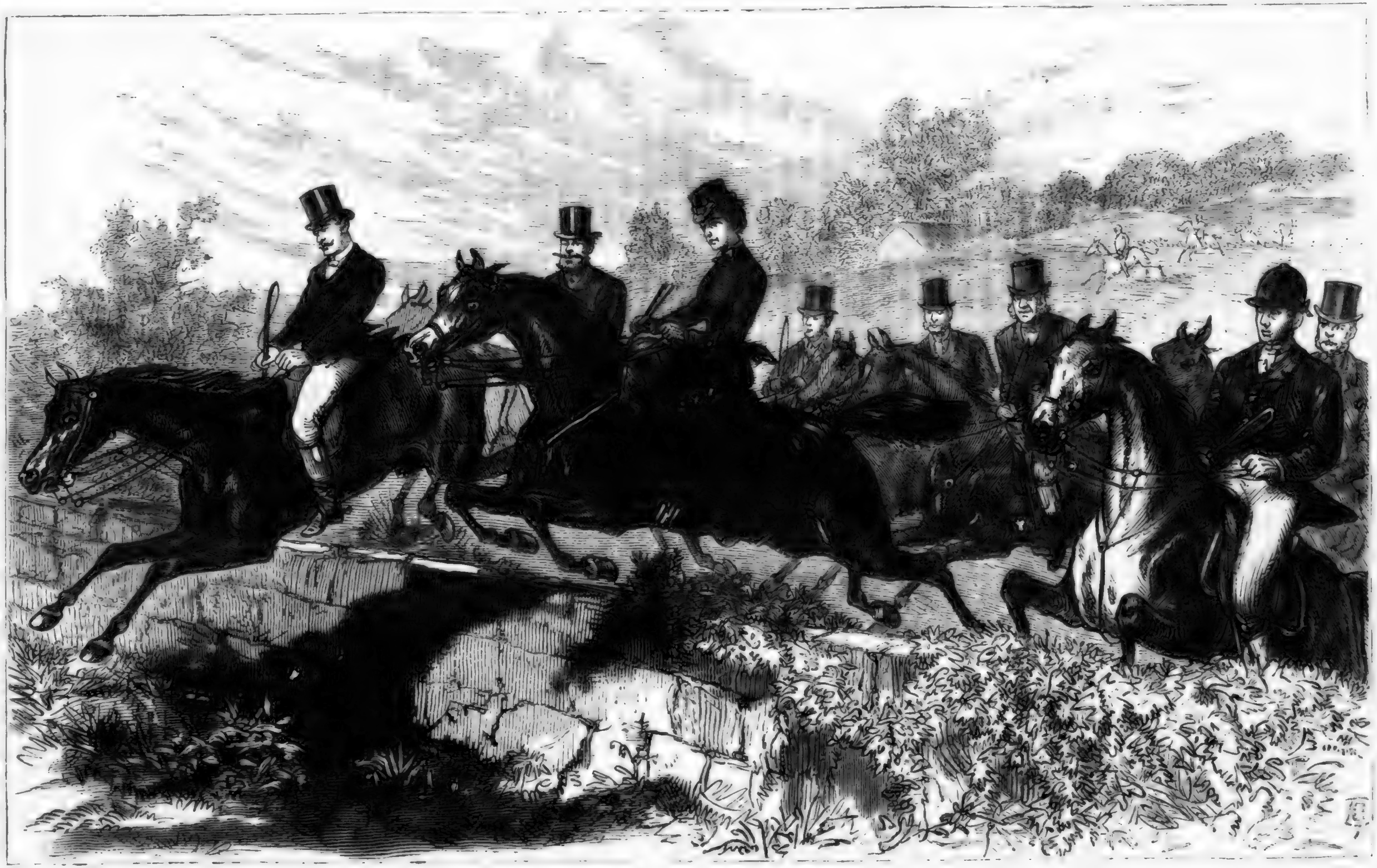
The Court dines every day at three o'clock when at Vienna or Schönbrunn. The Emperor, Empress, Crown Prince and Princess dine apart at a round table. At another table dine two ladies of honor, two adjutants, and the officer of the Guard, who is always a noble.

And now for a little gossip anent the horse-loving Empress.

This august lady was born on Christmas Eve, the year that Queen Victoria ascended the throne; she is, therefore, in her forty-fourth year, though she could easily pass for thirty-five with a little assistance from the cosmetic powers. On the father's side she comes of the junior branch of the House of Bavaria, styled Dukes *in* Bavaria. Her mother's father was Maximilian-Joseph II., Elector of Bavaria, whom Napoleon made into a King, and took pleasure in ordering about like an equerry. One day the great man went for an airing with their newly-elected Majesties of Bavaria, Saxony, and Wurtemberg. In the course of the



"LOUGH OF THE BAY," A WELL-KNOWN JUMP NEAR "REILLY'S OF THE WARD."



THE EMPRESS IN THE HUNTING FIELDS.

drive he stopped to pay a visit to some friend, and left the three Kings in the carriage. Saxony and Wurtemberg were at first sulky, then, as the visit lengthened, indignant. King Max showed himself a philosopher. "Since," he said, "we are treated as lackeys, let us amuse ourselves in lackey fashion"; and he sent one of the grooms in attendance to procure bread and cheese and fruit, with a bottle of wine. When these were brought Max ate and drank, and was merry, and finally induced his royal brethren to follow his example. By-and-by the Emperor made his appearance, and offered no apology.

No wonder the granddaughter of such a man is proud of her ancestry. The Wittelsbachs were always a haughty race, except when it was dangerous to give oneself airs. To do Max justice, he cordially disliked the upstart to whom he had been compelled to truckle, and deserted him the moment it was safe to do so. The Empress Elizabeth has another reason for pride. Her parents were poor, and German royalty when poor invariably displays the characteristic quality of Lucifer. Her father is the best zithern-player in Europe, and he has passed most of his existence traveling about with a Tyrolean, who is also an accomplished performer on this instrument. Her eldest brother married an actress, and lives with her in retirement. Her mother formed ambitious projects for her eldest daughter, Helena, and it was soon arranged that the Emperor of Austria should pay them a visit, and see whether the damsel pleased him. He came, and liked her well enough, but thought her sister Elizabeth charming, and proposed to the latter a few days after his arrival. She was then a romping hoyden. Her father had a house near Munich, and she was never so happy as when scampering about the country alone on a horse. The courtship was soon over, and the marriage took place when the Princess was exactly sixteen years and four months old. Helena was consoled a few years later with the hand of the Hereditary Prince of Thurn and Taxis.

Francis-Joseph was really in love, or fancied he was, and for a time the union proved a sufficiently happy one. The Empress had been accustomed to imbibe daily a glass of Bavarian beer at her dinner. To this the Court officials of Vienna objected, and her right to her national beverage was only secured by the direct interposition of her husband. But the Emperor's heart was too large for a single affection, and the Empress had a temper of her own. It is said she once horsewhipped a gentleman on the grand staircase of the Imperial Palace. Smarting with his wounds, the chastised one rushed into the presence of the Emperor and demanded redress. His Majesty shrugged his shoulders, and bestowed upon him the order of the Iron Crown, fifth class; whereat Vienna laughed all the more. By-and-by, the august couple entered on that arrangement which (in ecclesiastical matters, be it understood) is so dear to the intellect of Dean Stanley: they agreed to differ, and have remained excellent friends ever since. The Empress still cherishes with tenderness the memory of the early Spring of her married life. Amongst her treasures is a jeweled casket, of the rarest workmanship, which holds a little bouquet of *edelweiss*, given her by the Emperor during the period of their betrothal.

Constitutional government is but imperfectly understood in Austria, and the Empress is quite as important a personage in the State as the Prime Minister. At one time she occupied herself a good deal with public business, and proved, what no one who has had the pleasure to talk to her for half an hour can doubt, that she possessed plenty of brains. Unfortunately her talent was worse than useless when devoted to the service of her adopted country, reason being with Elizabeth of Austria invariably overruled by passion. It is herein that she differs from her famous namesake of England, whom she resembles not a little in the masculine cast of her spirit. The Empress is a good hater, and always inclined to the fighting course in politics. Her voice was given for war with France, and, untaught by the terrible reverses of 1859, she was eager for a conflict with Prussia in 1866. Then she did her best to prevent the concession of liberties to Hungary. In one respect, however, she is eminently Liberal, in the Continental acceptation of the word. Her Majesty's Catholicism is the religion of gentlewomen, and the outward observance of its precepts not only demanded by good taste, but policy. To go regularly to mass, and to eat no meat on Fridays, is the right thing to set the lower orders an example of propriety. For the austerities of the genuinely devout Francis-Joseph, tempered as they are by gayeties less than orthodox, Elizabeth has a good-natured smile.

Indeed, hers is a kindly heart; and, perhaps, no one in the wide world knows how to play the part of Lady Bountiful with a better grace. Her husband's civil list amounts to close on a million sterling per annum, and the Empress has no difficulty in getting money, which she spends generously. Her personal expenses are not large for the first lady of an empire, her pet extravagance being horses, which are, after all, cheaper than diamond necklaces. Her love of field-sports would have scandalized Maria Theresa, who considered that an Empress should divide her time between the chapel and the Council-chamber.

Elizabeth was never very popular with any of the various nationalities which owe allegiance to the House of Austria, though she is much beloved by all inferiors who come into immediate contact with her. The people at large suspected, and with some justice, that they were under petticoat government, and resented the secret influence which was believed to be steadily exercised on behalf of reactionary counsels. Then to her quasi-equals, to the "Court-capables," she was by no means so gracious as to humble folk. In short, she has been unsuccessful as a leader of society, and has ended by conceiving a general aversion for Austria and the Austrians. Hungary, the Empress likes better; nowhere in her consort's dominion is she happier than in one of the old feudal castles of the Magyar kingdom, on the battlements of which you may almost deem yourself back in the Middle Ages. When there, she rises early, and goes out riding. On her return, she breakfasts and writes her letters. Then she rides again until dinner, which is at six o'clock. At this meal she always appears in full evening dress; but no sooner is it over than she dons her riding habit, and has another ride, and shortly afterward she goes to bed. But she is happiest of all when off for her annual holiday, far away from the land which gives her her title, and imposes all sorts of unpleasant responsibilities upon her. Once she tried Italy, but the Roman sportsmen made her laugh, and she declared she should not be able to keep her countenance during a second season. Ireland she thoroughly enjoyed, while she has pronounced England, as a hunting-ground, a *fiasco*. In speaking of England politically, she once said: "You English have done your best to render government impossible all the world over. The attempt to imitate you has done Austria more harm than Solferino and Sadowa put together."

It may well be believed that her affection for the present Government of England is slight, but her woman's wit renders her a good judge of character, and she can appreciate such a statesman as Mr. Gladstone at his true value.

"He is one of the strongest men living," her Majesty declared on a certain occasion, and then proceeded to draw, with much ingenuity and some little humor, a parallel between him and Bismarck, whom she cordially detests. Her favorite politician, however, is Andrassy. Men whispered that had Elizabeth been sovereign in her own right, the handsome Count might have been her Essex and Burleigh in one. I incline to the belief that he would have been show-Minister, and no more.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. The Empress has not been exempt from the common lot; but those who know her best doubt whether she has ever given her heart to any human being. She is kind to many, in an imperial, protecting way; but seems to have no love, except for solitude. She has not even made friends with her children. A lonely ride is the chief pleasure of her life. She has a perfect horror of noise. Wherever she may chance to be, thick carpets are laid down in every direction, that she may not hear the mere sound of her own footsteps. But once in the saddle, this form of nervousness seems to be flung to the winds.

On the whole, Elizabeth of Austria gives one the impression of a woman who has not yet found a destiny which can satisfy all her aspirations, and is unhappy in consequence. *Sunt lachrymæ rerum.* It is a sorrow to be respected.

And now let us take a peep into those regions where she spends her Summer holidays.

From Gmunden on the north, to Ischl on the south; from the Weiner Wald on the east, to the Bavarian Alps on the west, we find the magnificent region known as the Salzkammergut of Imperial Austria, lying as a vestibule to the Tyrolean Mountains. Its forests and lakes, its wooded hills, and meadows rich with grain, resemble and rival in beauty the far-famed lake country of England, and the mountain passes of the American continent. In this district, the great repository of the salt wealth of the empire, the various members of the Imperial family have built their summer villas. From the palatial residence of the Wirtembergs, at Gmunden, to the Emperor's villa at Ischl, are found the Summer houses of the Queen of Hanover, the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, the Archduke Albrecht, Count de Chambord, and the royal Coburgs; but the simplest and grandest of these imperial homes is the Villa Toscana, owned by Madame l'Archduchesse Marie Immaculata, daughter of the late King of Naples, and wife of his Imperial Highness Archduke Carl Salvator, Prince of Tuscany. One sees the great rock-mountain of Traunstein and the magical Gmundener See. The lake is so blue that one might think it had put on the robe of the Grotto Azzurro, off the Neapolitan coast, in honor of the fair Neapolitan Princess whose Summer home stands upon its banks, and whose pretty sailboat glides like a bird through the sapphire waters.

The chamois-hunting grounds of his Majesty the Emperor are opposite to Traunkirchen, a little hamlet half a mile south of Villa Toscana, which is built on a peninsula in the lake. There it was that the Avaras came in the eighth century, and selected this little promontory for a watch-tower and storehouse, wherein to hide their booty, secured in robber raids. The foundations of the tower still remain, but in the fifteenth century a chapel dedicated to St. John was raised there by some monks. Once a year, on St. John's Day, service is held with great pomp in this chapel, and the woodland promontory where it stands is crowded with worshipers.

Villa Toscana is a Swiss chalet, three stories high, built of a peculiar rough-hewn stone found in this region—a red and white marble, with occasional touches of yellow and gray. The eaves of its high, pointed roof extend far out, and form a shelter to the graceful balconies that project from the centre of the building, broad on the first floor, or *rez de chaussée*, but narrower at the second and third floors, so that those who stand on the upper balconies can look down upon those below them as into a fern-garden—for ferns and foliage, plants, palms and vines of passion-flowers, wreath the dark-red shafts and columns which support and connect one balcony with another. When the English ivy just planted around the building entirely covers it, it will be more picturesque, but will appear less massive than it does now, and it will lose the lovely rose-hue it takes at evening, when the ruddy *Alpen gluehen* falls upon the mighty Traunstein opposite.

A charming peasant hut was built for the imperial children. It is a perfect fac-simile of the homes of a hundred years ago. Indeed, his Highness bought door-handles, knockers and spinning-wheels from the owners. In front Traunstein rises in majestic masses of rock, as gray as the vapor-clouds that cling to the barren ledges; and to the south, embowered in trees among hills of velvet green, are the convent and the chapel towers of Traunkirchen, the quaint old hamlet of the woodland promontory. To the north the town of Gmunden seems floating like another Venice on the blue waters of the magical Gmundener See. The cottage is of cement, but is covered with dark-brown logs, moss and lichens growing in their interstices. A rustic veranda of white birch leads to the front entrance. Under this bridge-like veranda, spanning a narrow cleft in the hillside, is seen a door, prettily ornamented with iron tracery, leading to the cave or cellar in the hillside under the house. A belfry tower rises from the front gable, and the silver-toned bell, when the young princesses ring it to call their guests to dinner, is heard far over the lake. Inside, the building contains three good-sized rooms. The furniture is of pine, strange Tyrolean chairs with low backs and four sprawling legs, like a great tarantula. A bench runs all around the walls, and a table in one corner holds an immense pitcher-shaped vase filled with marigolds, larkspur and coxcomb, like the flowers in a New England farmer's garden. The inevitable square porcelain stove, green and white, on a table-like base, with a row of brass candlesticks on top, stands in the space between the two doors which lead into the adjoing rooms. Above these doors are hung the little flax-spinning wheels, and over the stove is a framework of bars of wood, as in real peasant huts, for drying the clothes of pater-familias when he returns wet and weary from the chase or field work. Shelves for crockery extend on either side the room, and quaint old china, knives and two-pronged forks are all arrayed in view. Beer-mugs are hung on pegs from the upper shelves. The room on the left, behind this large front "living room," is another kitchen for preparing the food to be cooked. That on the right is a bedroom, with great wooden chests for holding linen, and a large press for the peasant costumes. The attic under the thatched roof is, in real peasant cottages, devoted to the sleeping-rooms of the men. It is reached by a ladder at the back of the house on the outside. Such a ladder! It looks like the dorsal bone of a fish, or like the ladders seen in American farmyards for hens to climb to their roost on—a thick stick with smaller sticks thrust through it.

Now, all this fac-simile cottage is not made for ornament alone. It is the playhouse of the young princesses. Here they learn to cook and serve most delicious dinners—the Empress is a constant visitor when staying at Ischl—a second Trianon, where archducal highnesses change themselves for the time being into simple peasants, and where they are a thousand times happier than in the court toilets of the palace. The dress of a Tyrolean peasant is far from

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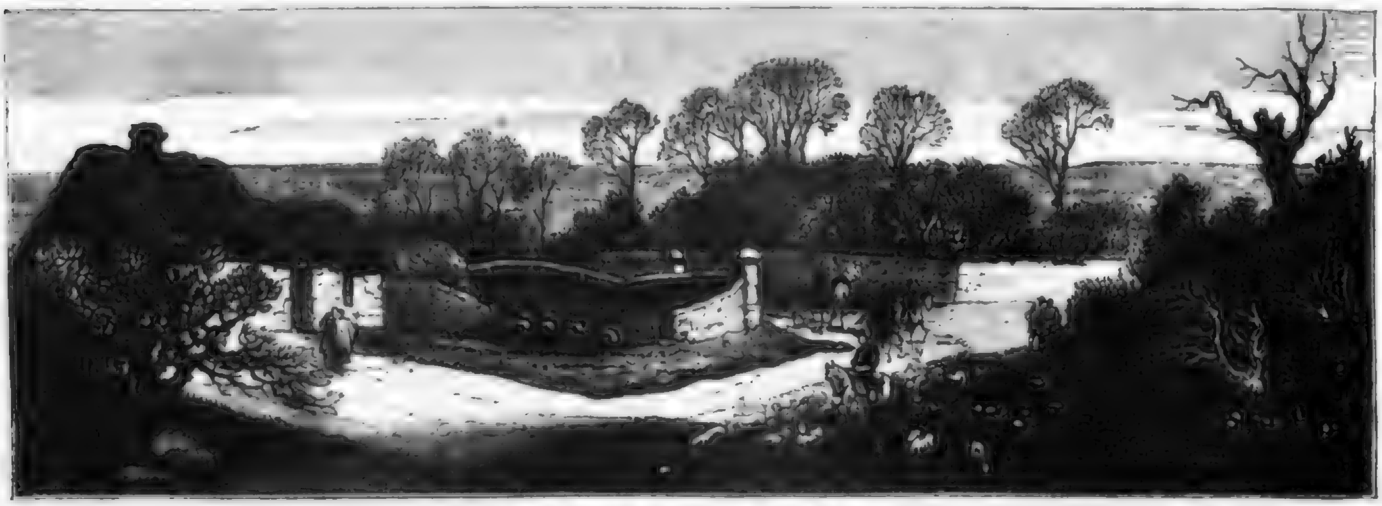


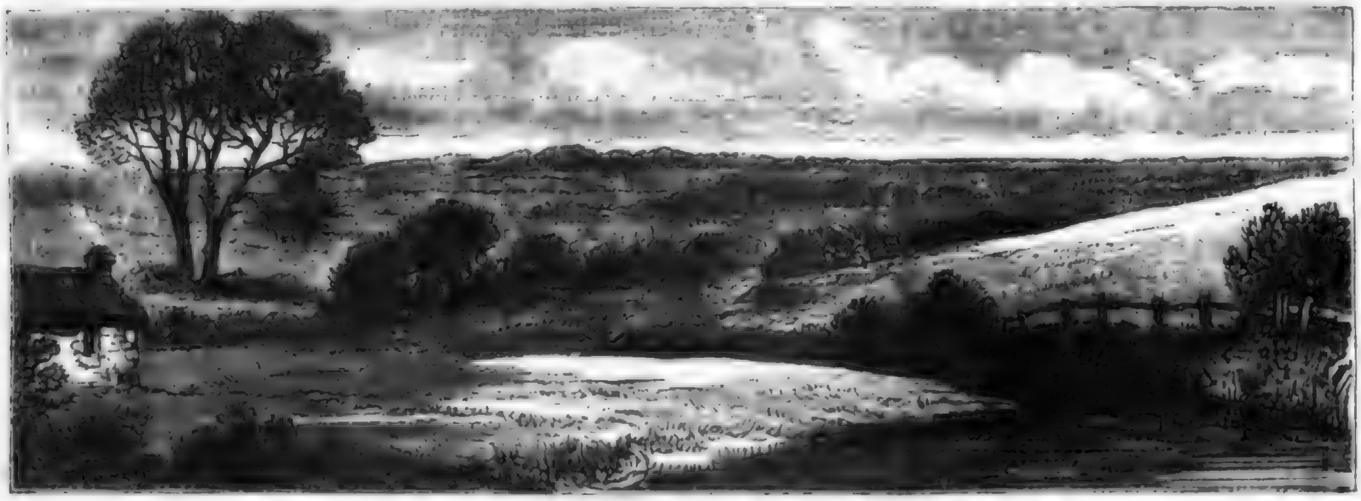
A MILE FROM HOLLYWOOD RATH HOUSE.

being picturesque. It consists of a short blue-stuff gown, the waist formed of coarse white cotton, which is gathered by a string into a half low-necked garment, so as to show a necklace formed of many strings of silver beads, with a broad, jeweled clasp. The sleeves of this chemise-like garment reach only to the elbow, and a bodice of red cloth and a colored neck-handkerchief complete the house toilet. In the open air a tight dark-cloth jacket is worn, like the old-fashioned basque waist, and there is added a black silk handkerchief bound about the head, the four corners knotted and hanging behind, an immense straw flat, or a pointed straw hat with an *auer-hahn's* (black cock's) feather in it.

The life at the Imperial Summer Palace at Ischl possesses a great charm for the Empress, and is next her heart after her six weeks in Ireland.

You happen to have a friend among the personal attendants of the Kaiser, who shows you the royal apartments. Those of the Emperor are simple enough—two large plain rooms, covered with India matting, and simply furnished in dark, sober-looking walnut. By his bedside stands, before a *prie-dieu*, a silver crucifix with ivory Christus, the gift of his father, the late Archduke Franz Karl, on his first communion, as the inscription at its base tells you, and which always accompanies him on his travels. On his writing-table are lying some coarse Virginia cigars—for he is an inveterate smoker—and on a shelf above is a well-worn military cap, and a few books in several languages. Among them you remark two or three in English, for his Majesty is an accomplished linguist. A long corridor divides these rooms from the apartments of the Empress, still, in spite of her rising family of grandchildren, a celebrated beauty. Here is imperial splendor enough—ante-chambers filled with choice exotics, Louis-Quatorze furniture in white and gold, rooms in rose and blue and pale-green silk, Aubusson carpets, gilded mirrors, curious cabinets, and, what most attracts your notice, a very fine collection of water-color drawings of Tyrolese scenery. In one of the ante-rooms is lying on a deer-skin mat a huge, full-blooded English mastiff, a great favorite with her Majesty, and her companion in all her journeys. He is supposed not to be proficient in German—at least, the Empress may often be heard talking to him in English of the purest accent. This royal and imperial hound has a special attendant devoted to his service—a gayly-dressed Moor, sent as a present to the Empress by the Viceroy of Egypt, after his last visit to Vienna. As you leave the villa you notice a large swing, with which the royal children amuse themselves; and grazing in a paddock are some half-dozen Hungarian mares, who furnish the *Kumiss* for the Empress's delicate chest.

The flash of a chasseur's white plume comes in sight, and a moment after their Majesties drive past you on their way home, in a low open carriage, drawn by a pair of grays. A tall, spare man, of soldierly bearing, in the light-blue uniform of an Austrian general, who does not look much over forty, though he is nearer fifty, with sandy hair cropped close to the head and turning an iron-gray, regulation military whiskers and mustache, small restless gray eyes, and the blunt features and heavy lips which distinguish the Hapsburg family. This is the man whom, thirty years ago, a bloody revolution called to the throne of Austria. His uncle, the late Emperor Ferdinand, forced

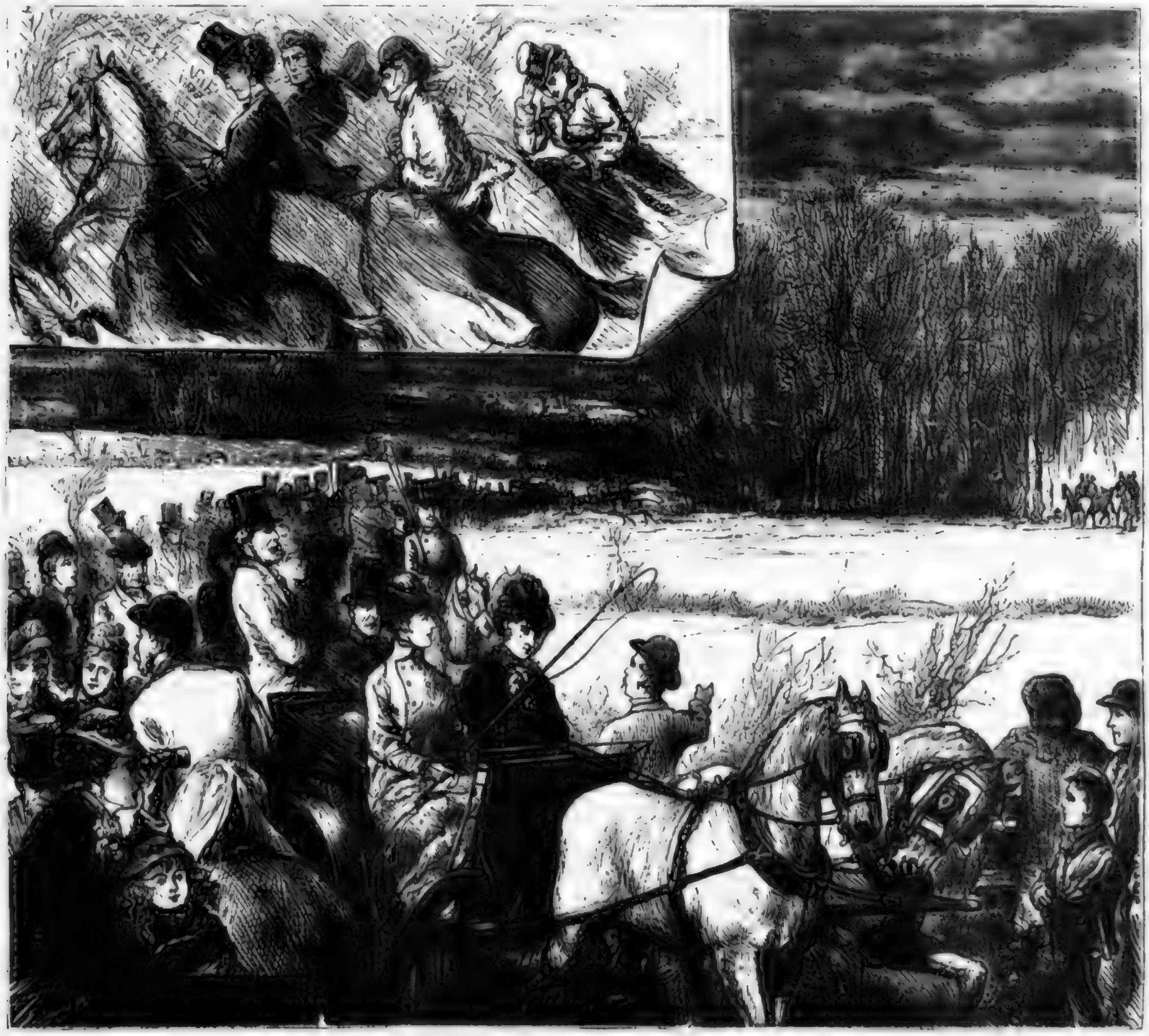


VIEW NEAR ASHBOURNE, MEATH, WHERE THE WARD UNION HOUNDS ARE KENNELED.

to abdicate, named his nephew, then a youth of but eighteen, as his successor. That he has so long held in check the clashing elements and bitter jealousies of the half-dozen nationalities which compose his dominions says much for the patience, tact, and dogged spirit of hard work, which have carried him through difficulties and dangers, where a man of more brilliant ability and impulsive character would have failed. He is master of six European languages, and wins the hearts of his subjects by addressing deputations from Hungary and Bohêmia, from Austrian Poland and Croatia, each in their mother tongue. In spite of his almost proverbial misfortune in war, he is personally very popular all over the empire, and no one who witnessed the enthusiastic welcome he received as he drove through the brilliantly illuminated streets of Vienna on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession could doubt as to the place he holds in the hearts of his people.

At Ischl the Emperor rises with the sun, and after a cup of coffee and a *Kipfel* starts forth in an old undress uniform jacket and a foraging cap, with a thick stick for a companion, on a solitary hour's ramble in the woods. Toward eight the imperial courier arrives from Vienna, and some time is spent in attending to dispatches and papers of state; for Francis-Joseph holds the strings of two or three portfolios in his hands, and is anything rather than a crowned puppet. Then, if the weather be fine, he breakfasts with the Empress and his children in a pretty garden pavilion, which commands magnificent views over the valleys of the Ischl and the Traun. At four he dines, generally *en famille*.

Chamois-hunting and deer-stalking, in which the Emperor joins, are the chief outdoor amusements of the Court at Ischl. The beaters start long before dawn, and the game is driven past the Emperor and his party, stationed at given spots in the woods. The courtiers, courtier-like, always yield his Majesty the *pas* and leave him the first shot, which may perhaps have something to do with the numerous trophies of the chase which adorn the Kaiservilla.



THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA AT COMBERMERE.

With a good glass, the chamois can often be seen clambering high up on the rocky patches among the pine-covered mountains round Ischl. But a solitary hunting expedition, with no companion but his favorite jager, rifle in hand, deep into the wooded mountains and solitary valleys which stretch round the imperial domain in every direction, is more to the Emperor's taste. Dressed in the rough costume of the Tyrol, they will often make excursions of two or three days' duration, staying the night at some distant chalet, where the only fare, but the game they bring with them, is goat-cheese and milk, with black-looking bread, the rank of their guest being sometimes quite unknown to the peasants who give him shelter

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The hunting costume is of dark-gray cloth, bound with folds of dark-green baize. The breeches reach nearly to the knee, and the knees are bare, while the legs are protected by chamois-skin bound on with leather thongs. The shoes are very thick, and are studded with nails, and at his belt the hunter carries another sole with long iron spikes, to be put on when tracking the chamois over high ledges of bare rock.

One can have no idea of the danger of these hunts until seeing the mountain precipices where the chamois climb, and the hunting-gear of the jager; and yet, day after day, the Emperor and his guests go off to the *chasse de chamois* as if it was the easiest thing in the world to make flies of themselves and walk up a perpendicular rock with the aid of spiked boots and an alpenstock. But one must hunt when possessing the luxury of a hunting-ground.

On a wet evening, when the little theatre is opened, you may often enough see the Emperor—the Empress always—there. And a quaint sight it is: the director of the small provincial company receiving the royal party at the door with a pair of lighted candles, which shake rather visibly in his hands, and an apology for evening dress. There the Emperor, still honored with the lighted candles even in his box, will sit for an hour or two, listening to screaming farces and renderings of "Trapezunt" and "Gerolstein" which would amaze M. Jacques Offenbach if he could but hear them. Sometimes he will drive with one of his equerries, or the Crown Prince Rudolph—the late Archduke Franz Karl, his father, was often his companion at such times—to some little out-of-door *café*, a mile or two from Ischl, and sit for half an hour under the shady trees, sipping his coffee and smoking his long Virginia cigar among the little throng of chance visitors, with all the *Gemüthlichkiet* in the world. He is saluted with quiet respect, for the Austrians never mob royalty like an English crowd. On Sunday the Court always attends mass in the pretty village church.

When it became rumored that the eyes of the Empress of Austria were languishingly turned toward the hunting-fields of the Green Isle, a thrill of joy passed from head to boots of the hard riders, who, as Charley O'Malley sings—

> "Think nothing at all
> Of a six-foot wall."

And great was their beatification when, one drizzly February morning in 1879, her Imperial Majesty, accompanied by a numerous suite, and with horses galore, landed at the North Wall, Dublin, and proceeded right through to Summerhill, the residence of Lord Longford, situated in Royal Meath—the very centre of the best hunting in all Ireland, barring Galway.

For two seasons the imperial Elizabeth hunted with the Wards, the Kildares, and the Meaths, and for two seasons never did the right royal lady ever have a better time. Her horses were in perfect condition; the country was as stiff and as ugly as the most ardent disciple of Nimrod could wish; the stag was usually in the best possible form, or Reynard very little disposed to part with the brush without giving a good run for it. The menkind were Irish gentlemen, and—what more could even an Empress desire?

In Meath they have stories of her kindness at their fingers' ends. When her first pad-groom, Bassant, was invalided by a bad fall, it was the Empress who took him grapes. By a special wire she communicated with the Emperor constantly. She regularly rose at six, breakfasted at eight and retired at nine. At Summerhill she had her oratory; the priest in attendance was a young Irish *soggarth*. On her way to a meet she heard mass in the Catholic chapel at Maynooth, and her first question in every house was, "Is there an oratory?" Wherever there was one she visited it. She usually wore a long, tight-fitting ulster of brown cloth, a felt hat of the same shade, strong laced boots, and fawn-colored gloves worked with black. Her expenditure was upward of $2,000 a day, and her suite numbered forty-six persons. Everything not eaten was given to the clergy for distribution among the poor. As a rule, the Empress dined alone, and very frugally. The only person who ever dined with her at Summerhill was Mrs. Davis—the lady to whom she gave a fine Hungarian deerhound. The Viceroy and the Lord Mayor of Dublin vainly begged her to accept their hospitalities.

Once, on her way to a meet, recognizing Mr. Healy, a newspaper correspondent, who had previously described her progress, she brought her horse close to his "kyar," and said some very civil things to his wife. "Tom" Gallagher (another reporter), she described to a friend as "her shadow"; this lucky gentleman sent some notes to a sporting print at Vienna, and was presented with a dressing-case embossed in silver. Once, having had a bad fall, she availed herself of a car which one of the reporters placed at her disposal.

"The way to a woman's heart," said the First Napoleon, "is through her eyes or ears; the way to a man's heart is down his throat." It is the same with animals. The Empress not merely uses endearing epithets, not only frequently supervises their feeds and draughts, but carries slices of turnip or apple wrapped in tissue-paper, which, before mounting, she gives her favorites. Foremost among these are Mercury, Chatterbox, The Doctor, Domino, Bay and Cameo. But many others have arrived to swell the stud at Combermere; there are Nihilist, Sweetheart, Patience (bought in Tipperary last year), Prudence, Sunflower, Quicksilver and Hard Times. In this list are not included Prince Liechtenstein's stud or that of spruce Tom Healy.

The following is a description ("Tom" Gallagher's) of the Empress's first run with the celebrated Ward Union Stag Hounds:

"All being now in readiness, her Imperial Majesty mounted opposite the hall door; and I presume exacting lady readers will expect that I should say something of this Queen's hunting attire. Well, as far as my inexperienced eye could detect, her Majesty wore a very tight-fitting habit of a dark-grayish melton cloth, the skirt of which was extremely narrow. The habit was fastened with buttons of silver, on which were the imperial arms. A stand-up all-round collar and a simple tie-bow of black silk completed her apparel, whilst she rode in a tall silk hat. She wore her hair in plain plaits behind, one encircling the other. Her hands were incased in tan-colored gloves, and over these her Majesty wore chocolate-colored knitted mittens. She has a most elegant and graceful figure, her waist being particularly small, whilst her carriage and deportment stamp her with the indelible mark of the bluest of blue blood and royalty. Her Majesty chatted freely with the gentlemen around her, and entered into an animated conversation with Mr. Morrogh, Captain Middleton, and Earl Spencer.

"As the cavalcade withdrew from the lawn, her Majesty, Mr. Morrogh and Captain Middleton led the way, and then followed a lengthened string of horsemen and a few carriages. A short jog along the Dunshaughlin Road brought the party to the Poorhouse Gate, and, turning up the road to the right, a move was made through a narrow grass-covered laneway to Mr. Mulvany's land, where the enlargement had taken place ten minutes previously, under the direction of Mr. Turbett. On the word "Go" being given, the Empress tightened rein with the hand of an adept, reminding me of what the poet sang:

> "To her naught came amiss,
> One horse or that, one country or this;
> She through falls and bad starts undauntedly still
> Rides to the motto: Be with them I will!"

"Her Majesty, Mr. Morrogh and Captain Middleton at once on starting took a rather wide track of the way the hounds went, keeping well to the right, whilst the great crowd of the hunters went straight away from the place of enlargement. The pace was now no more than a nice hunting one, but it improved in every field. The stag, one of the Knowsley lot, made straight away for Lagore Bog, and crossed it, heading for the Poorhouse Gorse, crossing the high-road at the Dunshaughlin side of the Poorhouse. The stag then went on straight as an arrow for Batterstown, where he crossed the railway, after clearing which he proceeded by the large inclosure of Cultrunree up to the Hatchet, where there was a momentary check—not unwelcome to many. The pace, as I have said, improved as the blood grew warmer; but the Empress, riding with wonderful pluck, kept her position bravely, and though in the deep going she one time dropped back a bit, she fought her way determinedly into the front rank, taking all her fences at a smart pace, and climbing none of them. She astounded most of those in the hunt, and more than sustained the reputation which she enjoys of being one of the straightest women across country that ever raised a flail.

"From the Hatchet the stag appeared to make for Captain Tuthill's residence at Moyglare, then on toward the town of Maynooth, where a most brilliant run concluded. The Empress was always in the front rank, riding with a rather loose rein, but she was on a horse who does not know the way to put a foot astray, and I expect to find Domino carrying her Majesty very frequently during the next few weeks. The country was a trifle holding after the recent rains, but, everything considered, the run was one which is likely to be pleasantly treasured amongst the good days the illustrious lady has enjoyed in the saddle.

"The Empress struck me as having a magnificent seat—graceful and easy to elegance, whilst her hands are as fine as any that ever held the ribbons. Her Majesty was somewhat astonished at a few of the impediments that crossed her track; but the faithful Domino never even dwelt, and performed his part of the day's doings in a manner that well pleased his distinguished burden of 10st 2lb, which is her Majesty's exact riding weight."

The scare which has compelled the Gladstone Government to bring in a Coercion Bill, to garrison Ireland with 30,000 of the flower of the British Army, and to double and treble the guards upon public buildings, caused representations to be made at the Court of Vienna that her Imperial Majesty's hunting should be done in England in the season of '80–'81. It was pretty broadly stated that her Majesty would be "Boycotted" or worse, and this, backed up by the representatives of the English hunting field who were jealous of the preference of the Empress for the Green Isle, settled the question, and Combermere Abbey, in Cheshire, was taken for the season.

Combermere Abbey, with its ivy-clad walls, dates its history back to the year 1133, when a grant of land was made by one Hugh Malbank, Earl of Nantwich, and Petronel, his wife. It is recorded that the family seat of the Cotton family, previous to the Conquest, was Coton, in Shropshire, where Sir Hugh Cotton, in the reign of King John, married Elizabeth Hammond, of Titley, Cheshire. As recently as 1795, when Sir Robert Cotton was making some alterations to the building, he found a stone tablet, on which was the following inscription:

> "Mastr. Richard Cotton and sons three,
> Both for their pleasure and commoditie,
> This building did edifie
> In fifteen hundred and sixty-three."

Among the notables of the earlier history of the abbey, one Richard Donne was excommunicated for the carrying off by him and his accomplices of the Lady de Beche, and died outside the pale of the Church. After his death, an injunction was forwarded to the "discreet men, the abbots of the Monastery of Combermere and Vale Royal, etc.," rescinding the order, and his body was to be absolved in due form, providing his penitence was manifest while living. At the abolition, in 1533, of monastic Orders by that vacillating King, Henry VIII., the abbey was granted to Sir George Cotton, and the deed of endowment is still in existence.

Combermere Abbey is situated three miles from Wrenbury, on the London and Northwestern line. The mansion is the *beau ideal* of an English nobleman's seat, surrounded with a park of nine hundred acres, and picturesquely situated on the banks of the celebrated mere, that in some places is fathomless. The building may be said to be in the pointed Gothic style, though many of the old walls remain, and the cloisters are still traceable. We are informed that the capacity of the abbey is sufficient to accommodate sixty-five of the Empress's suite and retainers. The windows in her Majesty's apartments have been doubled and the doors heightened. The library is to be used as a chapel, and is adorned with some rare old oak carvings, with the arms of Henry VIII., the endower of the abbey. Another interesting room is the Orange Room, so called because William of Orange slept in it before the battle of the Boyne. The bed is at the present time adorned with orange hangings. The breakfast-room, which is occupied by Prince Liechtenstein, was formerly called the "dead house," and for this reason: when open house was kept, and carousing went on, as the guests got in a stupefied condition they were littered down in straw in this room. The entrance hall is worthy of the noble pile. It abounds with old Indian armor, weapons, shields and colors brought back from the wars by the gallant hero of many fights, Viscount Combermere.

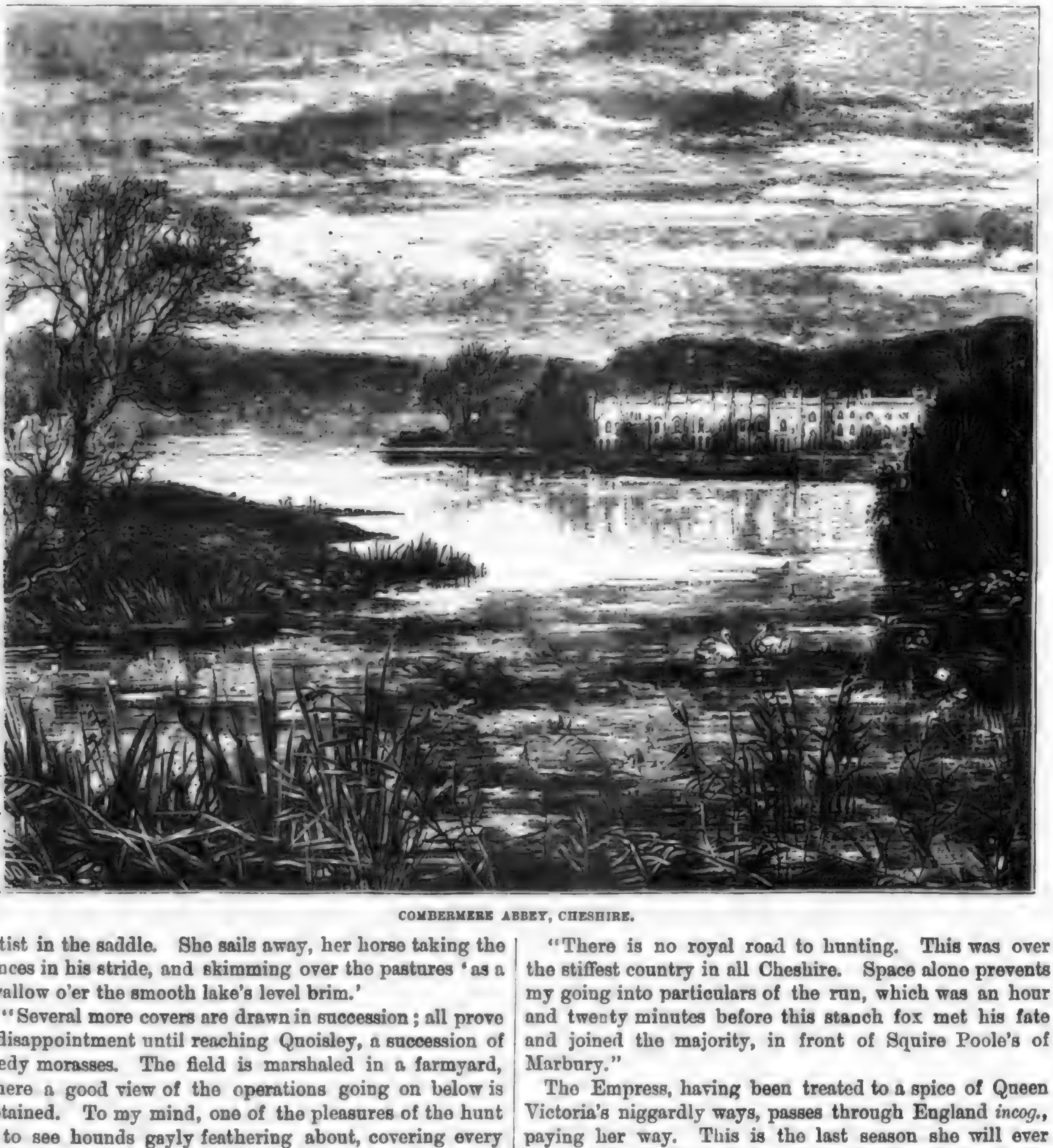
A curious history is attached to a portrait of Catherine de Barra, dated 1568. The story goes she had six husbands, and coming back from the burial of the last a proposal of marriage was made to her, when she expressed her sorrow, and said she had accepted one on the way to the interment.

Adjoining her Majesty's bedroom a gymnasium has been fitted up for her especial use. Every morning the Empress takes a cold sea-water bath, practices for an hour on the trapeze and bar in a loose costume, *à la* Sarah Bernhardt, and then breakfasts.

Her Majesty's run with the South Cheshire hounds is thus chronicled: "Foxes for once are scarce, and not until the Cholmondeley Wood is reached is the necessary animal aroused. Here there is a superabundance, a brace and a half being on foot at once. One breaks into the open on the Bickley side of the covert. McBride sends a ringing cheer after the flying fugitive that brings the hounds from the cover with a rush, spreading themselves out like a fan, to close up again into a dense body as they cross the line, and stream away across the small inclosures with a burst of concentrated music that fires alike horses and riders with enthusiasm, and the whole cavalcade thunder along with clattering hoofs, each doing all he knows to gain a place of vantage; Captain Middleton and the Empress in the van. Reynard also tries the macadam, and for him fortunately so, as the horses foil the scent, and Mr. Corbet has to make a wide cast before picking up the thread of the story. But the delay has been sufficient to balk his every effort, and a short ringing run, ending in the laurels of the castle, is the resnlt. The pace has been slow and the fences small, but sufficient to show that the daughter of the Duke Maximilian-Joseph of Bavaria is an artist in the saddle. She sails away, her horse taking the fences in his stride, and skimming over the pastures 'as a swallow o'er the smooth lake's level brim.'

"Several more covers are drawn in succession; all prove a disappointment until reaching Quoisley, a succession of reedy morasses. The field is marshaled in a farmyard, where a good view of the operations going on below is obtained. To my mind, one of the pleasures of the hunt is to see hounds gayly feathering about, covering every yard of ground likely to hold a fox, their heads down and sterns up. We are not long kept in doubt: a grand old red rover races away, with the clamorous pack close on his brush on the opposite side of the mere. Hats are crammed on, and every one sits down to ride; Captain Middleton, followed closely by his fair mistress, dashes for a bridge. The lively fox now heads back round the mere, thereby placing a field between himself and his clamorous pursuers, and "Tally-ho back!" is the cry. Those that are first are last, and the last first; the leading division race to regain their ground, which they are rapidly doing, when a slice of bad luck falls to the Empress: Captain Middleton's horse slips at a bank and rolls back into the ditch, and it is some minutes before he regains his saddle—

"'Whilst o'er the stiff country the gallant fox bore,
And through the deep valley the horsemen swift pour;
With sportsmanlike spirit each tries for a place;
Heads up and sterns down will inform you the pace.'

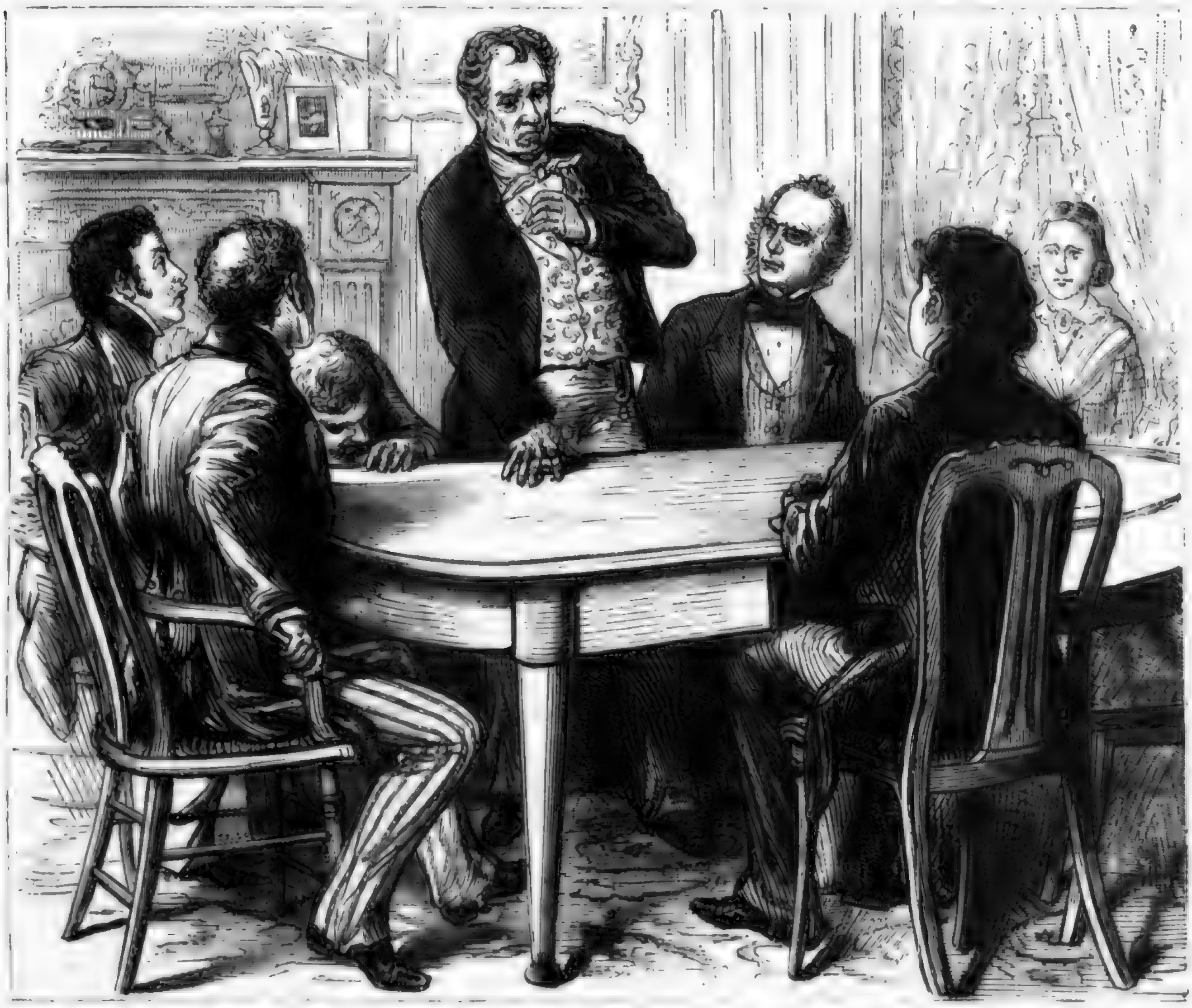


COMBERMERE ABBEY, CHESHIRE.

"There is no royal road to hunting. This was over the stiffest country in all Cheshire. Space alone prevents my going into particulars of the run, which was an hour and twenty minutes before this stanch fox met his fate and joined the majority, in front of Squire Poole's of Marbury."

The Empress, having been treated to a spice of Queen Victoria's niggardly ways, passes through England *incog.*, paying her way. This is the last season she will ever hunt in the tight little island, as she has declared the hunting only fit for "counter-jumpers." As a natural sequence, the so-called hard riders attached to the Pytchley and Quorn are highly incensed, and the hard riders of the Wards and Meath in the highest delight.

"You *would* persuade her Majesty to desert old Ireland,"



J. FENIMORE COOPER.—"'GENTLEMEN,' SAID COOPER, WITH GREAT SERIOUSNESS, 'WHEN I WAS A SMALL CHILD, A SISTER WAS KILLED BY BEING THROWN FROM A HORSE. THE YEARS SINCE THEN HAVE BEEN CORRECTLY RAPPED.'"

they say, "and on the false pretense that there was better hunting in England. *Now* she knows the difference, and will never cross a field with you again."

The scare being over, and the all-important point being established, that the hunting *is* better in Ireland, there is little doubt of her Imperial Majesty's riding with the Kilkenny hounds ere the violets begin to peep next February.

A *mot* of the Empress:

A lady of very high rank in England asked her how it was that she was always surrounded by men.

"I like men," replied Elizabeth, "not because they are men, but because they are *not* women."

J. FENIMORE COOPER.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, AUTHOR OF "ST. LEGER," ETC.

MY acquaintance with J. Fenimore Cooper was slight, but was marked by two interesting, I may say singular, circumstances. Mr. Cooper died in September, 1851, and I met him for the first time early in 1850.

It happened in this way: George P. Putnam had just brought out, simultaneously with Bentley, in London, my first book, "St. Leger." This had led to very agreeable relations between Mr. Bentley and myself—a fact known to my friend, Dr. Rufus W. Griswold.

One day the doctor called on me, and said he would like to bring Mr. Cooper to my office, on a little matter connected with his last novel, which Putnam was about to publish, entitled, "The Ways of the Hour." He went on to explain that Bentley had invariably paid Cooper a generous price for the advance sheets of his works, but in this instance he had offered only one hundred pounds, which Cooper indignantly refused, and tendered the work to Murray, who declined it altogether.

"Now," continued the doctor, "Cooper is willing to go back to Bentley and take the one hundred pounds, but he does not wish to expose himself to the mortification of a possible refusal—indeed, the whole affair annoys him exceedingly. It has occurred to me, as you are in correspondence with Bentley, that you can readily take the matter in hand and conclude it."

I cordially assented to this, and the next day Mr. Cooper, accompanied by Dr. Griswold, called on me. The interview lasted perhaps three-quarters of an hour, and was mainly occupied by Cooper in giving an account of his relations with his English publisher, with more interesting observations on his own literary habits.

I had never seen him before, and I could scarcely make myself believe that the man whose name had become famous over the whole world, wherever there was a printed language, whose works I had so often devoured with feverish impatience, and who, as a novelist, was the pride of his countrymen, was literally sitting before me. I felt sorry, too, I could not reconcile my cherished idea of him with the miserable, petty detail which had brought him to me.

I had yet to learn that a publisher, and very properly, looks on a new book simply as an article of merchandise, subject to the inexorable law of demand. It is true some of Cooper's books had proved to be failures; but these were forgotten in the long list of his successes. At this time Mr. Cooper was about sixty. With his robust frame he appeared to be in the very fullness of his strength, "a very castle of a man," as Irving called him.

Our interview ended. I wrote at once to Bentley, and by return steamer received a prompt acquiescence to my suggestion that he should carry out his first offer, and the affair was concluded.

"I have published all his works," said Mr. Bentley, "and have made a great deal of money out of them, and I would not for the sake of one hundred pounds fail to publish this, though I am satisfied I shall lose the entire amount."

The result proved his sagacity, for "The Ways of the Hour" fell almost stillborn from the press.

Previous to this the "Rochester Rappings" had been creating a great deal of excitement throughout the State, and everybody was talking about the "Fox girls," who were the mediums selected by the "spirits" to rouse the people of Western New York. After a while they visited the city and brought the agitation along with them. They were branded as arrant impostors by most sensible people, but there were a good many who shook their heads, and said these were things not easily understood or explained.

Among those loudest in denouncing the "rappings" as impudent jugglery was Dr. Griswold. He was determined, he said, to unmask the deception, and hold the authors of it up to public reprobation. To this end he managed to procure the consent of the Fox girls to hold a *seance* at his rooms in Broadway, near Bleecker Street. He was informed at the same time that the spirits had intimated they would be present.

At the appointed hour and place, the following named persons met to have a conference with the aforesaid spirits, through the medium of the Misses Fox, namely: William C. Bryant, George Bancroft, Fenimore Cooper, N. P. Willis, Dr. John W. Francis, Dr. Hawkes, John Bigelow, Dr. E. E. Marcy, Dr. Rufus W. Griswold, and the writer hereof.

It was certainly an important array, but the "girls" received the historian and the poet and the novelist and the doctors, the divine and the men of letters, with entire equanimity, not to say nonchalance.

After general especial introductions, we took seats around a large table in the centre of the room, and, for a few minutes, all were very quiet, in anticipation of the "rappings," for which we kept a sharp lookout. But no "rappings" came, and the audience began to show considerable impatience. When at least half an hour had passed with no manifestations, there was every disposition to make fun at the expense of the mediums. The meeting became hilarious, and Dr. Griswold was already in heart triumphing over what should seem to be the discomfiture of the enemy.

One of our party—I do not remember which—inquired of the elder Miss Fox how long it would be before the spirits would make their appearance. She replied, with a good deal of dignity, that she could not answer the question; that the spirits were in no sense within her control, but quite the contrary; they had given her an intimation they would come to-night, and that was all she could say.

This answer gave very little satisfaction; the jokes and the laughter went on as before. Various questions were continually put to the mediums, but they remained imperturbable as ever.

In the midst of these pleasantries suddenly were heard definite and distinct rappings from the under-side of the table. They sounded more like the discharges from an electric battery than any separate distinctive knocks. They served at once to bring the company to order, and we proceeded forthwith to the business of the evening.

Miss Fox announced she was ready to put any one who desired it in communication with the attending spirits. Dr. Francis was the first who made the trial. The good doctor treated his unknown and shadowy correspondent with much courtesy, asking generally leading questions, and getting rather satisfactory replies.

Dr. Hawkes came next, and showed his legal training by the careful wording of his questions, which were often incorrectly answered.

Thus far very little progress had been made either toward the triumph or discomfiture of the spiritual forces. All this time Cooper was manifesting a good deal of impatience. At last he exclaimed:

"Let me have hold of them!"

To this there was a general assent; whereupon the following colloquy ensued:

Cooper. "In the course of my life I lost a near relative, whom I now have in my mind. Did the person die a natural death?"

Medium (by rapping). "No."

Cooper. "By accident?"

Medium. "Yes."

Cooper. "Was the person a male?"

Medium. "No."

Cooper. "A female?"

Medium. "Yes."

Cooper. "Please rap the number of years since this person died."

The attention was now almost breathless, as rap after rap, rap after rap, was heard with painful distinctness. Ten were counted, then twenty, then thirty, forty, fifty. At this point I looked at Cooper, and noticed that his expression was changed. As the count went on toward sixty, he seemed struck aghast.

The raps stopped at fifty-eight or fifty-nine. There was a discussion which number it was, and the medium was requested to rap the number over again. This was assented to, and the raps were repeated with the same distinctness as before.

All eyes were now turned on Cooper, as if demanding an explanation.

"Gentlemen," he said, with great seriousness, "when I was a small child, a sister was killed by being thrown from a horse. The years since then have been correctly rapped."

There was no further questioning of the spirits. A few exhibitions of rappings in different parts of the room were made, but no other tests were sought. We broke up with a tacit acknowledgment that the Fox girls had been too much for us, and it was specially understood that the affair should not get into the newspapers. It leaked out, however, and a good deal of fun was created at our expense.

In this connection I will add that a few years later, while visiting my friend, George B. Warren, of Troy, I met Mr. Phinney, of the publishing house of Ivison & Phinney, who was connected with Mr. Cooper's family by marriage. The conversation turning on Cooper, Mr. Phinney remarked that before his death he became a confirmed spiritualist, greatly to the surprise of his friends. I replied that I thought I could explain why, and then described the scene which I have here repeated.

Cooper died the year following the incident I have related. Shortly after his death there was a meeting of literary men in the Governor's Room at the City Hall. Washington Irving presided. A committee was appointed to make arrangements for a suitable recognition of the event, and further to raise funds for the erection of a monument to the memory of the deceased novelist. There was a good deal of discussion how this could best be accomplished. It was finally determined to leave everything to the committee.

At our first meeting Mr. Bryant was selected to deliver the eulogy, and his consent was speedily obtained. Then came the question how to secure a large gathering.

One of the committee remarked that Mr. Bryant would draw a fine audience of cultivated and appreciative people, but that would not suffice for a popular demonstration. "We ought," he said, "in honor of the memory of Cooper, to devise a plan to fill Tripler Hall." This was a structure standing near the present site of the Grand Central Hotel, and capable of seating five thousand people.

After various propositions, Dr. Griswold, who was the leading spirit throughout, suggested that we should, if possible, get Mr. Webster to preside on the occasion. The idea at once found favor with all; but how was his presence to be secured? Griswold, knowing my personal relations with Mr. Webster, said that I was the one to undertake it, and the task was, without further ado, put upon me.

Mr. Webster was soon to pass through New York on his way to Washington, and I availed myself of the circumstance to see him personally on the subject.

I called on him at the Astor House, and stated my errand. He seemed somewhat taken aback at the proposition, and asked me if I thought it would be quite appropriate.

"I am not a literary man," he said. "It seems to me you should select one for this office."

"Mr. Webster," I replied, "we certainly claim you as such. You will be judged by your printed works, and printed works constitute literature."

He considered a moment, and then said:

"I have engaged to deliver a discourse before your Historical Society the last week in February. If you can arrange your meeting for about the same time, I will preside at it."

This was readily managed. The evening fixed upon was two days preceding the meeting of the Historical Society.

At the appointed hour, I drove to the Astor House for Mr. Webster, and brought him to the hall. On the way he repeated twice to himself:

"The applause of listening senates to command."

Turning suddenly to me, he exclaimed: "Youngster, what is the line immediately succeeding that?"

The question came so unexpectedly that I could not answer it. We happened to be just opposite Randolph's book-store. Stopping the carriage, I jumped out and procured a copy of Gray's "Elegy," came back and read the lines Mr. Webster wished for, and we proceeded on our way.

No one who was present can forget that memorable occasion. Tripler Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. The stage was filled with eminent men—not leading city politicians, or popular after-dinner speakers, or the inevitable platform *habitués*, but by prominent literary and scientific people and distinguished members of the learned professions.

I recollect that that marvelously prolific author, G. P. R. James, was present. He had come up from Norfolk, in Virginia—he was British Consul there—to show his respect for the memory of Cooper.

An amusing incident occurred at the opening. Mr. Irving, whose duty it was as chairman of our committee to announce Mr. Webster, came forward in his shy, frightened manner to go through with his formidable task, when some one seated exactly in front of him among the audience rose, and, before Mr. Irving could get out a word, shouted at the top of his voice, "Three cheers for the author of the 'Sketch Book.'" The cheers were given, to Mr. Irving's utter dismay and discomfiture.

He stammered out Mr. Webster's name, and some inarticulate words about "presiding," then quickly retreating, he seated himself quite away from observation.

Mr. Webster's opening remarks, the eulogy of Mr. Bryant, the brilliant speeches which followed, and Mr. Webster's closing sentences, were carefully reported in the daily journals. I observed that he used the line from Gray's "Elegy" while speaking, showing that his mind was occupied with the subject as we rode along.

The assembly broke up at a late hour. I had engaged to bring Mr. Webster to the Century Club after we had concluded, where a handsome collation had been prepared. The club rooms at that time were near by in Broadway.

We found a large gathering already assembled, and after a long address of welcome by the venerable Chief-Justice of the Superior Court, Samuel Jones, general introductions followed. Mr. Webster remained all the time standing near the head of the table. After some pleasant observations, he remarked that he perceived there were several artists in the company.

"Perhaps, gentlemen, you are not aware," he said, "that many years ago we had in this country two famous pictures by Vandyke," naming them.

At this announcement some of the artists exchanged glances with each other, as much as to say, "He is out of his reckoning this time."

"The circumstances were these," said Mr. Webster. "There was a very wealthy Hollander who shortly after the beginning of the present century came to America, and took up his residence about fourteen miles from Washington. He was the owner of the two paintings I have mentioned. A portion of his family remained in Holland. At his death, in dividing his property, he left to a daughter, who lived in New York, those two paintings or a certain number of guilders. Now, gentlemen," continued Webster, with an air of intense disgust, "this lady's husband was in trade, and *he took the guilders*, and the paintings were packed up and sent back to Holland. I was in Congress at the time, and went with a friend to see them before they were carried away."

It was very late before we reached the Astor House. On our way there I enjoyed my last conversation with Mr. Webster, for I sailed for Europe a short time after, and Mr. Webster died early in the ensuing Autumn.

THE AMERICAN DARTER.

The singular darters are inhabitants of two parts of the world, one species inhabiting Africa, and another being found in this country. With their slender heads, their long, snake-like necks, and their evidently aquatic bodies, they really look as if they had been formed on the same model as the well-known *plesiosaurus*.

The common darter inhabits many parts of America, and is found along the banks of rivers and marshy grounds. Mr. Ord writes as follows of these birds: "The first individual that I saw in Florida was making away to avoid me along the shore of a reedy marsh, which was lined with alligators, and the first impression on my mind

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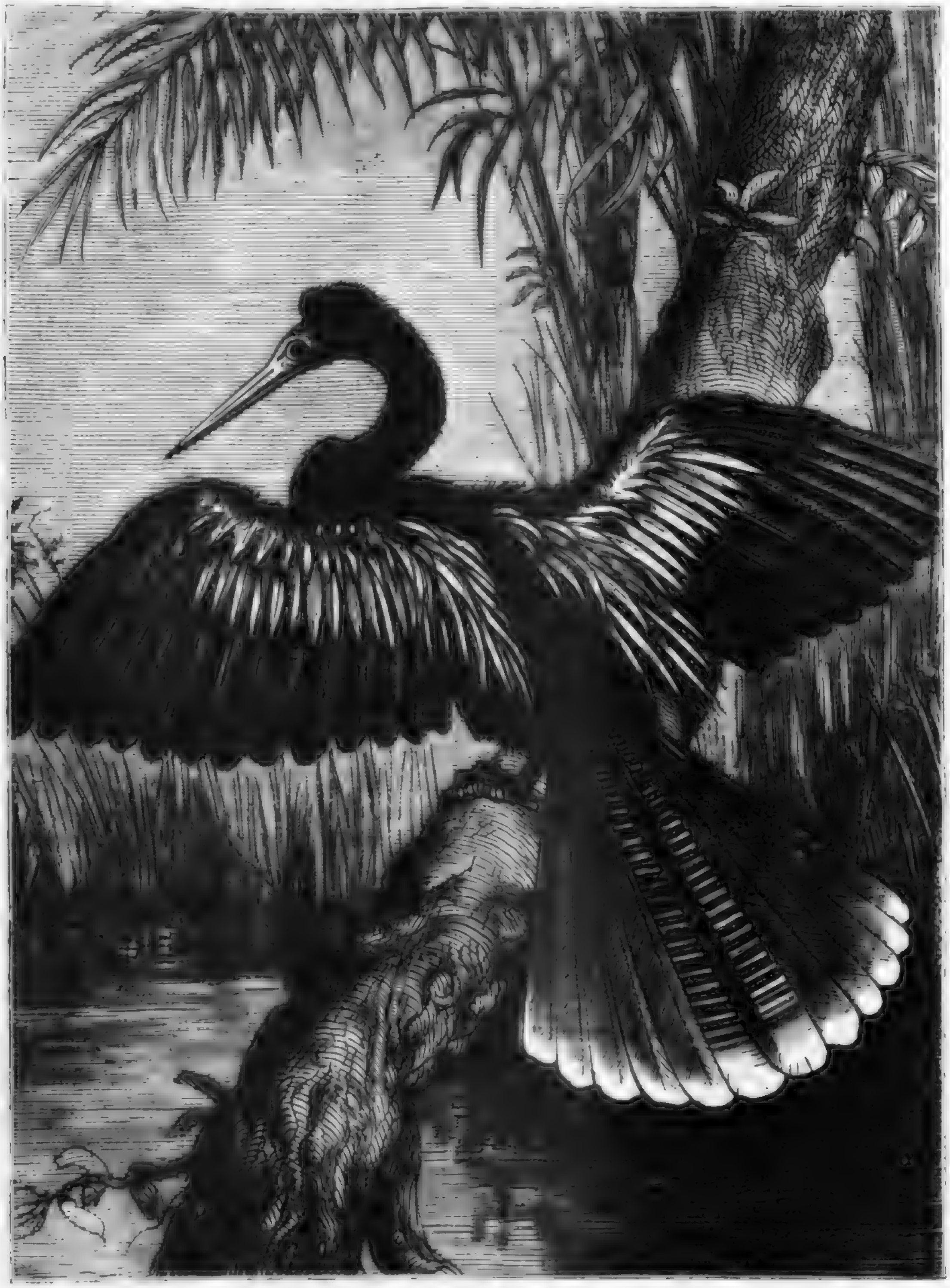
was that I beheld a snake, but the recollection of the habits of the bird soon undeceived me. To pursue these birds at such times is useless, as they cannot be induced to rise or even to expose their bodies.

"Wherever the limbs of a tree project over and dip into the water, there the darters are sure to be found, these situations being convenient resting-places for the purpose of sunning and preening themselves, and probably giving them a better opportunity of observing their finny prey. They crawl from the water upon the limbs, and fix themselves in an upright position, which they maintain in the utmost silence. If there be foliage or long moss, they secrete themselves in it in such a manner that they cannot be perceived unless one be close to them. When approached, they drop into the water with such surprising skill that one is astonished how so large a body can plunge with so little noise, the agitation of the body being apparently not greater than that occasioned by the gliding of an eel."

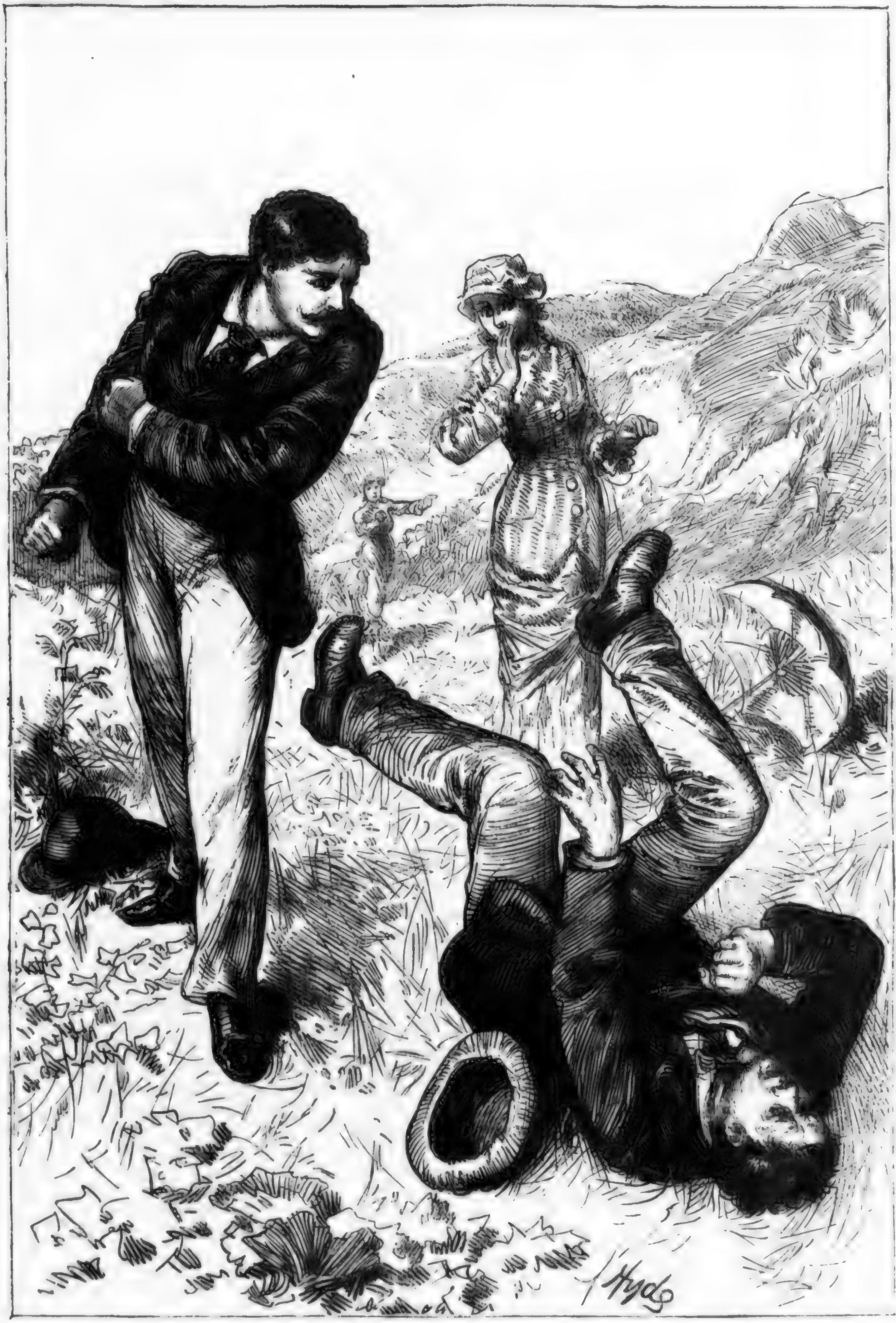
While in the tree, this bird has a habit of darting its snaky head and neck through the foliage, so that at a first glance it would be taken for a serpent.

The nest of the darter is a rather large edifice of sticks, placed upon the trees that grow in the marshy lands which the darters frequent. The eggs are blue. In the adult bird the general color is very deep green. A strip of brownish white runs from the eye partially down the sides of the neck, and the scapulary feathers are long and slender, with a stripe of white along their centre. The wings are black, variegated with silvery white. The total length of this bird is not quite three feet.



THE AMERICAN DARTER.

The other species, Levaillant's Darter, or Snake-bird (*Plotus Levaillantii*), is a native of Africa, and its habits and general form resemble those of the preceding species.



A LATE REMORSE.—"ALDERLY SMOTE THE WRETCH FULL IN THE FACE—ONCE, TWICE, THRICE—BLOWS WHICH MIGHT HAVE FELLED AN OX. HUDSON WENT CRASHING DOWN UPON THE EARTH, AND LAY THERE LIKE A DEAD MAN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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THE OLD COIN.

A MASSY lump of brass and bronze,
Molded by ponderous blow on blow
For Nero or Vespasian's son
In ages dim and long ago.

A cruel mouth, a swinish chin,
A wolfish eye almost erased,
But half the date, a victory,
Two words, and those almost defaced.

Where is the Golden Palace now
That on the Palatine arose?
Where are the statue-guarded doors?
Where are the temple porticoes?

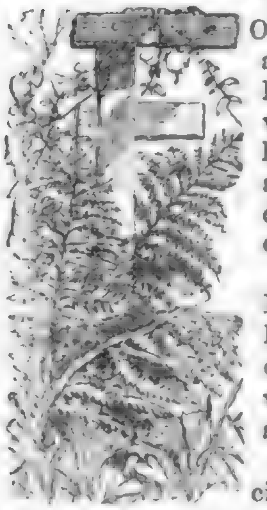
For disks of metal shaped like this,
Swords have been drawn and Lethe crossed;
For this, in greedy hope, men's souls
Have been by passions tempest tossed.

This is ambition's rich reward;
This is a buried Cæsar's fame—
Upon a lump of rusty bronze
The two-thirds of a doubtful name.

A LATE REMORSE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CHAPTER X.



FOUR days had passed since the accident which Kenneth Alderly had escaped so fortunately—days which to our two young people had seemed more like the culminating brightness of some beautiful dream than the ordinary course of existence in this common world.

But the sunshine which glorified Elinor Stuart's face into new loveliness found no reflex in that of one person near her, much as she would have rejoiced had the real state of matters been revealed.

Since the evening of the sewing-circle, Mrs. Mosely had gone about wearing a countenance so gloomy that it would have served as an illustration of the typical shadow which we are taught by wise people to believe must follow in the wake of sunlight; though Elinor, keenly alive to any change of manner in those about, and with a sympathy ready and active to do what in her lay to console them if they suffered, was for once so completely absorbed that these signs of melancholy in the widow almost escaped her.

But Joanna possessed the wide-open eyes of fifteen, and found plenty of leisure, in spite of the calls upon her time, to notice everything that went on, and she was quick to observe her mistress's strange mood; and having wondered over it until she could bear the solitude of her surmises no longer, proceeded on the first favorable occasion to pour them into Miss Stuart's ear.

"It ain't dyspepsy," said Joanna, shaking her head with profound wisdom; "'cause then Miss Mosely is apt to be—wal, what I should call a little cranky ef I was ursked to give it a name; but law! it's different from that! She goes about a-sithing to that extent that I wonder she don't get quite puffed up, and she don't seem to put no heart into her work, nor pay no attention to what's done or ain't. Why, ef you'll believe it, Miss Stuart, only this morning I cracked one of the best chany saucers when I was dustin' the cupboard, and she didn't even seem to hear when I told her about it! Now, ef that ain't a sign that she's got sumpthing as heavy as the millennial on her mind, then I'm a teapot without knowing it, and I ain't prepared to believe that—not just yet!"

Joanna had made an errand up to Elinor's room that morning, in order to confide her suspicions; the avowal relieved her so much that she felt as if she had done something to help the widow's melancholy, and looked quite complacent in consequence. Her words warned Elinor that she had been selfish in her new happiness; she remembered now that she had once or twice vaguely noticed her hostess seemed out of spirits during these past days, and reproached herself for having thought so little about the matter.

It was time for her to go to her school; she went into the dining-room, where Mrs. Mosely was occupied in washing the breakfast dishes, with a countenance as lugubrious as if it had been a penitential performance instead of work in which her housekeeping soul delighted.

"I am afraid you are not well, Mrs. Mosely," she said, approaching the table and laying her hand on the widow's shoulder.

"Oh, yes, I'm well enough, I guess," Mrs. Mosely replied, inadvertently rubbing her forehead with the towel she held.

"Then I'm afraid something troubles you," continued Miss Stuart; "I wish you would tell me what it is. You have been very kind to me, and I can't bear to think you are suffering and not know what is the matter."

The widow gulped down a sob, and shook her head.

"Don't you worry about me, Miss Stuart," she answered. "Wal, yes, I have been sort of bothered, but I guess I see what to do now; it's jest come to me like."

"And if I can help, you will tell me—you will let me prove that I appreciate all your kindness?"

"Law, Miss Stuart, you're as good as gold!" cried the widow, twisting her features into marvelous shapes in order to keep back her tears. "There, my dear, it's striking the quarter to nine; you'll be late if you don't hurry, so go along, and don't mind me."

"Yes, I must; but it pains me to leave you when there is some trouble on your mind——"

"You've done me good," interrupted the widow; "yes, you have. Somehow your speaking so has jest showed me what I can do. So go along, my deary dear, and you shall have green-currant pie for dinner. I don't believe there's been a morsel in the house fit to eat these last three days."

Left to herself, the widow indulged in the feminine luxury of a "good cry," first taking the precaution to send the sharp-eyed Joanna out on an errand which would employ her for at least half an hour. By the time the handmaiden returned Mrs. Mosely was at her post in the kitchen, deep in culinary mysteries, and Joanna had no reason to be troubled by her indifference to what was done or left undone. She not only worked herself all the morning with surprising energy, but kept a vigilant watch upon Joanna, and concentrated the neglected reproofs of the last few days into a lecture so scathing, that when it ended the girl felt as if she had just escaped from a pelting shower-bath.

"She'm all right," thought that acute young person. "Now I re-*cog*-nize her! Solomon's Proverbs ain't a touch to her when she gets started. But, law! if she makes me feel as if I was stiff-neckeder than Nicodemus and all the old Jews, I don't mind, jest so she stops goin' marchin' round like a cat that has lost her kittens."

But in spite of having recovered so much of her wonted energy, Mrs. Mosely had not the courage to meet Miss Stuart at dinner; she made an excuse to Joanna that she must visit a neighbor's sick baby, and did not return until Elinor had gone back to her school.

In the afternoon the widow arrayed herself in her best Sunday attire and went out again, deigning no explanation whatever to Joanna, who was left, in consequence, in a state of such painful curiosity that she could not have been more uncomfortable had she suddenly inherited one of her employer's very worst dyspeptic attacks.

"I'm a-goin' to do it," said Mrs. Mosely to herself, as she walked rapidly down the street. "I've worrited over it and I've prayed over it, and now I'm a-goin' to tell Miss Gresham! It ain't easy, but mostly things ain't in this world, the dear knows; and anyhow she's as kind-hearted as if she wasn't an old maid, for like 'em as a rule I don't. But mebbe that's a widder's preju*dice*—I've noticed it often—and tell her I shall."

Mrs. Mosely reached the great iron gates which gave admission to Mr. Gresham's grounds, and passed up the carriage road, meaning to make her way modestly round to a side entrance, and communicate to her friend, the housekeeper, her wish to see the lady of the mansion. As she turned an angle of the house she came face to face with Miss Gresham, who was trying to overcome a tendency to afternoon sleepiness by a little promenade under the great chestnut-trees which cast a pleasant shadow over the lawn.

The widow lived in one of Mr. Gresham's cottages, and the spinster knew her, and never failed to greet her in a kindly fashion when they met. She stopped now and spoke pleasantly, and seeing that Mrs. Mosely looked troubled and ill at ease, concluded that she was a little confused by this unexpected encounter, so she said:

"I suppose you have come to make Mrs. Rand a visit? she will be very glad to see you. You know the way to her room."

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Mosely said, rather gaspingly; then, perceiving that the lady was about to pass on, she took her courage in her hands and added quickly: "The truth is, Miss Gresham, I wanted to see you, and 'tain't no use to deny it—if so be you'll excuse the liberty which nobody that knows me couldn't say I'm one to take 'em, except there's just and good reason; and now there is, for keep it another day I can't; and I said to myself you was one with a heart in your bosom, and wouldn't stand by and see an innocent creature torn to bits, like shearers by sheep, and——"

But here she broke down, and began to sob uncontrolably. Kind Miss Gresham did not speak; she took the poor woman's arm, and led her on through the shrubberies, until they reached a summer-house nestled in a pretty dingle among the trees.

"There," she said, as she made her visitor sit down; "now, when you can, you shall tell me what is the matter. You may be quite sure that if I can help you in any way I shall be very glad."

It would have been impossible to look in this little lady's sweet, sympathetic face, and listen to her gentle, caressing voice, without feeling encouraged and comforted. The widow wiped her eyes, gave herself an impatient shake, and said, somewhat irrelevantly:

"I'm a fool, and 'tain't like me to act so, though I do say it that shouldn't!"

"It is not easy to be composed when one is troubled," Miss Gresham said; "but you are better now, and can tell me what has happened to distress you. You need not hesitate," she continued, with a sudden thought that some pecuniary difficulty had overtaken the worthy woman; "I am not at all a formidable person—people come and tell me all sorts of things."

"Law, as ef the whole country didn't know you was a providence to them as needs it!" cried the widow.

"Now let me hear—if things have gone a little wrong with you—if it was about the rent, for instance—don't let that worry you; my brother would be the last man in the world to think of that; he has a great respect for you, Mrs. Mosely."

"Ma'am," said the widow, "it's well knowed you're fit to be sister and brother; more couldn't be said, and wouldn't be needed. No, no, Miss Gresham; tain't that—'tain't my trouble only as I feel; it's 'cause she's as good and pretty a'most as an angel, and it breaks my heart to think—Now I ain't agoin' to cry and act loony again!" she exclaimed, as a sob broke her sentence. She shook herself anew, and added, rapidly: "It's about Miss Stuart, and I've pundered and pundered what to do, and to-day it jest came like a streak o' light that I'd tell you."

"Something about Miss Stuart? why, what can have happened to her? I met her only yesterday, and thought I had never seen her look so handsome and so happy."

"She do, she do; and yet there's things goin' about—jest kind o' whispered, that's enough to—oh, I never heered a syllable till I went to that plaguey sewing society the other day, and I guess they won't want me agin in a hurry. But that can't hinder gossip when folks get started; and ef she come to know of it I reely believe it would kill her, I do, indeed!" cried the widow, ending her incoherent attempt at explanation with fresh sobs.

Miss Gresham was so startled that she looked almost as confused as Mrs. Mosely, but she kept silence until she could speak calmly, and her visitor had had time to conquer her agitation.

"What can any one find to say against Miss Stuart?" she asked. "She is a most admirable young lady; who would be wicked enough to invent any gossip in regard to her?"

"It's my belief that Madge Anderson and her old aunt is at the bottom; but, law! folks is allays only too ready to join in when anybody's assailed, and at the sewing society one was as bad as another; doctor's wife and lawyer's sister and the whole lot, for all they set sech store by themselves——"

"But tell me what it was they said," interrupted Miss Gresham, still more confused and troubled by the widow's incoherency. "I can't understand—try and tell it clearly."

"I be a fool after all!" muttered Mrs. Mosely, in a sort of passive despair, against which, however, she quickly rebelled, and added: "I won't be; I never was, and I won't be!"

Miss Gresham resolutely controlled her impatience while the good woman went through the process of mentally "pulling herself together," and was finally able to enter into a tolerably clear relation of the matter.

Miss Gresham was shocked and indignant: she knew that, of course, Elinor Stuart's intercourse with William Hudson must have been confined to a simple effort to aid an ignorant man desirous of improving; just as she might herself have done had she known anything about him and his wishes; it seemed to her preposterous that any of the better class of the village people could for an instant regard the matter in a different light.

"It's that Madge set it a-goin'; I know it is," Mrs. Mosely said. "Miss Stuart didn't say nothin' to me, so I hain't mentioned it, but Madge did go to her school; my Joanny she see her there, and told me about it."

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"But it is ridiculous for any one to suppose that Miss Stuart would—would—I am actually ashamed to use the word—flirt with a man like William Hudson!" said Miss Gresham.

"Don't I know it, ma'am? yes; well I do! But it's my belief Madge got jealous. I know her; she's a dreadful girl when her temper's up, and Miss Gresham—oh, don't you blame me for saying it—but now that I've heerd what was said, and put this and that together in my mind, I can't help remembering how queer Will Hudson looked sometimes when he was a-having his lessons! I've seen him just turn white ef her fingers happened to touch his when she was a-pintin' out something in the books, or took his pencil to set his algebra right."

"He was embarrassed, probably."

"He ain't one of that sort," replied the widow, shaking her head. "No, ma'am; it seems awful to think he could have the impudence; but it's my belief he actilly got his head turned, it is. But I hain't told you all; they're a-sayin' more——"

"In the name of heaven, what?"

"Wal, Miss Gresham, now I've begun, I mustn't stop. Don't you blame me, please!" pleaded Mrs. Mosely. "If ever a poor creature was tryin' to do right, I be. I couldn't love that dear angel more if she was my own darter——"

"You are quite right, and you are a sensible woman to have come," broke in Miss Gresham, showing a certain likeness to her brother's decision and energy, which was so out of keeping with her ordinary character that it gave her a vague feeling of surprise, even in the midst of her excitement. "What else can they say?"

"It's about that gentleman who's visiting you," said the widow, with exasperating hesitancy.

"Mr. Alderly! He's an old acquaintance of Miss Stuart's. She is an educated lady, and therefore his equal."

"Yes, ma'am; but you see, I expect it riles all that set like the doctor's folks and the squire's sister, that he should visit her when they don't know him. And they say it ain't proper he should join her in her walks, and that she sent Will Hudson off jest because he come along. There, now you've heerd it all."

"It is abominable! I would not have believed people could be so wicked as to assail an unprotected girl!" cried Miss Gresham, very near tears.

"Folks can be pooty wicked when they give their minds to it," replied the widow, oracularly, growing more composed and self-centred as her companion's agitation increased. "I've lived long enough to know that, Miss Gresham; and you have too, I hain't no doubt."

Miss Gresham sat meditating for a few moments, then she said:

"I am very glad you came to me, Mrs. Mosely. I'm too troubled yet to think clearly, but I shall try to do something."

"I knowed it, ma'am!" cried the widow. "I felt as if it was a warning what to do when it popped into my mind to come to you, jest when that dear creature was a-lookin' in my face this mornin', and wantin' to find out what ailed me."

"And you must be careful that she does not suspect."

"You may trust me, ma'am! There ain't nobody to tell her; she's so busy she scarcely ever goes anywhere—except to take her walks, which her health requires—and they wouldn't have the courage, none on 'em, any more'n they would come to you; for talk as they please about her bein' only a school-marm, the hull kit and boodle, down in their hearts, can see the difference between them, deny it though they might."

Comforted as she was by this interview, Mrs. Mosely did not feel equal to paying her friend, Mrs. Rand, a visit, and took her leave with many apologies and thanks, reaching home in a state of relief, which showed itself so plainly in her face that the watchful Joanna speculated thereon till she got into quite a fever of curiosity.

"She couldn't look easier in her mind if she'd jest had a tooth pulled out that had ached fur a week," thought the damsel; the comparison suggested by a grumbling molar of her own, whose defectively covered nerve had that afternoon been roused into complaint by Joanna's having solaced her solitude with a slight refection of bread-and-butter, adorned with a thick layer of brown sugar.

Miss Gresham remained for some time after her visitor's departure immersed in troubled meditation, which found vent now and then in a few tears, that she wiped away with a sense of impatience. She was not used to having responsibility thrust upon her, and she shrank therefrom with a shyness which grew out of diffidence in her own abilities. But here was a case in which action—prompt action, too—became a plain duty, yet the matter was so delicate that she could as yet find no satisfactory method of setting to work.

As a rule, in all difficulties she went straight to her brother, having a profound faith not only in his capacity for seeing at a glance the best thing to be done, but the way to do it. However, in this affair she did not want to appeal to him. He would be sorry for Miss Stuart, he would help her; but he was a very severe man in his judgment of women; his opinion of her would suffer; he would feel that in some manner she had been to blame; even carelessness or thoughtlessness he found it difficult to excuse.

As Miss Gresham sat trying to decide upon some course of conduct, and growing more bewildered by her efforts, she saw Kenneth Alderly strolling along the path which led to the summer-house. She took a sudden resolve—inspired thereto by desperation rather than courage—she would tell him; he was good and kind; he would aid her by his advice. Indeed, it was his duty to help, the spinster thought, with a sort of angry impatience growing out of her perturbation; so unlike her, too, that if she had been able to reflect, she would have felt as much astonishment as could any friend, made conscious of her state of mind—one would as soon have expected a rabbit to assert itself as gentle Anne Gresham.

Mr. Alderly perceived her sitting there, and came forward; he always liked to talk with the old lady, and just now he was very glad to get away from certain reflections which had intruded upon him in the solitude of his room with troublesome persistency, and suggestions of possible annoyances, and even griefs. He had written to his mother the very night he had told Elinor Stuart of his love; to-day's post ought to have brought an answer, but none had come. He feared that his mother might be bitterly offended; he could not help suspecting that she had entertained far different wishes for his future, and had in her thoughts united it with that of Florence Denham. Neither her disappointment nor her anger, however much he might regret both, could change his resolve; he must choose for himself, live his own life; still the idea that any important difference or estrangement could arise between them, was an idea heavily fraught with pain. After writing his letter he had dismissed the doubts from his mind and given himself up to his happiness, able to put them by until the time when news from his mother ought to reach him.

But her silence brought them back with renewed force, and he was glad to fill up a portion of the hours which must elapse before Elinor would finish her duties and be ready to receive him. He would have liked to tell Miss Gresham his secret, but it seemed right that he should first communicate with his mother, and her delay in answering made him unwilling to speak with his kind friends. She would write on the morrow, doubtless; something might have hindered her, or she was waiting until she had recovered from her temporary annoyance and disappointment; she loved him, and would not attempt to act in opposition to his happiness; of that he felt confident.

"Is your pretty retreat forbidden ground, Miss Gresham?" he asked, playfully, as he reached the entrance.

"No, no,' replied the spinster in a tremulous voice, half rising, then sinking back in her seat. "Please come in; I was just wishing to speak with you."

"Then I have come at the right moment," he said; but he was close enough now to notice the signs of agitation in her face, and added, quickly: "Are you not well, Miss Gresham?"

"Oh, yes; in body, at least; it isn't that," returned the old lady, trembling with nervous excitement.

"I hope nothing unpleasant has happened," he said, kindly, entering the summer-house, and sitting down near her.

For the life of him he could not imagine the quiet spinster's having any trouble more serious than that involved in some accident to her flowers, or the fact that her brother had not been satisfied with his luncheon. He tried to imagine her a young girl, with a girl's eager hopes and anticipations, but he could not; it seemed to him as if she must always have been an elderly lady in a scrupulously dainty quaker-colored gown and white cap, doing endless rivers of lace-work and wonderful crochet, without ever a tumultuous heart-beat or rebellious desire.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

"I suppose there must now and then be worries even in so perfectly ordered a household as yours," he continued, prepared to offer a little good-natured sympathy for her distress.

"I want to tell you—I think I ought to tell you," Miss Gresham said, looking anxiously at him, while a mist gathered over her soft brown eyes. "You may be able to advise me; something ought to be done! I am a rather helpless creature — I am ashamed to own it, but I am—and perhaps you——"

Her voice trailed away into silence, leaving her sentence unfinished, and now Kenneth saw that he had in his youthful arrogance underrated the gentle lady and her capacities for suffering; her present distress went beyond any commonplace matter.

"If there is anything I can do, you may be sure I will," he said. "Please tell me what disturbs you, Miss Gresham."

She smoothed the front of her gown nervously, and a soft pink like that in the heart of a belated rose spread over her cheeks.

"It seems a shame even to repeat," she said; "old woman as I am, I'm ashamed to let such things sully my lips! Oh, Mr. Alderly, I have just had Mrs. Mosely here—Miss Stuart's landlady—she's a good soul, and came to tell me——"

"There is *nothing* the matter with Miss Stuart," he broke in, almost sharply, stung by some sudden, vague fear.

"It's worse than that," Mrs. Gresham said, quickly, yet with painful hesitancy. "I don't know if you ever heard of William Hudson?"

"Yes, he was employed in the foundry—your brother discharged him the day after I came here; he seemed an independent, dissipated fellow," Alderly replied, impatiently. "But you had something to say about Miss

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Stuart?" he continued, thinking that the poor soul had got ideas which had no connection mixed up in her mind, and had rushed away from Elinor to contemplate some other subject of disquietude.

"Yes, yes—it is about her—but about him, too. She helped him to study—she is always so good—he used to go in the evening to Mrs. Mosely's; it was very kind of her," Miss Gresham quivered, still in that hesitating way.

"But what of that? What is it, Miss Gresham?"

"He has a cousin—I remember seeing her—she doesn't live here; it seems she got jealous, came one day to Miss Stuart's schoolroom—oh, Mr. Alderly, people in the village are talking as if Miss Stuart had associated with the man as she might have done with an equal! They say she flirted, made trouble between Madge Anderson and him——"

She was interrupted by a groan of suffering and wrath; Kenneth Alderly had risen, and was leaning against the side of the summer-house, white as death. His first emotion was one of outraged pride—a sense of intolerable personal insult—that the woman whom he loved should have her name mentioned in connection with a low, ignorant churl—he felt as if he were going mad.

"Don't—don't look so!" shivered Miss Gresham, in fright. "And there's more—oh, how can they be so wicked!"

"Alderly!" Mr. Gresham's voice called, from the distance. The old maid uttered a smothered shriek.

"There's my brother," she moaned; "don't tell him—don't tell him!"

"Alderly, where have you hidden yourself? Are you in the summer-house, turning my young sister's head by your flatteries?" called Mr. Gresham, as he walked down the path. "Here are letters that ought to have come last night."

By this time Kenneth had recovered himself a little, and stepped forward as Mr. Gresham reached the entrance. His face was in the shadow, and Mr. Gresham, fully occupied with the news he had brought, scarcely glanced at him.

"You would never guess! Your mother has decided to bring Florence—couldn't make up her mind to let her travel with only a servant. She will be very welcome, of course. Here are her letters. There is one for you. I can't stop; Mr. Caufield is waiting for me. I say, Anne, you must make sure everything is in order."

Miss Gresham had only one idea—she must escape. To have the news of Mrs. Alderly's arrival flung in upon her misery, quite dazed her brain. She uttered some incoherent speech, hastened past the two gentlemen, and fled toward the house.

"Anne is always nervous about meeting strangers," Mr. Gresham said, apologetically; "she never saw your mother. Of course, she will be welcome, Kenneth; we shall try to make her comfortable. Good-by now, I must be off."

Then he turned and walked quickly away, leaving Kenneth Alderly standing there, absolutely stunned by the awful blow which had smitten that pride which was so much more potent an element in his character than events had hitherto taught him to understand.

CHAPTER XI.

ELINOR STUART was walking across the common which spread beyond the village—a pretty spot dotted with trees, commanding a fine view of the mountains closing in the distance. Her favorite ramble had always been along the river-bank, but since that evening when William Hudson had met her there, the place seemed haunted by some unclean memory, and she avoided it.

She was tired of the house, and had come out to enjoy the sunset; she knew that Kenneth Alderly would be certain to follow her thither. She had been happy during these past days, but not with the complete, unthinking content which had made the world an Eden to her lover.

Hitherto life had been so facile, granting his every wish with a generosity so lavish, that it never occurred to Kenneth anything upon which he set his heart could be denied. Fate had treated Elinor very differently, showing herself a harsh, relentless mistress—offering precious gifts, bringing them within reach, leaving them there long enough for their brightness to grow a necessity, then snatching them away with relentless haste; an apparent cold ferocity, as if in delight of the pain it occasioned.

Many natures become hopelessly hardened and cynical, utterly without hope or faith, under such treatment; but this had not been the case with Elinor Stuart. During her worst trials she never lost her belief that all was ordered for the best; she bowed meekly beneath the blow, and employed her whole energies in trying to mold the shattered fragments of her hopes into something which should make existence of value to herself and others.

But one painful effect had been the unavoidable result of the sternness with which fate had so often smitten her—the experience of the past made her fearful when any new happiness was offered—she trembled when she found that her heart and soul had seized upon it, remembering that always hitherto when happiest, when the gift had become most necessary, it was snatched away.

St. Francis de Sales, when asked to what results of mind and feeling his years of religious life had led him, made this answer: "To ask nothing, to reject nothing."

But youth must pass before even a nature as exceptional as St. Francis's can reach that standpoint which, if attainable at all, would be as much within the grasp and scope of heathen fortitude as of religious faith; the only comparison, indeed, for which would be that extreme in nature where heat and cold lose their relative meanings, and the right hand holding a ball of frost-eaten iron is burned as severely as the left thrust into flaming fire.

What should appear, from a theological point of view, the Christian sentiment contained in the last clause of the saint's reply, Elinor Stuart had attained; she rejected nothing, since in her belief it must be the all-seeing Father who sent the trials as well as the joys. But the black clouds of the past cast their shadow even over this new and highest bliss which had been granted. She was too happy; she trembled lest she should hear the stern command to give up her dazzling treasure, as she had been called on to relinquish those which had gone before.

Elinor caught the sound of a familiar footstep upon the short turf; turned quickly, and saw Kenneth Alderly approaching. It needed only one glance at his face to warn her that some trouble was at hand; if not the entire fulfillment of her presages, at least an omen that danger menaced the fabric of her dream just as its elfland beauty appeared to have become a substantial part of reality.

She hurried toward him, holding out her hand, and saying, quickly:

"Something has happened to disturb you, Kenneth!"

Even in the midst of her fears her voice hesitated a little over the familiar name he had taught her to call him by during these last days.

But he did not notice; did not even take her hand; he looked in her eyes, and said, with stern reproach:

"Why did you never mention that man to me—I mean that low, ignorant fellow, Hudson? Why did you let me first hear that you knew him through odious gossip connecting you with a creature like that?"

As was usual with Elinor, violent agitation only showed itself in a sudden kind of icy coldness and passivity. If he had struck her a blow on her naked heart he could not have hurt her more; but it did not rouse her into any passionate outburst of grief or wrath, as it would have done most women; it seemed to freeze her very soul. Her face became a mere white mask; the voice which answered him was monotonous and emotionless as the slow murmur of an Arctic wind.

"There could be no gossip; I cannot tell what his cousin may have said to you—but I think you ought not to have listened."

"What do I know of his cousin! I never saw her," returned Alderly, his wild eyes and haggard face forming a strange contrast to Elinor's strong composure. "It was Miss Gresham—your landlady told her! Oh, my God! to think that a village like this should be saying such things of you! That you should have given them even a shadow of an opportunity—you, that I have asked to be my wife!"

The intolerable pride of his nature, hitherto so dormant that he did not himself realize its force, had roused up fully; he was so nearly mad with the shock it had received that he could not even remember her and her feelings. When too late, Miss Gresham recollected that she had had no opportunity to tell him of the whispers to which his own intercourse with Miss Stuart had given rise; she felt that she ought, but he had already left the house.

As he spoke Elinor shivered a little; her eyes grew more cold and dead; a kind of horror crept over the impassibility of her face and remained there.

"About me—gossip about me," she said, in the same chill fashion—her voice did not even make the words a question.

"Yes!" he exclaimed. "Think what I must feel—I!"

A ghost of a smile crossed her lips, that moved in a voiceless repetition of his words, applying them to herself:

"Think what *I* must feel!"

But he had forgotten that in his first selfish, essentially masculine absorption of personal outrage.

"I can't hear. What did you say?" he demanded, fretfully.

She only shook her head.

"Why didn't you tell me about him? You gave him lessons. I should think it would have been natural to mention the fact. I recollect one day speaking of him—Mr. Gresham turned him away when I was present. You didn't say you even knew his name."

"No, I did not," she replied, slowly.

"But why? Had you heard there was gossip——"

She put up her hand; he stopped, sobered a little by her face.

"Do speak, Elinor!" he cried. "Let me know—I must do something—such an insult is unendurable. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because I could not bear to hear his name. I could not bring myself to speak about him," she said.

Kenneth started back as a man might who suddenly saw a pit open before his feet, so deep as to appear fathomless.

"In the name of God, what do you mean?" he groaned.

"Try to be quiet—I can't speak if you are so violent," she said, shrinking before his eyes and voice. "This is the way it was: I met him at a house where I went to see a boy that had been hurt. I saw him often. He seemed good and kind; he told me how much he lamented his lack of education. I offered to help him. He improved very fast; I was interested. I never dreamed it could be other than right. In all the little ways that I could I have always tried to help people who needed it."

"One may go too far even in trying to do good," he answered, bitterly.

"I never thought of that. I never did think of it when any person asked me for help. It may be true, but I don't see how it can," she said, her apparent apathy growing stronger.

"I think this ought to convince you," Alderly exclaimed.

"But I did right. I am sure I did right," she replied.

"How can you say that, when these people are—Great heavens, I can't bring myself to speak of it!"

"I suppose Madge Anderson got jealous; how could I dream that she would? She ought to have been glad and proud that her lover wanted to improve—ought to have tried to lift herself up with him, instead of trying to pull him down."

"Their proper place is in the mud, where they were born!" cried Alderly. "See what has come of trying to help such creatures out of it. It is like a horrible nightmare; to think that you could have tolerated the miserable cur near you—could——"

He broke off, and waved his hands before his eyes as if to dispel some loathsome sight. She saw the gesture; it crushed like an iron weight down upon her soul; but she only grew more helpless in her bewildered pain; not unwilling to defend herself, but so dazed and stunned that the was incapable.

"He was very gentle, very respectful; I thought him a gentleman at heart. The commonest, most ignorant man may be that," she said, after a pause.

"And that girl actually dared to come into your presence—to reproach you with having stolen her lover. That must have been what brought her!"

"Yes; that was it. Don't remind me, please."

"And did he know? You must tell me—I have a right to hear; you must tell! Did that fellow know?"

Again he started back, this time in agonized horror; the icy fixedness of her face had broken up into a spasm of horrible suffering that looked like fear—nay, worse! The recollection of the insult she had suffered returned with such vividness that it stung her, as it had done on its occurrence, like a sensation of actual degradation, and this feeling reflected in her face too, and even to a calmer person might have appeared like guilty shame.

"He knew—that was the worst—he showed me his real self; he said it was true," she answered.

Alderly's hands were clutched tightly in his neck-cloth; his face was dreadful to look upon.

"He said he loved you—a thing like that; this scum, this unclean creature—told you, the woman I have asked to be my wife! I, Kenneth Alderly, have to hear this; to know that common people mix your name with the name of a low, base creature like this Hudson!"

His voice was not loud, but its awful energy made it as distinctly audible as a cry. Out from behind a clump of bushes staggered a man with disordered dress, worn, haggard face, and every evidence of being still under the influence of a debauch that had lasted for days.

"That's me!" he cried. "My gentleman and my lady are quarreling about me; well, well, they've got reason. I ain't going to keep the truth back; they've got reason!"

He came toward them with a low, dreadful laugh. One could not call him intoxicated in the common acceptation of the term; it went far beyond that. He was almost in an incipient stage of delirium tremens, his great physical force heightened thereby.

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Alderly sprang forward with a savage, inarticulate cry. In a blind, mortal fear Elinor Stuart stepped between the two men.

"Don't try to shove the girl 'twixt us, thinking you'll get off that way!" shouted Hudson. "I told you I'd remember you; this time I'll put my mark on you! As for my lady, you can take her; I've done with her, but just recollect that she was——"

He could not finish; with one sweep of his arm Alderly had put Elinor aside; not roughly, but with a force which she could not resist. He was close to Hudson; the latter had time to straighten himself; he struck out a fierce blow, which Alderly warded skillfully off, and then smote the wretch full in the face—once, twice, thrice—blows which might have felled an ox. Hudson went crashing down upon the earth, and lay there like a dead man.

For the moment the intellectual part of Kenneth Alderly—the mind, the spirit—had no more influence than it would have had upon a jungle tiger about to spring upon his prey. The murderous instincts, which lie at the bottom of the animal portion of every man, were fully roused; to avenge, to kill—that fierce, all-engrossing desire filled him completely.

He moved—his foot was lifted—another instant and it would have trampled the prostrate giant's breast, but Elinor Stuart pushed him back. He saw her dimly through a red haze; he heard her voice through an awful booming like an earthquake shock in his ears, cry, appealingly:

"You can't be a murderer—you can't!"

Then up from the river came a woman; tore like a mad creature across the common, and flung herself upon the body.

It was Madge Anderson. She had been watching Hudson for the last two days; he had escaped her, and got off by the train; she had followed. She was near enough to hear Hudson's words—to see the blows.

She crouched down and lifted the insensible man's head upon her knees. Kenneth Alderly saw the face; the awful spectacle sobered him somewhat, though he was glad of what he had done.

"He's not dead; you needn't be frightened," he cried; "I ought to kill him, but I won't."

Madge Anderson raised her eyes, and looked at him with an awful smile.

"Murdering him couldn't make an innocent woman of my lady there!" she hissed. "Marry her now, if you want her——"

She stopped with a shriek. Hudson's limbs had suddenly drawn together in a convulsion, then straightened slowly out. There was a low gurgle in his throat, a fresh stream of black blood oozed from the nostrils—the whole frame quivered a little, then lay motionless.

"Oh, my God, he can't be dead!" shrieked Elinor. "Run for help, Kenneth! for your soul's sake, for God's sake! Madge, let me help you; loosen his shirt, lift his head!"

"Don't you touch him," Madge said, slowly, half raising herself from the ground. "You're only a poor cast-off thing. He didn't want you any longer; go to my gentleman. This is my Will—mine—he loved me, he loved me!"

She broke into agonizing moans, then began to call the insensible man's name, mingling every tender epithet therewith.

"Oh, my love! oh, my love!" she moaned, kissing the blood-stained face and tearing wildly at her own hair, which had fallen loose and spread like a black vail over her shoulders. "Oh, my man—speak to me, my man!"

"There comes a wagon, Kenneth!" cried Elinor. "Oh, make them turn this way—they can carry him home!"

Kenneth rushed off across the common; the road lay at a considerable distance, and it was some time before the man heard his calls; then he checked his horse and waited for Alderly to approach.

"He's not dead, Madge, he's not dead!" moaned Elinor.

The girl laid her burden gently down on the sod, sprang to her feet and dashed at the speaker with mad fury—stopped close to her, dropped her clinched hands and shrieked:

"No, I won't kill you; I'll do worse! I'll let you live. You're ruined, my lady, ruined—whether he lives or dies!"

She burst into a fierce torrent of invective, uttering words and epithets so dreadful that Elinor had only one thought—to escape beyond the sound of her voice. She fled toward the river, pursued by Madge's frantic cries, never stopping in her wild flight till she reached the shelter of her home.

The wagon drove up, the teamster and Kenneth lifted Hudson and placed him upon the straw that lined the bottom. Madge noticed neither of them; she got into the wagon and laid the helpless head upon her knees. As the vehicle rolled slowly away she bent over her burden, kissed the set, rigid features, wiped the blood away with her long hair, muttering only:

"Oh, my love!—oh, my man!"

The wagoner spoke to her several times, offering hope and comfort, but she did not seem to hear; her eyes were fixed upon the death-like face in her lap, and that slow, heart-rending plaint still broke at intervals from her lips:

"Oh, my love—oh, my man! Will, Will!"

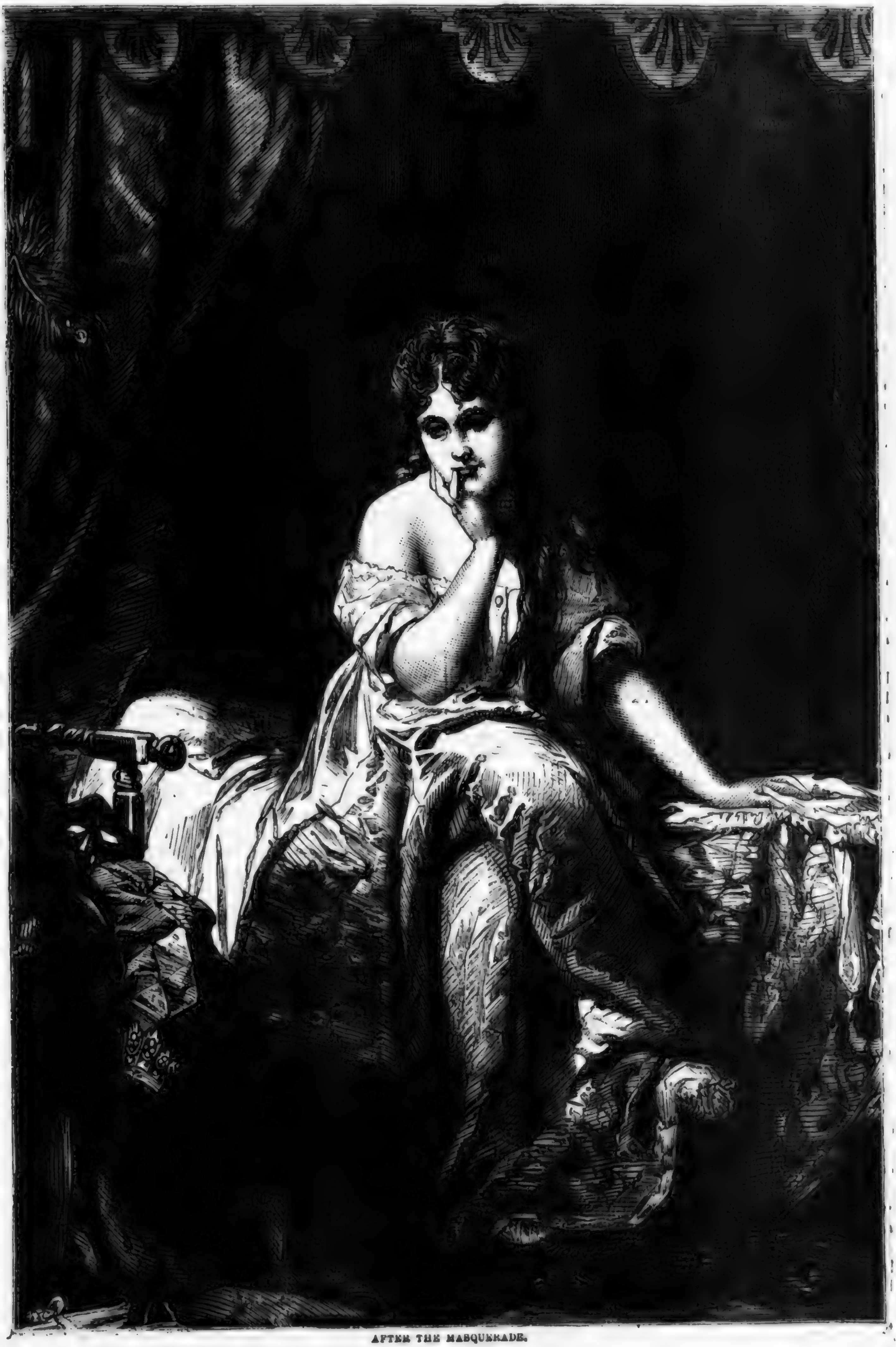
Chapter XII.

KENNETH ALDERLY stood automatically watching the wagon till it disappeared down a curve of the road, then he turned about and perceived that Elinor had gone.

His first sensation was one of relief; any attempt at resuming their conversation after the incident, at once tragic and loathsome, which had broken it, would have been very difficult to both. But in another moment a new thought flashed across his mind—a question fraught with awful suspicion and pain. Had she feared to meet him—shrunk away because her burdened conscience could not support his stern inquiries, his just anger?

He hurried from the spot; it was black in his eyes with the degradation that had there befallen the woman he loved; a degradation which had blotted his own life, too, and must leave an indelible stain. Shame and disgrace—it seemed incredible that they could in any fashion have touched the lofty sweep of his existence, sullied it, blackened it like the foul waters of some Stygian pool that had suddenly broken its barrier and poured their fetid tide across a royal garden in the fullness of its midsummer splendor.

He did not for an instant credit the vile accusations which he had heard flung at Elinor, but for the time he was so nearly mad from the insult to his pride, that his judgment could scarcely have been more condemnatory had he done so. She had stooped to companionship with this ignoble pair, lowered herself to a level which brought her within reach of their coarse loves and hates, so that they were free to soil her with one or the other,



AFTER THE MASQUERADE.

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as if she had been their equal; she, whom he had chosen for his wife, the woman who was to bear his name!

His pride was the more intense from the fact that its loftiness excluded the common form which embraces a respect for wealth or ancestry. All the honors that the world held in its gift could not have compensated in his eyes for the stain which must cling thereto when purchased by the wrong-doing of the man or woman who bequeathed them to their descendants. Kenneth Alderly would rather have been born a nameless beggar, than inherit the grandest title which, no matter how far back, had owed its origin to some frail woman's shame, perpetuated before posterity by letters-patent from the royal hand that had led her on to infamy. Obscurity and poverty would have been preferable to wealth which had reached him through the evil deeds of some dead and gone man, whose force of character had enabled his unscrupulousness to bestow that poor atonement upon his children for the taint that desecrated their blood.

His thoughts were so chaotic and conflicting that to record them would sound like a chronicle of insane ravings, and as yet his misery was so selfish in its personality, that it was only the wrong to himself which he could contemplate.

He remembered at last that he must return to the house. It was late—he had kept his host waiting. The rules and ceremonies of custom claimed compliance, just as much as if the last few hours had not swept existence so far out of its ordinary groove that it scarcely seemed to have any connection therewith, save such as those galling restraints afforded.

Alderly took a path through the meadows and woods, and came out into Mr. Gresham's grounds, reaching the house as its owner was descending from his phaeton.

"I owe you a thousand apologies, Kenneth!" cried Mr. Gresham. "I could not get back a moment sooner. I hoped you and Anne would have sat down to dinner without waiting for me."

Alderly found some answer; and Mr. Gresham went on talking as they mounted the steps. He happened to take Kenneth's right arm, and the pain his grasp occasioned warned the young man that he had received some injury; in his absorption, he had not been aware of the fact. He shrank instinctively before he could control himself. Glancing at his hand, he saw that it was swollen and somewhat discolored. Mr. Gresham noticed it, too.

"Why, how did you get that hurt?" he asked.

"I met that man Hudson—he was insolent, and I knocked him down," replied Kenneth, without hesitation.

"Drunk, I suppose? He will get himself into prison, if he doesn't take care," said Mr. Gresham. "You must have given him some tidy blows. You'd better have Anne bandage your hand after dinner."

"Oh, it will be all right to-morrow," returned Alderly, carelessly, and began speaking of other matters.

Mr. Gresham saw that he did not wish to be questioned, and so said nothing more. Kenneth knew that before long his friend must undoubtedly learn the facts, but he could not bring himself to tell the story. He felt that to hear his own lips connect Miss Stuart therewith, even in the most distant manner, would drive him utterly mad.

"And to-morrow, we shall have your mother and Florence here," Mr. Gresham said, as they passed along the entrance-hall.

The remark gave Kenneth a sensation of surprise. He had absolutely forgotten the information with which his host had interrupted Miss Gresham's overwhelming revelations. He had rushed out of the house without even opening his mother's letter. She was coming! Only a day before he would have been glad at this sign that his praise and appreciation of Mr. Gresham had influenced her to take this step toward resuming her brother-in-law's acquaintance. He would have been glad, too, that she should see Elinor. He credited her with a nobility of character which she was perfectly incapable of conceiving even; he believed that her overweening pride was of the same complexion as his own, though carried to an extreme which sometimes rendered her unjust and tyrannical. But he loved and believed in his mother. She had been far-sighted enough to keep up the illusion in her son's mind, without which she knew she must inevitably, owing to his rigid ideas, lose her great hold upon him—a hold much stronger than Kenneth himself was aware of. Self-reliant as he might be, it was impossible that at his age an individuality so powerful as hers should not have impressed him deeply, aided, as her influence was, by the filial reverence which blinded him to her faults.

But now everything was changed; her arrival could not have happened more inopportunely; he could not even be certain that every detail of the coarse tragedy which had smitten him might not come to her knowledge. Who could tell that Hudson would not have recourse to law, and manage to drag Elinor Stuart's name into the matter? His mother's proposed visit added another thread to the web of maddening perplexities which surrounded him.

He was so busy with these thoughts that he did not perceive he had left Mr. Gresham's remark unanswered, and that gentleman naturally enough mistook his silence for embarrassment, believing that Alderly suspected more of the manner in which he had suffered at his sister-in-law's hands than was the case.

In point of fact, Mr. Gresham despised Mrs. Alderly too thoroughly to have carried any great degree of bitterness in his heart during these years of separation. He knew that her immense pride was of the meanest sort; he knew that she was an unscrupulous liar, and would stop at nothing to attain her ends; his nature was too strong and broad for him to dignify a person he despised with so important an emotion as hatred.

"My dear fellow," he said, quickly, "I hope you don't fancy because your mother and I were never sympathetic that I am other than glad at her coming. Your father's wife—your mother—must always be welcome in my house."

"Thanks; yes, of course, I know you well enough to be sure of that," Kenneth replied, rather confusedly. "I believe I was thinking of something else; I mean I was surprised."

Then he stopped abruptly, indignant at his own lack of self-control; in his creed, no matter how sudden or dreadful the shock which befell a man, he ought to be able to hide his feelings.

Mr. Gresham gave him one of his keen, searching glances; it occurred to him there had been more in that encounter with Hudson than his young friend's words had implied. He was about to ask some plain question, feeling it his right so to do, when the sound of carriage-wheels on the graveled road became audible.

"Why, who can that be?" exclaimed Mr. Gresham, walking back toward the door, Kenneth mechanically following.

A hack drew up before the colonnade; looking past his host, through the fading twilight, Alderly recognized the two ladies seated therein.

"It is my mother—my mother and Florence!" he said, in a troubled tone.

Mr. Gresham hurried forward; Kenneth stood still; he must have an instant for preparation. He actually shrank from seeing his mother; the consciousness that he did so was an added torture.

"Mrs. Alderly, is it possible!" Mr. Gresham exclaimed, opening the carriage-door. "You have taken us by surprise after all; and no surprise could have been more pleasant."

"Thanks," said Mrs. Alderly. Then they shook hands, and he helped her to alight. "Would you know that tall girl?" she continued, smilingly.

Florence Denham had risen; she seemed a little shy and confused, and even prettier than usual for that reason.

"Please don't say no," she said.

"You are very welcome, Florence," Mr. Gresham said, holding out his hand.

She descended; they looked at each other; Mr. Gresham's stern features worked somewhat, but the long years of habitual self-control were not easy to shake.

"Grown, yes; still not much altered in face."

"And you are not altered in the least," Miss Denham said. Then yielding to a sudden impulse, she raised herself on tiptoe and kissed him; he pressed his lips to her forehead.

"God bless you, my dear child," he whispered; then turned toward Mrs. Alderly, at whom Florence glanced somewhat nervously, but that stately lady wore her most beneficent smile.

"And my bad boy—where is he?" she asked.

"Found, like the traditional bad half-penny," cried Kenneth, coming forward and embracing her. "Miss Florence Denham, I hope your small majesty is quite well."

"Quite, Mr. Kenneth Alderly, though I consider your adjective an impertinence. I had hoped that your stay here would improve your manners, but I see I was mistaken."

"You can't gild refined gold," said he, laughing.

"But one may furbish up pinchbeck imitation," retorted she, gayly, as they shook hands.

Somehow it struck Mr. Gresham that the laughing badinage poorly hid a mutual embarrassment which puzzled him, but of course there was no time to speculate thereupon; Mrs. Alderly had turned to him, and was saying:

"Then you did not receive my telegram? It is quite dreadful to think of rushing in upon you in this fashion."

"It has given us even a greater pleasure than that of expectation," he replied, with a bow which she would have thought perfection if it had been bestowed by a duke; as it was, she only felt secretly irritated that his manner did not give her an opportunity to sneer.

"We certainly got no telegram," Kenneth observed. "Your letter said to-morrow."

Then he stopped, with an uncomfortable consciousness of her unread epistle in his pocket.

"I received news which made it necessary for me to come at once," she replied; "a business matter; I will tell you later. We were at Mrs. Hosmer's—had to drive ten miles to the junction. When we got there the train was gone; I managed to have a special put on for me, though I was obliged to telegraph to New York to get it done."

"And you found no carriage at the station, here," Mr. Gresham said; "there is no train near this hour."

"No; but we had not to wait long," Mrs. Alderly replied.

"And your luggage, and your maid, and all the rest of the impedimenta?" asked Kenneth.

"Here comes Watkins, now," Miss Denham said, as a second hack made its appearance in the avenue.

They went indoors, all talking in that fragmentary fashion in which people do when they first meet, and, indeed, Mrs. Alderly was the only inwardly composed person among the four; her intense selfishness generally made her mistress of any situation. If she had visited her brother-in-law a month previous, and parted from him on the most amicable terms, she could not have been less agitated.

Then Miss Gresham appeared, a good deal frightened at meeting Mrs. Alderly, and shy of Florence's elegance; but the elder lady greeted her with a cordiality in which even Mr. Gresham's quick eyes could detect no trace of condescension; and Florence kissed her affectionately, and kept close to her, as if her presence was a relief.

"You must be hungry and tired," Mr. Gresham said. "I was out, so dinner has been delayed; I hope it won't be quite spoiled, Anne! Will half an hour's grace be enough, Mrs. Alderly?"

"We will only ask twenty minutes, just to give you a high opinion of our virtues," she replied, gayly.

The two ladies went away to the rooms which had been prepared for them, attended by Miss Anne and the housekeeper, and Mr. Gresham and Alderly parted, also.

As soon as Kenneth reached his chamber he opened his mother's letter. There was not a word about Elinor in it; no mention of having received his long epistle; no mention, either, of any business; she only said that she had decided to accompany Florence, and renew her acquaintance with her brother-in-law. Kenneth was more puzzled than ever; but he had no time to think about it; no time, either, to dwell upon his misery; he must dress, and go down-stairs.

The reaction in his mind toward Elinor had already begun; his mother's arrival rendered it impossible for him to go to her that evening; yet he must not leave her in suspense. He wrote a few hasty lines, as well as his hand would permit, stating what detained him, and promising to visit her on the morrow. His wrist became so painful that he was obliged to summon one of the men-servants to bandage it, and afterward assist him in his toilet, confiding also to his care the note for Miss Stuart, with strict injunctions that it should be sent at once, and an answer waited for.

The whole party was assembled in the library when he entered. Mrs. Alderly noticed the bandage—nothing ever escaped her. Kenneth saw her look at it; to his astonishment she made no remark.

"I hurt my hand awhile ago," he said, carelessly.

"I see you have. Nothing serious, I trust?" returned she, in a tone of materual interest.

But he met her eyes—he was perfectly certain that she knew already something of what had happened, and was horrified and shocked.

The dinner passed very pleasantly; Kenneth occasionally fell into gulfs of silence, but he was sure very soon to be made aware that his mother observed it, and would rouse himself to bear his part in the conversation.

Good old Miss Anne, never a great talker, was, perhaps, unusually quiet, for her thoughts wandered so much that she found it difficult to follow the different subjects which rose in turn. Her tender, womanly heart was full of sympathy for Elinor Stuart, and her helplessness to aid the girl—even to prevent the wretched gossip sooner or later from reaching her ears—rendered the spinster very miserable. Besides these distracting reflections, an undercurrent of wonder kept its course in her mind at the attitude between her brother and his sister-in-law; their calmness, to her sensitive nature, was something incomprehensible.

Mrs. Alderly could fill any *rôle* which she set herself; she had decided upon her line of conduct; adopted it

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from the moment of her arrival, and would not once fail to the end. She possessed a talent for insolence which could not be surpassed, and took in every shade, from haughty neglect to undisguised sneers, and that even more unendurable form of impertinence—the ability to deal tongue-thrusts without any appearance of dreaming that her remarks could wound.

But she had assumed her most charming manners, and when that was the case nobody could easily resist her. She never did things by halves; she desired not only to please Mr. Gresham, but she wished to impress on Kenneth that his verdict in regard to her brother-in-law had convinced her that she had underrated him, and desired to make amends.

When dinner was over the ladies left the two gentlemen to the enjoyment of their cigars, but these necessities of masculine comfort had scarcely been lighted when Mrs. Alderly re-entered the dining-room.

"Don't rise," she said; but of course they did, and she approached the table and seated herself. "Please go on smoking, Mr. Gresham; I like the odor of a good cigar."

He made some laughing reply, then stopped, for he saw that she was regarding her son with an expression of anxiety.

"You are thinking that Kenneth does not look well," he said; "but I assure you he has been in splendid health."

"Oh, he always is," she replied, with a troubled smile: "he is as satisfactory a son in that respect as in all others."

She leaned forward and laid her white hand on Kenneth's shoulder as she spoke; he put up his, and softly patted the jeweled fingers. That the pair loved each other was plain enough, and Kenneth's affection for his mother somewhat inclined Mr. Gresham in her favor; though he caught himself wondering that the strong will and pride they shared in common had never made trouble between them.

"I have brought some bad news," Mrs. Alderly continued, in her slow, incisive tones, "and it is better to tell it at once and get it over. I know you will excuse my annoying you with it, Mr. Gresham. I am certain your advice will be of service to us, so I am selfish enough to claim it."

"Bad news, mother?" exclaimed Kenneth.

"Yes; I got a telegram this morning, that was what made me hurry on," she replied, looking at Mr. Gresham.

"I am very sorry to hear it," returned he, with unfeigned sympathy.

"Do tell us what it is, mother!" Kenneth said, impatiently.

"There has been one of those terrible June floods on the Kanawha River. You know we own a tract of land there, Mr. Gresham."

"Yes; I remember."

"There has been great damage of property. Several people have lost their lives in the little village and neighborhood."

Mr. Gresham and Kenneth uttered a simultaneous exclamation of regret; then Kenneth asked:

"Did the agent telegraph?"

"That is the saddest part of it, Kenneth. Mr. Ransom was drowned in his efforts to save others."

"Oh, the poor man!" Kenneth cried.

"A most faithful, devoted person," said Mrs. Alderly. "His death is a great calamity not only to us, but to all who knew him. Such good men are rare. He had been in our employment, Mr. Gresham, for nearly twenty years."

"I remember hearing your husband speak of him, madam."

"I never saw him but once," Kenneth said, "but I liked him exceedingly; and he has done wonders with the property."

"And I had very slight personal acquaintance with him," rejoined Mrs. Alderly; "but I feel as if we had lost a friend. It is hard, Mr. Gresham, to come with such painful news, but I could not wait—it has made me quite ill."

She certainly had hidden her troubles very successfully; but Mr. Gresham was too much occupied with sympathy for the sufferers to remember that.

"I feel as if I ought to start for the place to-morrow," she said; "but the doctors have ordered me complete quiet—this troublesome heart of mine has been misbehaving sadly of late."

For twice a decade Mrs. Alderly had ruled people about her, when other means failed, by that hint, though except when its supposed weakness could be of service, she seldom recollected that she owned any such organ in her anatomy, and was quite unaware that her pretended fears had a real foundation.

"You must not go, mother," Kenneth said.

"No, dear; but you must—and you must start to-morrow," she replied, quickly, in a tone of regret.

"To-morrow!" Kenneth exclaimed.

"Yes. It would make us appear like brutes to lose a moment in showing our sympathy for those poor tenants of ours," she said. "I am right, Mr. Gresham?"

"Oh, yes. Kenneth ought to go."

"Of course," Kenneth assented; but he scarcely knew what he said. He was sorry for the people, but to leave at once—just at this time, too—perhaps without the chance of more than a moment's interview with Elinor!

"You will not have to remain long," Mr. Gresham observed.

"Not long," Mrs. Alderly added; "but there must be another agent found. Certainly ten days or two weeks will suffice."

"It is a sad break-up to all my pleasant plans; though I ought to be ashamed of that," Mr. Gresham said. "But you and Florence will stop, Mrs. Alderly, till Kenneth returns?"

"You are very kind," she said, evasively.

The talk went back to the sufferers. Kenneth sat almost silent; he was trying to think of them—he could not. To go now, at this crisis—oh, the proposed fortnight looked an eternity!

"The express reaches here about ten o'clock in the morning," he heard Mr. Gresham say.

Kenneth rose, and, murmuring some unintelligible excuse, left the room. The servant whom he had sent with his note to Elinor Stuart met him in the hall, and handed him a billet.

"I should have been back before, sir," he said; "but Mr. Gresham had given me some papers to leave at Mr. Cross's, and it is a good step down to his house."

Kenneth nodded, and the man passed on. He tore open the envelope, and read the lines it inclosed:

> "Do not come to me to-morrow; you and I have both need of reflection. I will see you the day after."

Chapter XIII.

To Kenneth's relief, his mother pleaded fatigue early; the little party broke up, and he was able to get away to his own roon

He was seated by the table, leaning his head on his hand, when the door opened softly, and his mother entered so noiselessly that he did not notice her presence till she reached his side and laid her hand on his shoulder, saying, with the gentlest inflection of her many-toned voice:

"Kenneth, my son."

"Why, you startled me; you came in like a ghost," returned he, with a poor effort at a laugh.

"Even if I were one, I should try not to haunt you at the wrong moment," she said, in that caressing voice. "I wanted to speak to you, and there will be no time to-morrow morning."

He rose and drew an easy chair forward, saying only:

"Sit down, mother; I am afraid you ought to have gone to bed at once, since you are not well."

"I shall be better after I have talked with you," she answered, as she seated herself, looking up at him with a smile which softened her haughty face into melancholy beauty. "What a tall fellow you are! Sit here on this footstool—that's right—as you used when you were a little boy; I like to remind myself of that time."

As he obeyed, she let her fingers drop upon his thickly clustering curls, then bent forward and kissed his forehead. She was an undemonstrative woman, and such evidences of affection were always very sweet to Kenneth; doubly acceptable at this moment, for they seemed a sign that she had not come in either an angry or reproachful mood.

"I received your letter, Kenneth," she said.

"But you did not mention it in your note."

"No; I was in haste. Besides, I knew I should see you so soon that it was better to wait."

"And what have you to say to me now, mother?" he asked.

"I think your heart must tell you," she replied. "There is only one thing of importance to me in this world—my boy's happiness."

He caught her two hands and kissed them with eager gratitude; for an instant a great joy surged up in his heart; his mother did not oppose her will against his wishes! Then came a pang, all the more bitter from that brief forgetfulness; the backward sweep of all his cruel agonies and doubts!

"You were very happy when you wrote," she went on. "I could see that only one faint shadow troubled you—a fear this worldly mother of yours might try to put her pride between you and the prize on which you had set your heart. And I am proud, Kenneth; but maybe it is a higher pride than you knew, my boy. I do think a great deal about birth; it is not strange, considering the line from which I came. It would be natural that you should also, and I know you do."

"Mother——"

But she laid her finger with gentle firmness on his lips, and continued;

"Let me tell you why I am proud—why you have a right to be—of your father's blood and mine. I may have seemed to give more weight than suits this republican land to the fact that both your father and I trace back to noble families across seas; but that worldly feeling was only surface-show—a pardonable womanly weakness. The real pride has another base. These ancestors of yours and mine were men and women whose lives shed lustre on their name; not merely their name on them."

"Mother!" he cried again, and there was a ring of poignant suffering in his voice, but she did not heed.

"Not a man among them who was not brave and honorable; not a woman who was ever sullied by so much as a breath of slander! That is my pride; and greatest pride of all, the constant, living joy of my life, that you, my son, are their fit descendant!"

How was he to speak? how could he tell the story that must be told by his lips, lest after his departure the coarse tongue of scandal should shed its venom within her hearing?

"I received your letter. My son, I shall not deny that it was a disappointment; a terrible disappointment! But let me do myself justice; not so much as for one brief instant did I dream of trying to stand between you and your happiness. Only one thing I meant to beg you to grant to my love—your mother's love, my boy; the strongest feeling she has ever known—that could never fail, never shrink from any sacrifice, however great; believe that, my son, believe that!"

"I do, mother, I do!"

She looked and spoke like a woman actuated by the lofty enthusiasm which has made martyrs; but every phrase was as artfully conceived, had been as carefully studied in advance, as the passion which some great actress portrays upon the stage.

"This was what I meant to beg my son to do for his mother's sake—his own sake—the sake of the woman who had charmed him: to give himself time to be sure that on both sides the feeling was real love—not the transitory romance whereby young people so often deceive themselves, but love which only grows stronger as life goes on; without which marriage becomes a fetter heavier than the galley-slave's chains."

He was about to cry out that this love had come to him—the recollection of the tale he must utter fairly paralyzed his tongue.

"I said, I can be certain that at least my boy has chosen a noble woman—his equal in mind and education—his instincts could not deceive him——"

"They have not," Kenneth interrupted; for the instant every doubt and fear gone. "They have not!"

Mrs. Alderly pushed him a little away, leaned back so that she could look in his face, and said, slowly:

"This is what happened—it is my duty to tell you; but you will explain."

She had heard—that certainty came back—she had heard!

"Explain?" he repeated, mechanically.

"We were waiting for a carriage to come for us to the station," she continued; "Florence was in the waiting-room, I walked up and down the platform. I heard a common porter talking with one of the common men about you; he said——"

"I know, I know," broke in Kenneth. "I knocked a fellow down this evening for being insolent."

He started up as he spoke; he must tell the rest; it was terribly difficult to find words; conscious that however much his heart might assert its faith in the woman he loved, he was searching to convince, not only his mother, but his own mind.

"For being insolent?" she said, inquiringly, after waiting a little for him to continue.

"Yes—to Miss Stuart," he said, rapidly. "She teaches the children of Mr. Gresham's work-people ——"

"Louis Philippe once taught school," his mother interrupted; "I told you that you had mistaken my pride."

"This fellow—this Hudson, was one of Gresham's men—he wanted to study, to improve; Miss Stuart gave him lessons."

"That was kind and right," his mother said. "Well?"

"He repaid her kindness by being insolent when we met him to-night—he was drunk, of course." Mrs. Alderly shuddered. "Mind you, he had been perfectly steady for a couple of years—Mr. Gresham liked him. It was only about three weeks ago the man got to drinking again, was discharged, has gone on from bad to worse. I

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don't suppose he is any more accountable in his present state for what he does and says than a Bedlamite."

Mrs. Alderly sat silent; her eyes were fixed on Kenneth's face; even if he had been calm enough to attempt it, he would have been puzzled to interpret their expression.

"So that accounts for your hearing that I knocked a man down," Kenneth added, with an insane hope in his mind that his meagre narration would satisfy her, and put an end to her questions.

She waited an instant, then said, in a choked voice, as if the words hurt her so that she could scarcely utter them:

"It—it does not account for what I heard. Oh, Kenneth, Kenneth!"

He felt himself grow scarlet; her mournfully passionate ejaculation of his name had such pain and suspicion in it that it stung him as if it had been the audible expression of the doubts in his own soul, against which he was fighting.

"What did you hear?" he asked, angrily.

"I must tell you—I must!" she moaned. "I can't soften it, I can't change it! Oh, it seemed as if the coarse words burned themselves into my heart like fire. This was what he said: 'That young schoolma'am has been making a nice business with her flirtings! She'd thrown Will Hudson over for that city chap, and they had a fight about her this evening. Will's badly hurt.'"

As Mrs. Alderly began to speak she raised her hands; ending, she held them up before her face, as if so overcome by misery and shame that she could not look at him.

Kenneth groaned aloud in anguish and wrath; he could not articulate.

"That wasn't all," she went on, almost in a whisper, still keeping her face hidden. "He said, 'A while ago, the young woman and Madge Anderson had a row. Madge heard what was going on—she ain't a girl to let her beau be taken away quietly; and it seems she scared the school-teacher pretty bad—or maybe she only pretended that to Will to get rid of him, and make room for her new rich fellow.'"

Mrs. Alderly stopped, and began to sob.

"Don't, mother—don't cry!" exclaimed Kenneth.

"I can't!" she groaned—"I wish I could. I feel as if tears would ease me; they're all burned up in this sense of awful shame!"

"As if these low, ignorant creatures did not always slander their superiors!" exclaimed Kenneth, answering not only his mother, but the suspicions which struggled in his own soul. "And they always repay kindness with ingratitude. I tell you that fellow Hudson is only crazy with drink; as for the girl, she is mad!"

"You knew, then, that Miss Stuart associated with these people?"

"What a word to use, mother!"

"I did not mean to offend you, Kenneth," she said, tremulously. "You knew that she gave these lessons—received the man at her house?"

He had to wait before he could answer. She dropped her hands now, and looked at him.

"Did you know?—had Miss Stuart told you?" she persisted.

"Not till to-day—she was telling me when that creature broke in on us," he replied, but could get no further. His mother interrupted him with a little cry of relief.

"Oh, then, Miss Stuart was able to give you a satisfactory explanation," she said, quickly. "Tell me, Kenneth—don't wait!—it wasn't true that the low creature had dared to make love to her—that this girl came to reproach her? Good heavens, Kenneth! why don't you speak?"

"Mother, I would stake my life—my soul—on Elinor Stuart's goodness and truth!" he cried.

"Then she did explain—you were satisfied! Why don't you answer, Kenneth? why don't you set my mind at rest? Oh, my boy—my boy! if you are satisfied, what is this I see in your face?"

She began to wring her hands and sob bitterly, though she shed no tears. This complete breaking-down was all the more terrible to him because it was the first time he had ever seen her give way in such a fashion. No matter what trouble or anxiety might beset her, he had never seen her self-control fail.

"I can't tell you, mother, unless you are quiet," he pleaded. "I'm confused and worried; I have suffered a good deal to-day——"

Then he stopped—he had not meant to admit this.

"Oh, you had heard these things—you had gone to her to ask for an explanation!"

"Yes, I had heard."

"But, how—how? If it was only the gossip of low work-people, how could it reach you?"

"Miss Gresham told me."

"Oh, my God, Kenneth! Then it was not talk merely among those low, ignorant persons!"

"Oh, mother, you drive me wild! Let me tell you—it's plain enough, only I'm stupid! It was so infamous—so unexpected! How could she suppose that her kindness would be so misinterpreted—receive such a base return? No more than Florence Denham could imagine that some poor wretch she was helping from charity would insult instead of thanking her."

Still answering the voice in his own soul rather than his mother—still crushing down his doubts under this passion of asseverations.

"Why won't you understand, Kenneth?" she said. "I am ready and eager to be convinced. Did I not tell you that your happiness is the dearest wish of my life? Don't you believe me?"

"Yes, mother—yes! God bless you! And I tell you that I love her with all my heart and soul! And she is worthy of it—oh, more than worthy!"

"Then all this miserable gossip can be stopped?" she cried, exultantly. "You frightened me; you seemed to suffer so that I feared—I feared—— But if you are satisfied——"

"Wait! I was not—more shame to me! Not that I doubted her—but I was angry. I had just heard from Miss Gresham what those people had been saying. I have had time to think now. But I must have hurt her. And now you want me to start to-morrow! How can I go? I must see her first—I must! And she has written to me not to come to-morrow. I sent her a line saying I would, and she begged me not. But I must see her; I cannot go away without doing that!"

"You don't mean you quarreled with her, Kenneth?"

"No, no! It was all so hurried; it seems like a dream! I met her on the common—I must have been harsh and cruel in my words and manner. She was just telling me, when this man came up; then after I knocked him down the girl came. I went to get help to carry the fellow away—he was insensible—when I got back Elinor was gone."

"My poor Kenneth; my dear boy!" his mother murmured.

She behaved so differently from what he could have expected, was so full of sympathy, so ready to accept his credence, that a great weight lifted from his mind. Somehow it was not only this; but as if her readiness gave the last blow to his own suspicions; as if he were having the verdict of unbiased general opinion brought in confirmation for Elinor.

Not a pulse of the woman's heart quickened; she saw her way clear. She had come prepared to act any part which might promise success to her determination to separate her son from this girl.

The conversation she had overheard at the station had been welcomed as a potent weapon ready to her hand. When she began to speak to Kenneth she had meant to use it differently; to show him that an impassable gulf had opened between him and this designing creature; but as she listened to his assurances that he believed in Elinor Stuart, she saw that doubt or opposition would only render him more headstrong. An easier, better plan suggested itself. Only get him off in the morning; give him no opportunity to see the girl again, and the matter was in her own jurisdiction.

"Think what she must be suffering, mother!" pursued Kenneth. "And she is a proud woman. If she feels that I doubted her even for a moment, she may refuse to forgive me!"

"My foolish Kenneth," said his mother, patting his arm and gazing tenderly into his face. "Oh, these men, they never can understand us women; they can't learn that we like to have something to forgive; that we only love the better when there is some sacrifice that we can make for their sakes."

"You dear, good mother!" he cried, kissing her forehead. "How can I thank you! so many mothers would have been ready to say I was blind and foolish."

"I can trust my son's intuitions. I know they could not deceive him," she answered. "But I cannot feign, Kenneth, I cannot hide my feelings; you must not blame me. It is dreadful to think that gossip should have come near her."

"Oh, mother, it was that drove me so wild! But don't you see how little she could have dreamed it would happen? Just her kindness and goodness led her into the mistake."

"Yes, Kenneth—yes; but other people must be made to recognize that. Oh, it is doubly fortunate that I came. You can trust your mother, my boy. She will find ways and means to set everything right."

"But I can't go without seeing her. A little delay can make no difference. I must see her!" he cried.

"Your being obliged to go is the luckiest thing that could have happened, Kenneth. You must go, too, without having any interview."

"Oh, mother!'

"Trust me!" she said. "Didn't I tell you that you men never understand women? If, as is possible, Miss Stuart is hurt or offended by any momentary anger or suspicion on your part, your seeing her now would only make her obstinate."

"But when she finds how grieved—how penitent I am?"

"No, no!"

"But to go without any explanation——"

"Am I not here to explain, my son?"

"Oh, mother, you will go to her—you will let her know everything?"

"Everything; and surely my seeking her will be the best proof she could have of your feeling for her."

"Oh, mother! I feel as if I had never appreciated you, much as I have loved you!" cried Kenneth. "I was afraid you might be vexed—might think, because the accidents of fortune had put her in a social position below ours, that—— Ah, well, you see I misjudged you. But you will forgive it?"

She patted his arm again, and smiled at him in reply.

"Do you know it is late?" she said—"and I begin to recollect that I am tired."

"Oh, I oughtn't to have allowed you to stop so long!"

"Could I sleep till my boy had set his mind and mine at rest?" she answered. "I saw you were suffering—I thought that dinner would never end! I hope I hid my distraction. Mr. Gresham is charming; the years have improved him greatly."

Kenneth accompanied her to her chamber. As he bade her good-night, she said:

"You can go with an easy mind, now. Remember, I am here working for you much better than you could for yourself."

"Yes, yes."

So they parted; and, when she was in her room, Mrs. Alderly stood before the mirror, smiling coldly at her own image.

"It was easier than I expected," she said, half aloud; "the rest will not be difficult."

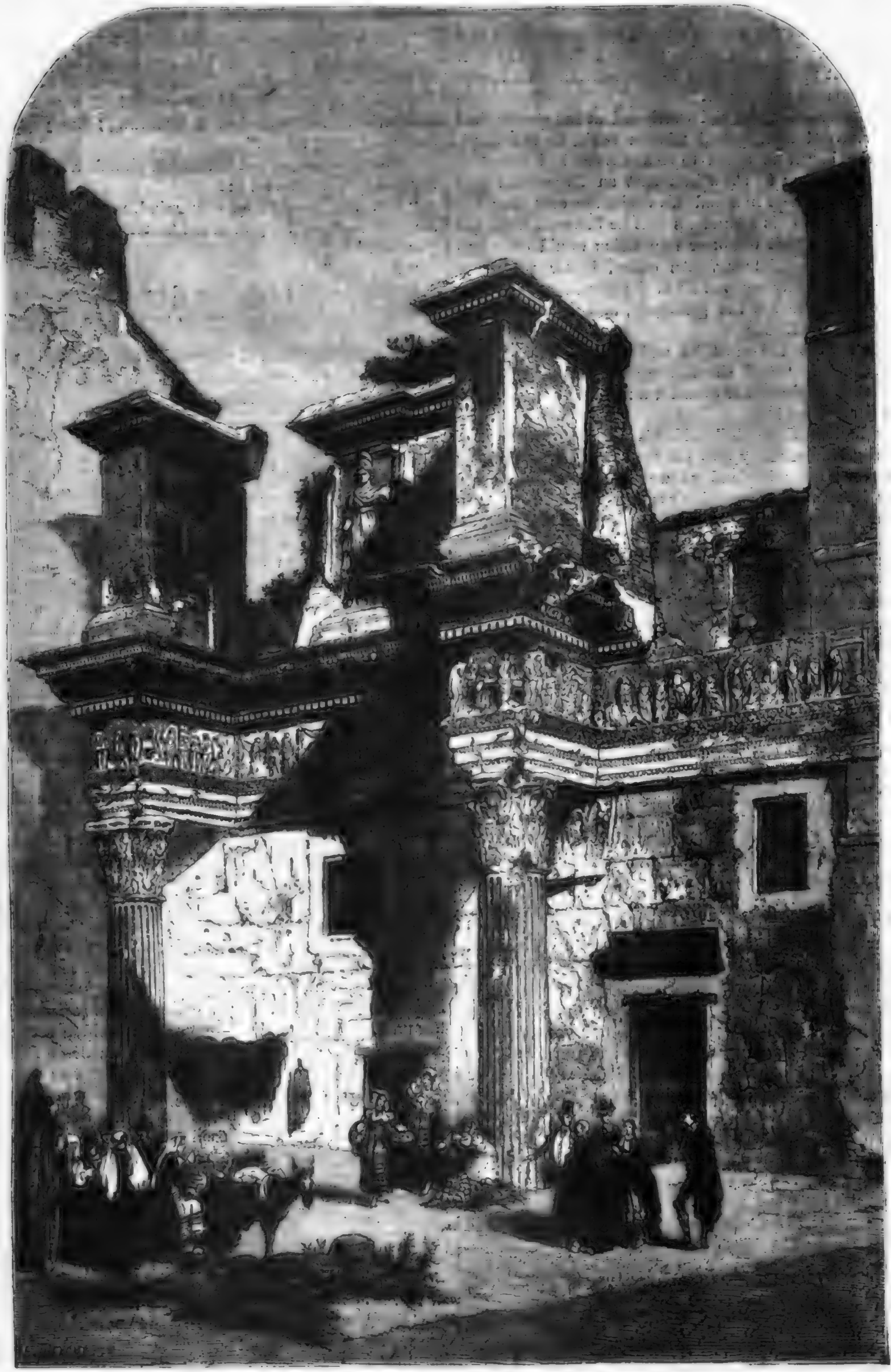
(*To be continued.*)

LE COLONNACCE, OR PORTICO OF THE TEMPLE OF MINERVA, AT ROME.

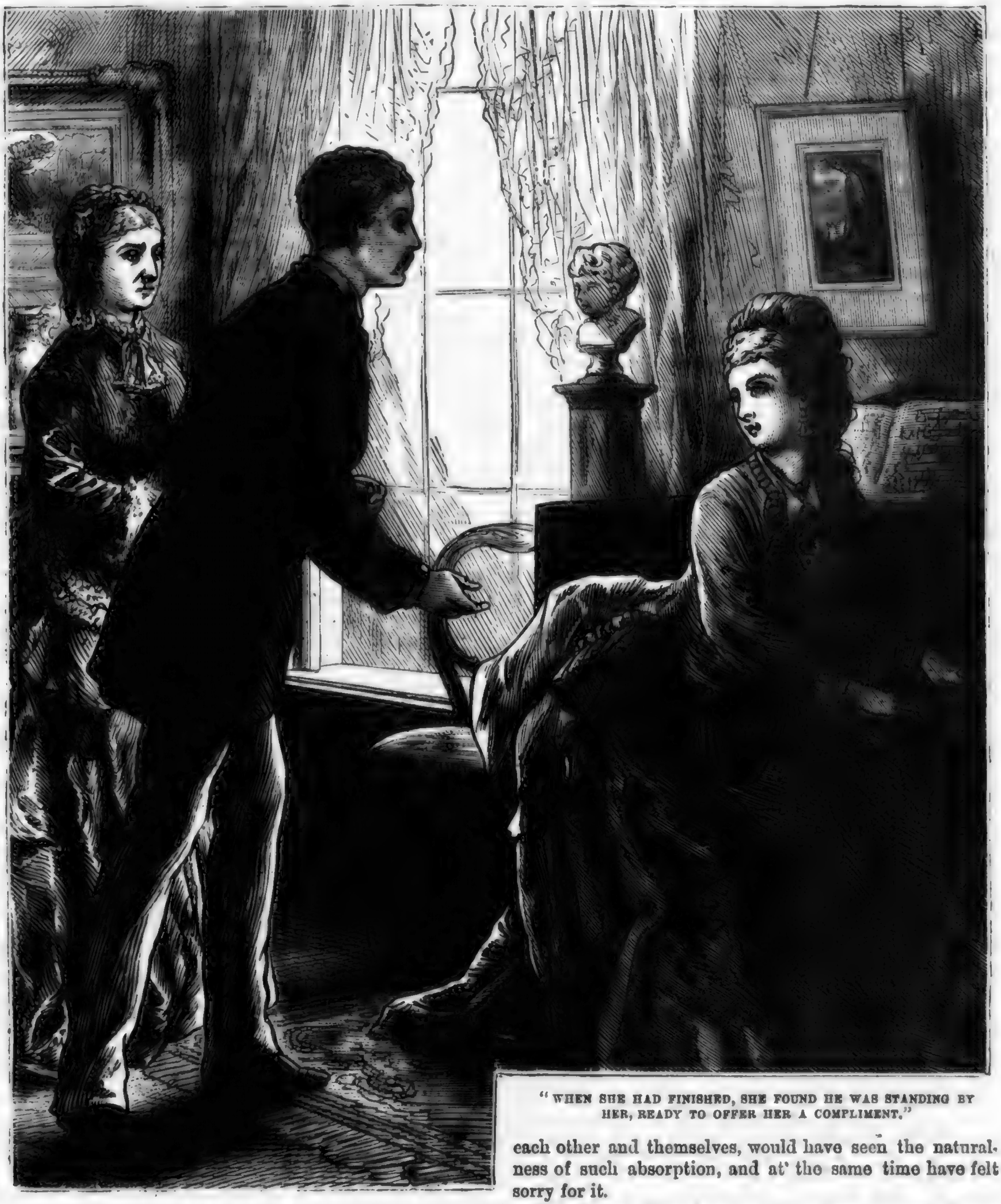
DOMITIAN, whose mad frenzies plunged Rome so often in blood, was a devout worshiper of the goddess of wisdom. He began the erection of a magnificent temple to Minerva in a new form, known, however, in later times, as the Forum of Nerva, who completed the shrine of Pallas Athene. A temple of Jupiter faced it, and the forum was studded with statues of emperors. Only the part shown in our illustration remains of the temple. It is commonly called by the people of that quarter Le Colonnacce, from the size of the two remaining Corinthian columns. They are of beautiful marble, fluted, but half buried by the accumulation of earth. The entablatures, very rich and ornate, are covered with bas-reliefs showing the arts invented by Minerva. This is surmounted by a magnificent standing figure of the goddess. The columns are apparently thirty-five feet high, and eleven feet in circumference. They stand in front of a wall of peperino, on which the capital of a pilaster is still visible. Among the figures on the frieze are females weaving; others weighing the thread, or measuring the webs; others again carrying the *calathus*; and a sitting vailed figure of Pudicitia. In the angle is the reclining figure of a youth with an urn of water. These columns are supposed to have formed a portion of a portico, or inner recinct of the Forum Transitorium, in the centre of which stood the Temple of Minerva, and of which not a trace now remains, although its hexastyle pronaos was still erect in the early part of the seventeenth century, bearing an inscription that it had been erected by Nerva in the second year of his reign. Pope Paul V. used part of the structure in building the great fountain on Mount Janiculum, which bears his name.

A SEA captain was brought before a justice in Marseilles, and mercilessly attacked by his opponent's lawyer. When at length he was suffered to speak, he said: "Your Honor, I ask a delay of one week in the proceedings, so that I may find a big enough liar to answer that man." His request was granted.

NEVER be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing and you will do it.



LE COLONNACCE, OR PORTICO OF THE TEMPLE OF MINERVA, AT ROME.— SEE PAGE 719.



"WHEN SHE HAD FINISHED, SHE FOUND HE WAS STANDING BY HER, READY TO OFFER HER A COMPLIMENT."

REMINDED.

By Annie Thomas, Author of "Dennis Donne," "Maud Mohan," Etc., Etc.

The day was full of the sweetness and light, the glory and warmth, that only Summer can shed over and extract from the land. Down to the left of the verdure-covered old vicarage-house (where the whole action of the portion of this story that I am telling took place), broad meadow-lands lay bathed in a purple haze—purple haze that spoke of intense heat in the open, and that made even the thoughtless young pair under the trees on the lawn grateful for the shelter afforded them.

Any one who had seen them resting there, absorbed in each other and themselves, would have seen the naturalness of such absorption, and at the same time have felt sorry for it.

For, though this dawning liking was natural, it was not fit. The girl was the third daughter of a poor country parson, who eked out an income by taking pupils; while the boy was the highly prized scion of a noble house. And still they were suffered to be together.

The young fellow of seventeen, though he had not come into his full heritage of manly beauty yet, was a very worthy idol, so far as appearance went, for a young girl to set up and worship. He had the slender, clearly defined, delicate form and features that belong to the handsomest race in the world—the English aristocracy.

There was that look of breed about the boy that is unmistakable. That look that never is seen unless blood and culture have aided in producing it. What wonder,

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then, that Ella Langton contrasted him with the well-to-do young farmers in her father's parish, and having done that, forthwith erected an altar in her heart whereon she worshiped Bernhard Annesleigh unceasingly ?

She was supremely happy this morning, for her mother had given her a half-holiday, to do what she pleased with. That excellent mother, on household cares intent, quite believed that Ella would go off for a stroll through some woods in the distance, as she had been wont to do on like occasions from her very little girlhood. But Bernhard magnificently commanded her to "stay and read poetry to him under the weeping-willow," and she was only too well pleased to obey him.

The sunbeams fell like shattered gold through the leaves, fell down brightly, flickeringly on the two young heads. The boy's, covered with crisp curls of dark-brown ; the girl's, crowned with such golden tresses as only fall to the lot of one woman in a thousand.

The masculine head reposed comfortably on the boy's own folded arms. The feminine one was bent down over a volume, from which she was reading poems at random.

"This is very jolly," Bernhard spoke, languidly, for the heat was subduing him.

His only reason for speaking at all was, that Ella had kept her violet eyes bent on her book for a long time, and he liked looking at them often.

He had his "taste's desire" at once. She lifted her silken fringes, and bent her honestly adoring gaze upon him, as she said, sympathetically :

"Yes, isn't it ! No lessons, and such sunshine——"

"And you so jolly pretty," he cut in, with a vast increase of energy. And then he withdrew one arm from under his head and flung it around her slender waist. For, though Ella was only sixteen, she was symmetrically and perfectly formed.

"Now you may go on reading," the young sultan said, as Ella acknowledged his caress by saying :

"Oh ! dear, Bernhard."

A rosy color had flushed the girl's lovely face. The thought that, perhaps, she ought not to let Bernhard Annesleigh treat her as he might his sister, crossed her mind, and clouded her happiness for an instant. Then, in her beauty and innocence, she blamed herself for even that thought, condemning it to herself as "dreadful." And then, in her confusion, she read on at once, selecting by chance the very poem she ought not to have selected. It was called "Long Ago," and deserves to be more widely known that it is :

"We were children together! Oh, brighter than mine
  Are the eyes that are looking their love on you now,
And nobler than I are the maidens that twine
  The scarf for your breast and the wreath for your brow.
Be happy, my brother, wherever you will,
  Good speed to your courser, good luck to your bow:
But will you not—will you not think of me still,
  As you thought of me once long ago—long ago?

"We were children together! I know you will dream
  Of the rock and the valley, the cottage and tree;
Of the bird on the brake, of the boat on the stream,
  Of the book and the lute, of my roses and me.
When Pleasure deceives you, and young Hope departs,
  And the pulse of Ambition beats weary and low,
My brother, my brother, come back to our hearts,
  Let us be what we were long ago—long ago."

Her voice had faltered more than once in the reading, and he had watched her confusion, and enjoyed it with half-laughing malice. Boy as he was, he knew so well what was in the young girl's heart. He quite understood her sudden shame. He thoroughly realized how keenly the dread that he might go away and forget her, cut Ella Langton.

"Look at me, Pet," he said, with authority.

"I—I am looking for something else," she stammered.

"Look at me, and confess ; aren't you sorry you read those lines, because they describe your own situation and feelings to a certain degree ?"

"Bernhard, don't be so rude and cruel."

He had taken her chin in his hand, and turned her face toward him. And she knew that her face was telling the truth—that she loved him dearly.

"My own Pet," he said, more softly and seriously, "I shall never go away and forget you—trust me for that."

Then he reared himself up and kissed the little face, that was rich with happy blushes now, and Ella was well content to believe him.

"I shall have you painted by Walton," he said, presently, lying back and regarding her critically.

"Shall you ?" She was blushing with half unconscious pleasure at the way in which he was assuming the right to direct her, and manage for her in the future. "Who is Walton ?" she went on. "Is he anybody I ought to know about ?"

"He's the fashionable portrait-painter. Of course you ought to know about him, Pet. Only, how can you, while you're shut up here ?" Then he went on to tell her that "Walton" had painted his two sisters, both of whom were great beauties and celebrated belles, and both of whom were married to peers of the realm. "They were the youngest brides of their respective seasons," he added. "Ida was only sixteen."

"My age !" she exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Yes, by Jove ! you *are* sixteen ; but my sister Ida looked much more of a woman. She had no end of offers ; but my mother knew that St. John would come on at the end, so she kept Ida free."

"It was lucky your sister didn't care for any of the others," Ella suggested, timidly.

"She did, though ; she was an awful goose about one fellow, Bartie Friel ; but he hadn't the requisite. The best of the joke is, that he's St. John's cousin, and introduced St. John to Ida ; he thought " (the boy paused and laughed lightly at the absurdity of it)—" he thought that Ida would win old St. John's liking, and get him to give Bartie something good ; but Ida won more than old St. John's *liking*—she won the title and coronet."

"And his heart ?"

"His heart ! I don't know about that. He's popularly supposed to have lost his heart thirty years ago to my mother."

"Then he must be quite old," Ella questioned, in angry surprise. "Tell me, Bernhard, is he quite old and gray ?"

"Of course he is. He's fifty, and Ida's eighteen."

"Poor thing !" Ella ejaculated, with honest pity.

"Very few people call Lady St. John 'poor thing,' I can tell you," he replied, laughing. "She's the leader of the best coterie in town."

"Poor Mr. Bartie Friel !" she then said, softly.

The boy's face clouded.

"Bartie Friel is——"

He stopped abruptly, and she asked, with interest :

"'Is' what ?"

"Never mind ; I can't tell you, Pet. Something you ought not to hear until you're a fashionable lady," he added, half sneeringly ; then he ended by saying : "He's not half such a good fellow as old St. John, after all."

They were summoned to luncheon soon after this, and Ella went in dreamily, her head being full of faint outlines of the romance in real life of which Bernhard's sister Ida was the heroine.

The dining-room of that picturesque vicarage was as dreary an apartment as drab furniture and dingy-papered walls could make it. Nature had done so much for the room, too, by throwing garlands of French honeysuckle and blush roses half across the lattice windows. And through these floral shades the sunbeams fell in flickeringly—in the dancing, graceful way in which sunbeams do play through leaves. But, alas! all beauty and grace came to an end here. The coarse, crude, time-worn, children-torn furniture could not be beautified even by the sunbeams.

We are so apt to accuse the mistress of a house with "want of taste," if her household surroundings are ugly and stiff and soiled. But how can a woman with an empty purse and full hands drape windows artistically, and polish up her household gods perpetually?

Poor Mrs. Langton had not solved the difficult question of how this was to be done. She had seen things fade and grow more and more dilapidated year by year, and she had made strenuous efforts to repair them.

But repairing is not replacing, and things had been meagre even at the beginning, so now it was but a small wonder that an air of dull though decent poverty should reign over everything inside the house.

It may be asked, "But with daughters who were grown up, should the care of beautifying, or attempting to beautify, the hopelessly unbeautiful, have been left with the already overworked mother and manager?" The answer is simply this: The two elder girls were winning their own way in the world as governesses. And Ella's education was incomplete, and she was only sixteen.

Truth to tell, Ella had never troubled her handsome little head about any of the shortcomings of her home before this awakening day. But now, when she sat down to luncheon, something about the arrangement of the table—something about the dinginess of the room, something about the aspect of everything, struck her as being sordid, and utterly inharmonious—utterly out of keeping with the refinement there was in Bernhard Annesleigh's atmosphere.

Her meditation on this subject was put to flight abruptly.

Her father spoke in agitated tones—the tones his poor wife so well knew portended fresh anxiety, fresh struggles, fresh combats with poverty.

"Bernhard, I have had a letter from Lady Annesleigh this morning," Mr. Langton began. "She thinks that the sooner you go to Oxford the better."

Mr. Langton's voice trembled ominously.

Bernhard's going to Oxford meant the direct loss of three hundred a year to the poor, overtasked vicar of Elmham.

It is needless to recapitulate here all that was said and done, and thought and felt, after the keynote of separation was struck.

In the midst of the boy's natural delight in the proposed change, there crept a pang of regret at the inevitable parting with Ella.

Pleasure and sorrow were delicately blended in his heart, and they filled the situation with emotional interest, that was a new sensation to him. But in Ella's heart, it was all pure sorrow, unmixed with the lightest shade of pleasure.

He was leaving her, but he was going to Oxford—going to be a man, going to begin life; and in these facts he found compensation for leaving her. But she only felt that she was losing him. For her there was no compensation either in the present or the future. Bernhard was going away!

With the unselfishness of a girl's first love, she never once thought of censuring him ever so slightly for not feeling this approaching separation even as she felt it.

It was natural, she thought, that boys should long for and revel in the commencement of their emancipation from the trammels of their boyhood.

Especially was it natural that Bernhard should do so. Light as her father's rule over the lad was, still it was rule, and Bernhard was born to be free, if ever human being was so.

Thus she reasoned and argued with herself against her regret at his going, and went on regretting just the same.

The positive difference in the household arrangements, which would be necessitated by the loss of that sum which Bernhard represented to her mother, never occurred to Ella.

She was too young and loving to cumber herself with domestic cares, or take thought for the morrow of domestic life.

It did not strike Bernhard that he ought to say something more definite than he had said to the girl, whose whole horizon was darkened by the shadow of his departure.

The lad meant loyally and lovingly, and so, when he kissed her on the lips, and put a little twisted gold ring on her finger, he thought that he had done all that was needful.

When the time came for fellows of his order to marry, he should marry Ella; meanwhile, it was useless to talk about it. And Ella unconsciously relied upon the fidelity he did not pledge; but still thought far more impatiently of that "meanwhile" than he did.

So the day came for them to say good-by, and the boy went out into the world, where a thousand fresh interests sprang up like flowers in his path, making it beautiful. And Ella went about the old vicarage-house and gardens, and found the days very long and eventless, now that there was no Bernhard to enliven them.

Lady Annesleigh wrote a courteous letter to Mr. Langton, thanking him for the care and attention he had bestowed upon her son. And Bernhard himself wrote a note to Ella, during his first term—a letter which the girl prized next to her twisted gold ring, though there was little in it save accounts of his feats on the river, and the prowess of a certain well-pedigreed puppy.

She answered it with all the hearty sympathy, all the frank confidence of a child.

And then it ended.

Gradually the old vicarage-house, and all the occupants of it, faded from his mind. Life was full of bright promise for him, and he had no time to look back.

He finished his college career with more than credit. He was a touch more than clever, and his impetuosity stood him instead of perseverance, and carried him well on the road he had chosen.

By the time he was five-and-twenty, he had done such good service to Government, by the subtlety and skill with which he had carried through a delicate negotiation, that Government recognized his claims magnificently, and gave him a good home appointment.

Bernhard Annesleigh had made his mark, and the mothers of daughters regarded him kindly.

The years had flown with him—the seven years since he had said good-by to Ella Langton. But they had not flown with her. They had dragged along wearily.

The first three were peaceful enough, though they were burdened by dullness and poverty and illness. Still they were spent in her own home, among her loved "own."

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But the last four had seen her knocked about from one family of strangers to another, now as companion, now as governess, for her father and mother were dead, and all Ella inherited from them was a patient, brave, faithful heart.

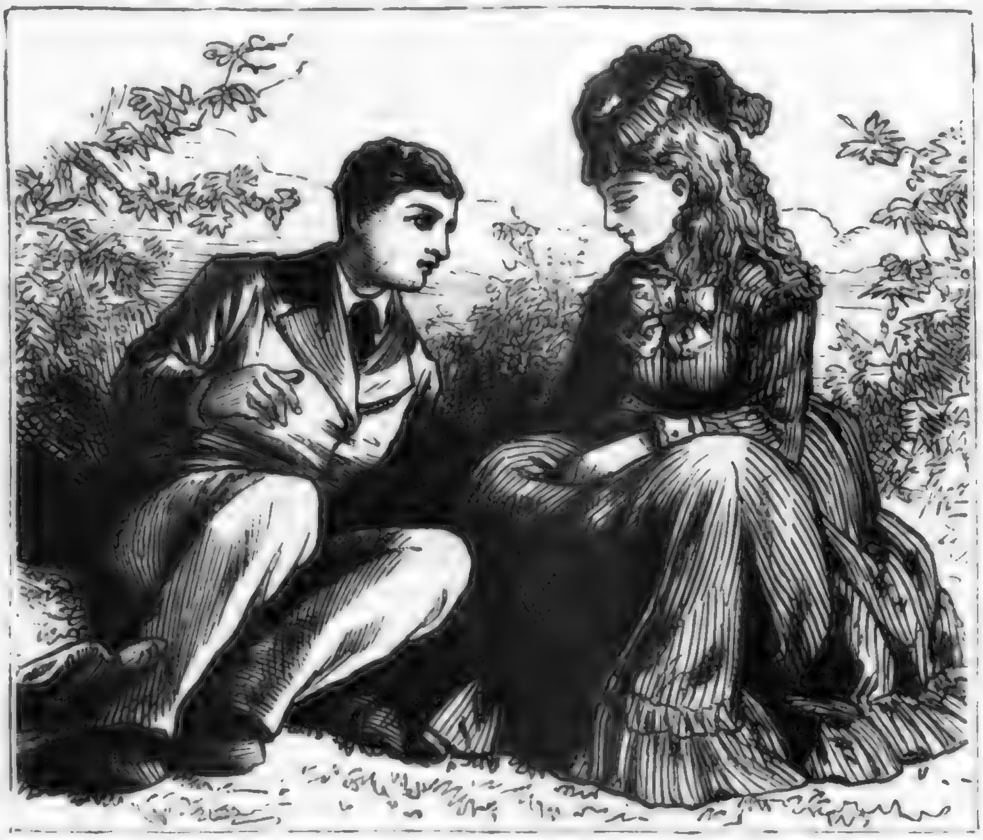
There had been no lack of lovers during these years—lovers ready to "woo an' marry an' a'," if she would only have forgotten that early dream, and left off that little twisted ring. But she could not bring herself to do either.

She clung as tenaciously to her old memories as she did to that frail little pledge of the affection Bernhard Annesleigh had forgotten. And so she preferred working her way on, wearily enough.

The years had matured the beauty that had been very bright and bewitching even at sixteen.

"She was far too beautiful to be a governess," all the men said.

Poor Ella's heart panted sometimes to show Bernhard the beauty that others prized so highly. Surely if he could see her, he would remember Elmham, and their love.



REMINDED.—"THE SUNBEAMS FELL LIKE SHATTERED GOLD THROUGH THE LEAVES—FELL DOWN BRIGHTLY, FLICKERINGLY ON THE TWO YOUNG HEADS."

Her present occupation was a congenial one to her in many ways. She was acting as secretary and amanuensis to a lady who insisted on being literary, and who, luckily for Ella, was really fond of reading good works.

This lady was a sufficiently bright and clever woman to be able to collect around her a brighter and cleverer circle; and the ability to do this proves no inconsiderable talent.

It was while mingling with this circle that Ella heard the name of her old love again, for the first time since their parting, seven years before.

"Bernhard will be here in an hour, my dear Mrs. Chalons," Ella heard, and looking round, she saw that the speaker was a stately matron, with Bernhard Annesleigh's eyes.

"His mother!" she thought, with a thrill, as she obeyed an irresistible impulse, and got herself nearer to Lady Annesleigh, longing to speak to her, to touch her, to do her some service, however slight, for love of unforgotten Bernhard.

Suddenly the fact that he would be before her in an hour recurred to her, and the thought of how he would feel and look and act upset her self-possession, and made her falter in the advances she was about to make to Lady Annesleigh. But Lady Annesleigh, who was very keen on beauty, had already marked her.

"Who is the girl with the crown of gold?" she asked of the hostess.

And the hostess, who was proud of her well-selecte library, and her handsome companion, answered:

"My secretary, Miss Langton; quite a jewel. I wouldn't have her in the house for the world, if I had a son."

Lady Annesleigh laughed easily.

"Those fears are quite out of date; men are so much wiser than they were. What does she do?"

"Everything."

"And how does she do it?"

"Magnificently. I hope no one will discover her value, and rob me of her. She saves me all trouble, and sings like a prima donna, for thirty pounds a year."

"Make her sing now," Lady Annesleigh said, putting up her glass.

And at the same moment Bernhard came into the room. Ella felt as if the words, "Bernhard, don't you know me?" were painted on her face, as, after speaking to Mrs. Chalons and his mother, he turned and scanned the form and features of the girl, who wore his twisted ring on her finger.

"A golden beauty!" was his thought, as he let his gaze travel away from her. "Never seen her before."

It was a relief to her just then that Mrs. Chalons came up with the polite command: "My dear, will you sing?"

The acute agony she experienced at his non-recognition could not have been borne in silence. She must either have laughed or cried out. Heaven help the women who laugh in their anguish! They suffer more than those who weep.

As she must do something, she felt that it would be as well to sing. And so she got herself away to the piano.

As she seated herself, and took off her gloves, she stole another look at him, and he was looking at her admiringly. His lips had left a kiss on hers that had never been brushed off! And he had forgotten her! Oh, the pain and shame of it!

She plunged into something, and sang it well, though every fibre trembled. When she had finished, she found he was standing by her, ready to offer her a compliment. And again she turned her great violet eyes upon him, and he did not know her. The little ring shone in the lamplight on her slender finger, for Ella never killed it by wearing another. And he admired her fingers, and never noticed the ring.

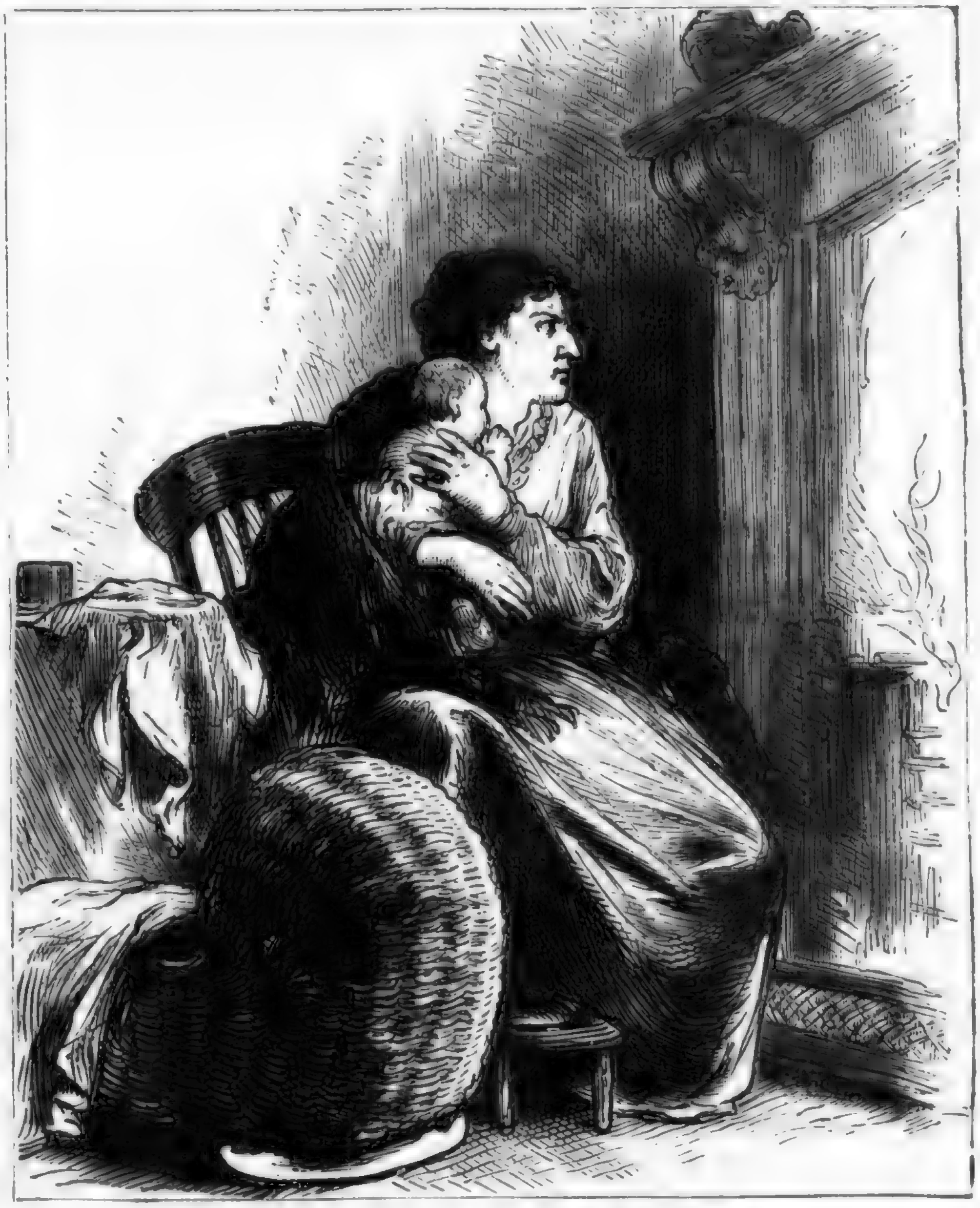
He spoke to her of her masters, of those who had trained her voice, discoursing about them and it intelligently. Her voice reminded him of a queen of song whom he had heard in Vienna, and he "never forgot a voice," he said. "Would she sing again? He would like to remember hers."

How dear he was to her, in spite of all his cruel unconsciousness! How desperately dear! How she hated Lady Annesleigh for coming up just then, and putting her hand on her son's arm, and telling him that she must "take him away." How she envied the mother—how she loved the son!

"I am to hear one more song, and then I am at your service, mother. You will sing again, will you not?" he pleaded. And Lady Annesleigh backed his request with:

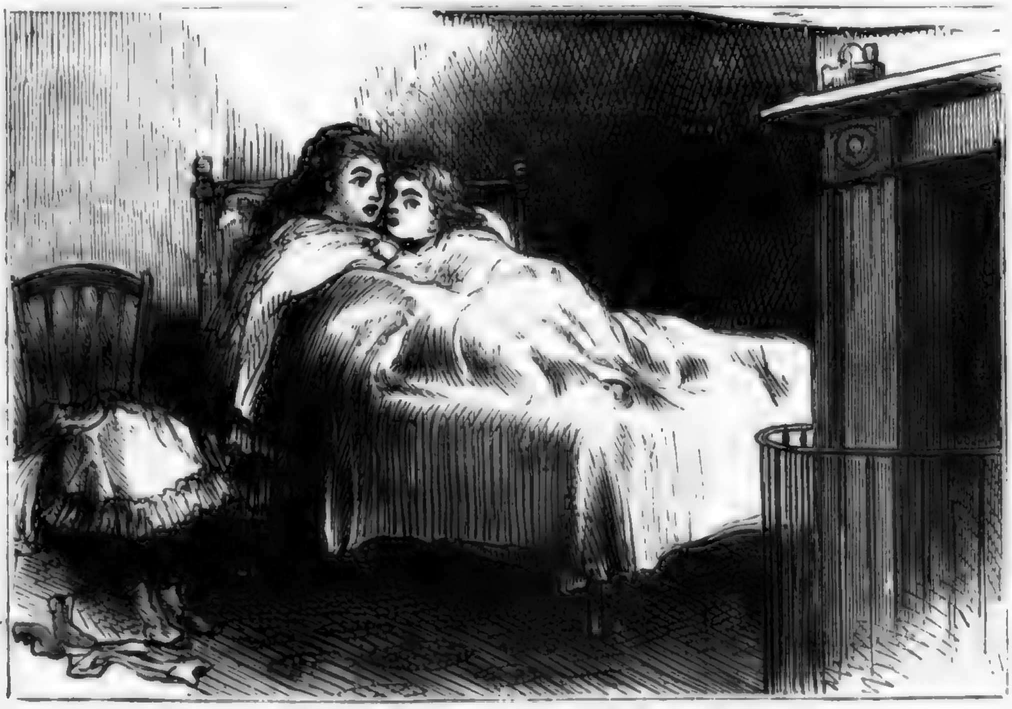
"It was asking too much, but do!"

She could not resist the impulse. Before her, as she battled with it for an instant, rose the scene, and the actors in it. The day that was full of all Summer glory, warmth, sweetness, and light. That velvet lawn, and weeping-willow, and rose-covered vicarage, and the splendid boy-hero to whom she had read Praed's poems. She could not resist the impulse. Come what would, he should be reminded of it, too.



WHAT THE CHIMNEY SANG.—SEE POEM, PAGE 727.

"And the Woman stopped, as her babe she tossed,
And thought of the one she had long since lost."



"And the Children said, as they closer drew,
'Tis some witch that is cleaving the black night through."

And so, when her pearly notes, in all their purity and clearness, next smote his ears, they fell on the words:

> "We were children together! Oh, brighter than mine
> Are the eyes that are looking their love on you now."

And, after one eager, gasping glance, he exclaimed:

"Why, it's Ella—Ella Langton!" and her song was at an end.

It would be pleasant to have to record that, as she was revealed to him, so his love for her returned without delay. But mine is a true tale, and, therefore, I cannot wrest facts to my own pleasure in any such way.

As he recognized her, he admired her immensely, and remembered that, even in her girlhood, she had not been gawky after the manner of girls. But he entirely forgot that he had loved her then, or that he had acted in such a way as to teach her to love him.

There was not the slightest approach to that high misdemeanor in social life—a scene. His self-possession was so perfect, so natural, that Ella at once recovered her own. True, she ceased singing the instant he exclaimed, "Why, it's Ella—Ella Langton!" but even his mother could find no fault with the slow, sweet smile, and very gentle inclination of the head with which the clever companion greeted her father's former pupil.

"Let me introduce you to my mother," he said, at once.

And then Ella found herself made known to Lady Annesleigh, who complimented her on the possession of a charming voice.

He did not notice the ring. As soon as she realized that he was absolutely without recollection of what she had supposed them to be to one an other, Ella took care that he should not see it. She slipped on her glove, and when that was on, she felt safer.

But she need have had no fear. He had forgotten the episode of the ring, as utterly as he had forgotten the words he had spoken when she read the poem under the willow-tree years ago—the same poem she had sung to-night.

Presently he asked for her father, and Ella had to ice herself in order to avoid breaking down, as she replied that he was dead.

He admired her very much. It was quite a treat to meet with that genuine golden hair in conjunction with such intensely violet eyes. She was altogether "good form, too," he told himself, and he lazily wondered if she were married? She had not corrected him when he introduced her to his mother as "Miss Langton"; but that might be solely due to the fact of her having lived long enough in the world to have discovered that it is not worth while to correct any one for anything.

She was dressed well, too. Bernhard liked women who dressed well. He recalled a vision of her in old days, climbing up a tree to get apples for him, in a torn dress and a ragged garden-hat.

"Are you living in town?" he asked.

"I am living here with Mrs. Chalons—and I must go and attend to some of my duties," she said, rising, and smiling at him just as composedly as if her heart had not been fearfully nigh to breaking with revived love and bitter disappointment. She had pictured meeting him in a thousand ways, but never like this—never like this.

He turned to his mother as Ella crossed the room.

"She must have made a sensation when she came out," he remarked.

"My dear Bernhard, 'a daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair,' as she is, she has never come out or made a sensation, as you seem to think. She is and has been a governess or companion all her life, I suppose. But she is really a beautiful woman."

"Magnificent! I was in hopes she was married, that I might have seen more of her. She used to be a clever girl, I remember."

Then there was a fresh arrival. Lovely Lady St. John, the leader of the wildest, gayest, most daring set in town, entered, and in another minute a smile flashed round the friendly circle as Bartie Friel lounged in.

Of all obnoxious spectacles on the face of the earth, this one of her reckless infatuation was the most obnoxious to Lady St. John's brother. He was fond of her, proud of her beauty, well inclined to believe that there was, as she used to assure him, "no harm" in her intimacy with "poor Bartie."

But he could not endure the looks that were looked about the affair. And in exact proportion as he loved his sister, he loathed Bartie Friel.

So now, with a sterner face than Lady St. John's aspersers cared to smile into, he proceeded to take leave of his hostess, and bow himself out of the room. As he was doing this, he heard the man he most disliked in the world—the man who was callously compromising Ida, ask:

"Who is that with the jet in her hair? The loveliest woman out!" and as Bernhard heard this, he remembered that he had not said good-by to "the loveliest woman out," who was no other than his old friend and playfellow, Ella Langton.

He made his way back to her, and some little delay being caused by the increasing crowd, by the time he reached her side Bartie Friel was engaging her in conversation.

A sharp, angry spasm of annoyance—he could not define the cause of it—seized Bernhard Annesleigh, and he turned away and left the house without giving another word to Ella.

Well, it was over, and it was over without her having derogated from her feminine dignity at all. There was a certain amount of satisfaction in this, but the dubious satisfaction was not balanced altogether by the keen anguish she felt at that utter forgetfulness of his.

"After this, I can never wear his ring again," she thought, and she tried to take it off. That ring had been given to her as a pledge, and he had forgotten that he had given it.

That night the ring and his one letter were packed up together and carefully put aside. She could not make up her mind to destroy them, though something told her it would be better to do so. But "just a little longer," she pleaded with this instinct of hers. And so "just a little longer" she kept them.

Mrs. Chalons prided herself upon "living in a whirl." She went everywhere and received every one, and so Ella—her beautiful companion—was very much before the eyes of that portion of the world who constituted Mrs. Chalons's "set" at this juncture.

Further, Mrs. Chalons had "no prejudices," she was fond of averring, and so Bartie Friel, who was rather a black sheep by this time, received a warm welcome whenever he chose to come to the house.

He was a black sheep, but he was a marvelously attractive one, and so people talked about him, and about what he was doing and what he might be expected to do.

His admiration for Miss Langton did not remain a secret very long. Every one heard of it. Among others, Lady St. John and Bernhard Annesleigh. And the hearing caused the woman agony, and put the man in a passion.

It is greatly to be feared that every one is afflicted with that baleful thing—a too communicative friend. At any rate, Lady St. John was so afflicted, and thus it happened one day, when Bernhard was quietly having a cup of afternoon tea with his sister, that they learnt from the lips of this friend that "Mr. Bartie Friel was positively going to marry that Miss Langton who lived with Mrs. Chalons."

Lady St. John received the tidings with the utmost *sang froid*.

"Is he?" she asked, indifferently; and the friend replied in a friendly manner:

"Yes. I wonder he has not told you."

What could the "married woman" do but acquiesce in that wonder faintly?

"Bartie Friel marry that girl!" Bernhard Annesleigh exclaimed, the moment he was alone with Ida. "She shall know what he is before she's a day older. Why, she's a *good* girl. The fellow would shock her out of her life or her reason."

"Oh, Bernhard, spare him!" she muttered; "don't malign him."

Bernhard scowled.

"Then spare *me*," she pleaded, in a lower voice. "I know how you blame him, but spare me; let him marry her if he loves her;" and then she began to cry bitterly.

He would make no promise, but went away from her, feeling sorely distressed. Was she not his own sister?

"Poor girl," he thought, bitterly; and then he remembered the other one.

At least, he would go and hear from Ella Langton herself if there was any truth in this vile report. He could not help calling it a "vile report," as he reflected on some portions of Bartie's career, and contrasted them with all he knew of Ella.

"Why, I was in love with her *myself* when I was a lad," he thought; and he wondered if Ella marveled anything about that!

An hour later he was inquiring for Miss Langton at Mrs. Chalons's door, and hearing that she would receive him.

She was quite as composed as on the occasion of their meeting that night, which has been narrated—quite as composed and quite as beautiful. He could not bear to see her become a prey to a fellow like Bartie Friel.

"On the score of old friendship, I am going to presume greatly with you, Miss Langton," he began.

She opened her eyes.

"Haven't you forgotten the old friendship yet? What a wonderful memory!"

"I have not forgotten the old friendship, indeed," he replied, gently; "it prompts me to say something that you may not like to hear."

He paused, and her treacherous heart began to beat. But she was mistress of herself. His ring and his letter were nestling in her bosom all the while! And he could coolly speak of old "friendship."

"Men differ from women with a vengeance," she thought; "he has *kissed* me, and he asks if I have forgotten our old friendship."

"They say you are going to marry a man of whom you can know very little," he began, softly, and her face and heart grew like stone; "tell me, is this true?"

She made no answer, and he thought:

"She is resenting my interference; she has forgotten how fond I was of her when I was a boy, and she looks upon this as mere impertinence."

Nerving himself to the task by the thought of all he knew about Bartie Friel, and all he feared about Bartie Friel, he resolved:

"He shall never have her. The splendid creature, she deserves a better fate than to be a worn-out *roué's* wife;" and he spoke, warming with his words: "You're astonished at my presumption in interfering. I feel sure of that. But, Ella, I can't forget the old days when we were children together. Can you?"

She bent her head down lower, and he could not see her eyes; but he went on:

"You have forgotten a great deal, Ella; but I will remind you, and then you will feel that it is more than mere friendly interest that prompts me to interfere." Memory jogged him at this juncture, and he went on, glibly: "You may have forgotten how I loved you, darling——"

"Have not *you* been the one to forget?"

"On my faith, *no;* not now, when I see you again," he protested, ardently; and then, as he clasped her in his arms, she showed him the ring and the letter, and sang the last line of that reuniting song:

"Let us be what we were long ago—long ago."

WHAT THE CHIMNEY SANG.

By Bret Harte.

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the Woman stopped, as her babe she tossed,
And thought of the one she had long since lost,
And said, as her tear-drops back she forced,
"I hate the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the Children said, as they closer drew,
"'Tis some witch that is cleaving the black night through—
'Tis a fairy trumpet that just then blew,
And we fear the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the Man, as he sat on his hearth below,
Said to himself, "It will surely snow,
And fuel is dear, and wages low,
And I'll stop the leak in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
But the Poet listened and smiled, for he
Was Man, and Woman, and Child—all three,
And said, "It is God's own harmony,
This wind we hear in the chimney."

THE LOSS OF THE "KENT."

The *Kent* East Indiaman, Captain Henry Cobb, a fine new ship of 1,350 tons, left the Downs on her voyage to Bengal and China on the 19th of February, 1825, having on board 651 persons, consisting of 344 soldiers of the 31st Regiment, with 20 officers, 43 women, and 66 children, private passengers to the number of 20, and a crew, including officers, of 148 men.

The vessel bore down the Channel with a fine breeze from the northeast, and losing sight of the English coast on the evening of the 23d, entered on the Atlantic. On the 28th, when in latitude 47° 30′ north and longitude 10° west, she was met by a violent gale, which continued increasing, and compelled her, on the 1st of March, to lie to under a triple-reefed main-top sail only. Being partly laden with shot and shell, the ship rolled heavily, dashing about the contents of the cuddy, to the no small alarm of the passengers.

Shortly before noon, one of the officers went below, and in the endeavor to secure a spirit-cask which had got adrift, stove the cask, and set the spirits on fire. In an instant the whole of that part of the after-hold was in flames; and though every exertion was made, both by soldiers and sailors, to subdue the fire by pumping, by pouring in water, and by the application of wet sails, it spread rapidly, and soon volumes of smoke were seen issuing from all the four hatchways at once. Seeing the imminence of the peril, Captain Cobb ordered the lower decks to be scuttled, the combings of the hatchways to be cut, and the lower ports to be opened. So instantaneously were these orders obeyed, that some of the sick soldiers lying below, one woman and several children were drowned before they had time even to endeavor to escape,

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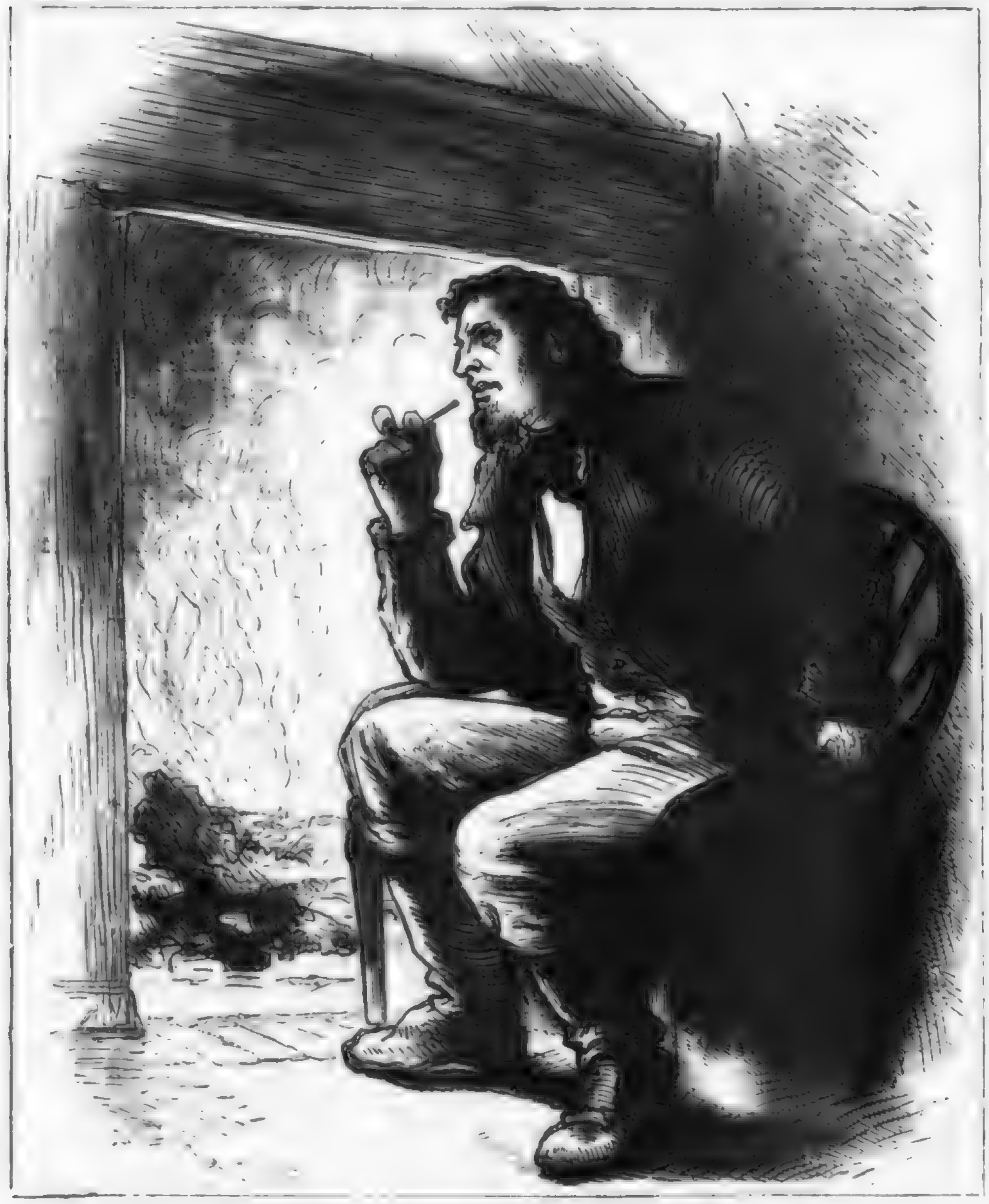


WHAT THE CHIMNEY SANG.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 727.

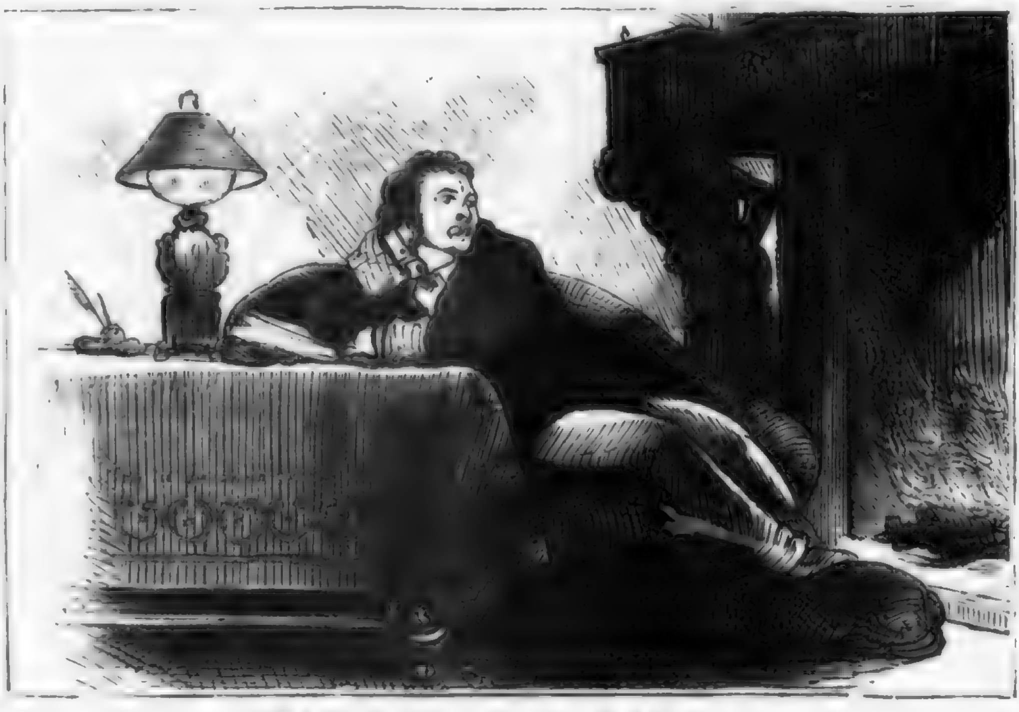
"And the Man, as he sat on his hearth below,
Said to himself, 'It will surely snow.'"

Meanwhile the waves beat furiously against the ship, and in one of the heavy lurches which she made, the binnacle was wrenched from its fastenings, and the whole apparatus of the compass dashed to pieces on the deck—an accident of most ominous import to some of those who witnessed it. At this moment Mr. Thompson, the fourth mate, sent a man to the fore-top to look out for a sail. As all eyes were watching him with unspeakable anxiety, the sailor waved his hat, and sung out: "A sail on the lee-bow!"—a cry which lightened every heart, and was responded to by three cheers from the deck. Up flew the flags of distress, and the next moment the minute-gun was fired, while the *Kent*, with all the sail she could safely make, bore down upon the stranger. From the violence of the gale, the guns were not heard; but the dense smoke from the burning ship told her sad tale, and in a few minutes the stranger was seen hoisting British colors, and crowding on her canvas to hasten to their relief. She proved to be the brig *Cambria*, Captain Cook, bound to Vera Cruz, and having on board twenty or thirty Cornish miners.

Captain Cobb, Colonel Fearon, commanding officer of the troops, and Major Macgregor

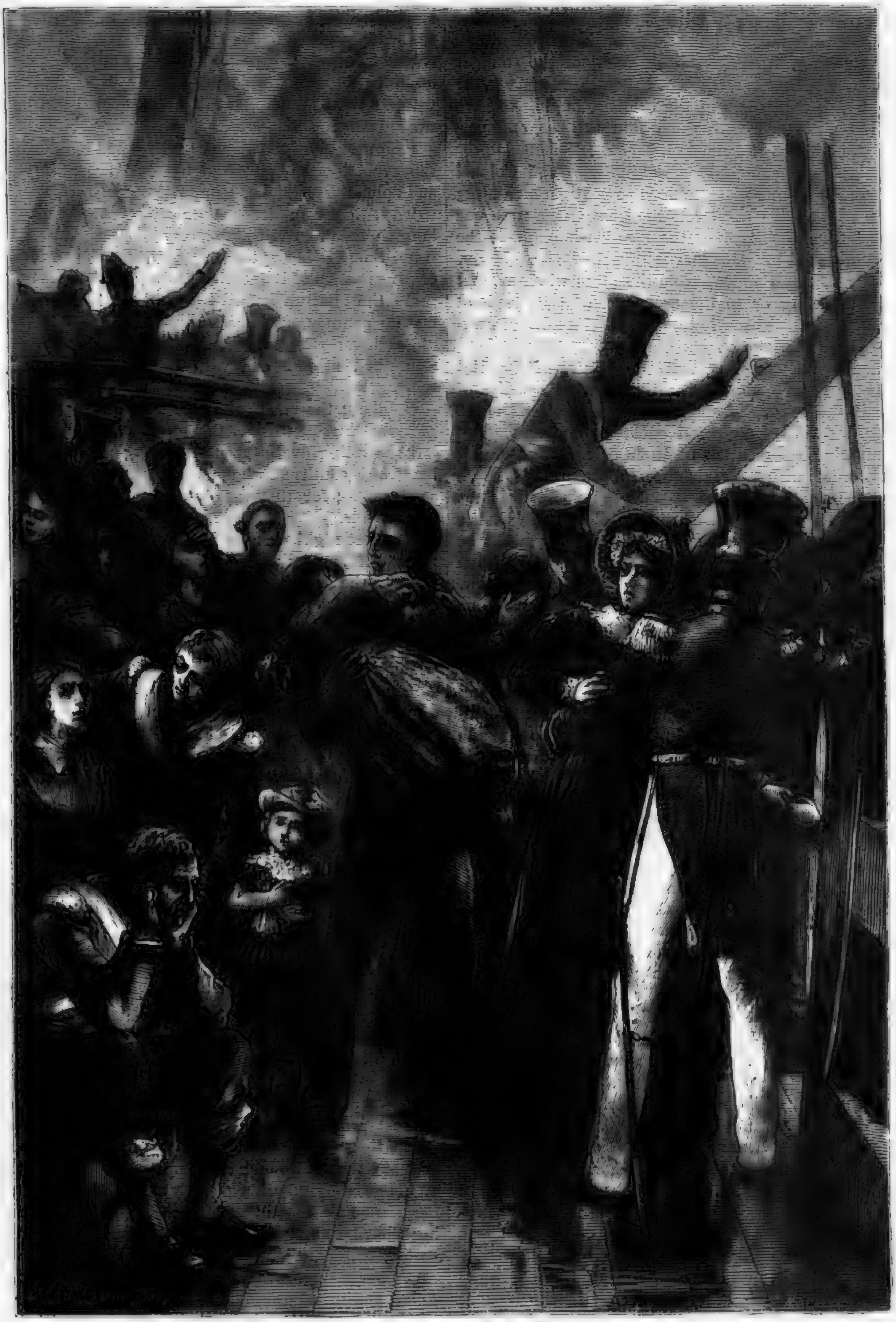
and others were suffocated by the smoke. The water checked the flames, but the ship became water-logged before the ports could be again closed.

A heart-rending scene ensued. From six to seven hundred human beings crowded the upper deck, and nearly the whole were in a state of indescribable confusion and terror. Some staggered from their berths nearly naked; some, panic-stricken and reduced to a condition of stupid insensibility, gazed vacantly around; and others, despairing, shrieked aloud for aid; while a number of older soldiers and sailors seated themselves doggedly over the magazine, with the expressed wish for a speedy termination of their sufferings. Some sank on their knees in silent prayer.



"But the Poet listened and smiled, for he
Was Man, and Woman, and Child—all three."

of the 31st, now consulted on the necessary preparations for getting out the boats; and it was resolved that the officers should move off "in funeral order"—the youngest first. Orders were issued at the same time by the colonel, that any man should be cut down who should dare to enter the boats before the women and children had left the vessel; an order which in the result happily proved superfluous, owing to the general subordination and discipline that prevailed.



THE LOSS OF THE "KENT."

The cutter was now got ready, and the lady passengers, with as many of the soldiers' wives and children as she would contain, were put into her, and she was lowered.

She reached the *Cambria*, and, to the unspeakable relief of the husbands and fathers who watched her course, deposited her precious cargo in safety.

As it was impossible, owing to the heavy sea, for the boats from the *Cambria* to come alongside the *Kent*, the remaining women and children had to be tied together, and lowered by ropes from the stern. Many of the younger children were, however, drowned before reaching the boats. Seeing this, some of the soldiers, hoping to save their children, leaped with them into the sea, and perished in the attempt to swim to the boats.

As the fire was extending, Captain Cobb and Colonel Fearon grew more and more anxious to get their men away from the wreck. To accelerate the transport, a rope was suspended from the head of the spanker-boom, and the men were directed to slide from it into the boats. Many, in preference, chose to leap from the stern windows, and trust to swimming or to the assistance of rafts made of hencoops, which had been lowered to form a kind of communication with the boats.

It was not until evening that the officers of the 31st began to leave the ship, with their several parties of soldiers, in the boats. Throughout the day, they had set the example of discipline and coolness, one and all of them emulating the conduct of their colonel, and acting under his orders with the same cheerful promptitude as on ordinary occasions.

Before darkness set in, most of the sailors had left the ship, and now the soldiers, in order that they might be distinguished in the gloom, bound pieces of white linen about their heads ere committing themselves to the water.

Between nine and ten o'clock the *Kent* had settled so low in the water, that it was evident she could not float for many hours longer. The remaining soldiers hesitated in the darkness to commit themselves to the rope hanging from the boom; and Captain Cobb, unable either by threats or persuasions to induce them to proceed, was compelled, with the remaining officers of the 31st, to provide for his own safety. It was not until the guns were heard exploding in the hold, and after every argument had been tried in vain to rouse the poor fellows, who seemed struck dumb and powerless with dismay, to make one effort for their preservation, that the gallant captain let himself down into the boat, having first seen the officers of the 31st, who so nobly stood by him to the last, accomplish the perilous descent. In doing this, Colonel Fearon had a hair's-breadth escape from death, being several times dashed by the waves against the side of the boat, once drawn completely under it, and only drawn into it at last by the hair of his head, dreadfully bruised and almost senseless. Not long afterward the flames burst forth from the stern windows, and all further escape by the boats was cut off. Some twenty of the soldiers yet remained in the chains and rigging, too panic-stricken to do aught for their own safety, while some few wretched individuals were below, senseless with drink.

Soon after the last boat reached the *Cambria*, the flames which had spread along the upper deck and poop of the *Kent* ascended with the rapidity of lightning to the masts and rigging, forming one general conflagration that illuminated the heavens to an immense distance, and was strongly reflected on several objects on board the brig. At length, the fire having communicated to the magazine, the long-threatened explosion was seen, and the blazing fragments of the once magnificent *Kent* were instantly hurled, like so many rockets, high into the air; leaving, in the comparative darkness that succeeded, the deathful scene of that disastrous day floating before the mind like some feverish dream.

TYROL AND THE TYROLESE.

By W. Seton.

One Summer evening, in the year 1878, I found myself standing on Maximilian Bridge, the newest and finest of the bridges which span the River Isar, in Munich. Beside me, leaning against the stone parapet, was my friend, John Upton, a talented art-student from Australia, and we were both watching a raft which floated swiftly toward us.

"How skillfully that man and woman guide it through the rapids," I said. "And by the feathers in their hats, and splendid physique, I know that they are Tyrolese."

"Ay, they come from those shining mountains which I long so much to visit," answered Upton, lifting his eyes from the darting, plunging raft, to the far-off, snow-crowned peaks of the Tyrol, flaming in the sunshine.

On the spot we agreed to spend our holiday in that romantic country, and accordingly, two days later, we set off, each carrying an alpenstock—a long and strong staff, sharpened at one end with iron—and an extra pair of shoes.

Up along the banks of the Isar we trudged, following a pretty path which skirts the riverside, happy as the skylarks warbling overhead, and passing many a raft steered by strong youths and buxom maidens with spirits as light as our own; for they sang as they floated by and waved their hands.

The first night we rested at a peasant's hut, on the battlefield of Hohenlinden; then, up betimes next morning; and on the evening of the third day, very fagged and hungry, we came to the village of Charnitz, deep in the mountains, and where the Isar is so narrow that I was able to jump across it. We were not long in finding the inn, which, let us observe, was in every way worthy of its name—it was christened The Angel. And at The Angel we drank the last good beer for several weeks.

The innkeeper's daughter, Moida by name—which means Mary—waited on us at table; a most fortunate thing, for her large, expressive black eyes tempered our appetites, causing us to look at her well-nigh as often as we looked at our plates; otherwise we might have eaten a surfeit of the nudel-soup, sausages, sauerkraut and chamois steaks which she had spread before us.

In Charnitz we spent Sunday, and the church, which is frescoed on the south side with a gigantic picture of St. Christopher bearing an infant—our Saviour in disguise—across an angry torrent, greatly interested my artist companion.

On either side of the church door lay some skulls, one of them with a name scratched upon its forehead; while in the centre of the graveyard, or, rather, God's-acre, rose a pile of bones in the shape of a pyramid. A grave here may be occupied only for seven years. When this time has expired the bones which have not yet crumbled to dust are reverentially taken up, sprinkled with holy water, then added to the ancient pile above mentioned; so that one may go and contemplate a bit of the skeleton of his great-grandfather; and we saw after Mass a number of people kneeling round these hallowed relics, telling their beads and praying for the souls of the dear departed.

Of course there was a ninepin alley connected with The Angel, and thither we betook ourselves after dinner.

"Is this keeping holy the Sabbath Day?" inquired Upton, with a twinkle in his eye, as he watched a young woman holding in her strong, sunburnt hand a ball, which she was about to roll at the pins.

"Well, I noticed this very girl at church," I replied.

"She prayed hard, so now let her play hard, for to-morrow she will be making hay and working harder than you or I."

Doubtless this lithe, handsome creature did, indeed, pass a good deal of her time in the open air, for she was exceedingly bronzed by the sun. She may likewise have been a little of a coquette, for a silver arrow was run through her dark braids, as if Cupid had shot at her without wounding, and left his missile entangled amid her tresses.

The venerable curate of Charnitz, who was a spectator of the game, informed us that the women of Tyrol lent their fathers and husbands much assistance in gathering in the crops and tending the sheep and cattle, and when the good man had done singing their praises we no longer wondered at their sunburnt hue; while as for their spirit and bravery, we know that Andreas Hofer, in his gallant struggle against the French and Bavarians, at the beginning of our century, found the women of these mountains almost as good fighters as the men—they could handle a pike about as well as a pitchfork.

Among the throng which had assembled near the ninepin alley the beer flowed freely—the same mug often serving for youth and maiden—and this communion of lips, we may well believe, was not only the more economical, but likewise the sweeter mode of sipping the beverage. What sighs, what sacred vows, were breathed into the mugs! The priest told me that such sympathetic potations not seldom ended in the building of a new cot on the mountain-side.

"For my people," said he, "marry early. We have no bachelors among us, and I am glad of it."

From Charnitz, Upton and I continued our way to Innspruck, the capital of the Tyrol. Its name signifies Bridge-across-the-Inn; for the city stands on either side of the River Inn. Here we visited the tomb of the patriot, Hofer, in the Church of the Franciscans. From Innspruck we footed it to the ancient mining town of Schwartz, which is situated in the middle of the Innthal, the fairest valley of the Tyrol. At Schwartz, instead of putting up at an hostelry, we found quarters with a miller, whose mill, three centuries old, stands on the edge of the Lemmbach, a roaring, dangerous stream, which rises far above, amidst the snow.

With this worthy miller we tarried a week, my companion making sketches, while I amused myself studying the simple, contented peasants round about us. One of them, Adolph Kirkmeyer, invited me to dinner. I dared not refuse, albeit my appetite was keen, and I knew that his noonday repast would not half satisfy me.

This good man's home is conspicuous for an immense cross, traced in white tiles, upon the roof; while inside I counted several crucifixes hanging on the wall. Alas! I cannot praise the dinner. It consisted of a big wooden bowl of broth, out of which each one helped himself in turn. There were no plates, but I had the honor of a spoon all to myself. Whilst I was eating I surveyed, with curiosity, Kirkmeyer's healthy children, and I concluded that it must be the pure air they breathed, and the moral lives of the parents which gave them such robust health; it certainly was not their diet. A weakly child would soon go to God's-acre under such treatment; nature would weed it out. And I asked myself whether not a little of our modern dyspepsia and want of vigor were not owing to our hothouse nurture, which permits the puny being to grow up and propagate its puniness.

One day I climbed to the summit of the Kellnerfoch, a mountain between seven and eight thousand feet high, and the highest within twenty miles of Schwartz. The path runs by Kirkmeyer's door; and his son, a boy of twelve, volunteered to be my guide. On the way up, at well-nigh every hundred yards I passed a crucifix with a bunch of wild-flowers fastened to it. I also met three or four Franciscan friars. Likewise a man and a woman, each laden with a basketful of rosaries, prayer-books, and other objects of devotion.

Young Kirkmeyer seized the hand of one of the friars and kissed it. And when presently I asked why he had done so, he replied: "Because he is a priest, and a good friend, too."

There was much in this response. To rightly understand the Tyrolese one must never forget the sandal-shod, rope-girdled friars of St. Francis, who have made this land, so to speak, their spiritual hunting-grounds. Everywhere you meet them; in the deepest valleys, on the loftiest pasture grounds, fording wild torrents, braving the avalanche.

But not only do they bring religious consolation to the mountaineers. They likewise carry the news of the day to those who otherwise would know little or nothing of what is going on in the great, busy world below. They are walking books and newspapers. And as the precepts which these indefatigable men inculcate tend to make the peasants chaste in their morals, as well as content with their toilsome lot, I am no longer surprised that suicide and insanity are scarcely known in the Tyrol, and that not in a long day's march will you discover a female who is not virtuous.

I doubt if I ever passed a happier day than this day—climbing the Kellnerfoch. When we reached the height of about two thousand feet, we began to hear the tinkling of cowbells, and on almost every rock we espied a goat wagging his beard at us. A new flower, the spotless Edelweiss, now made its appearance, and my guide gathered me a bunch, and sticking it in my hat, exclaimed:

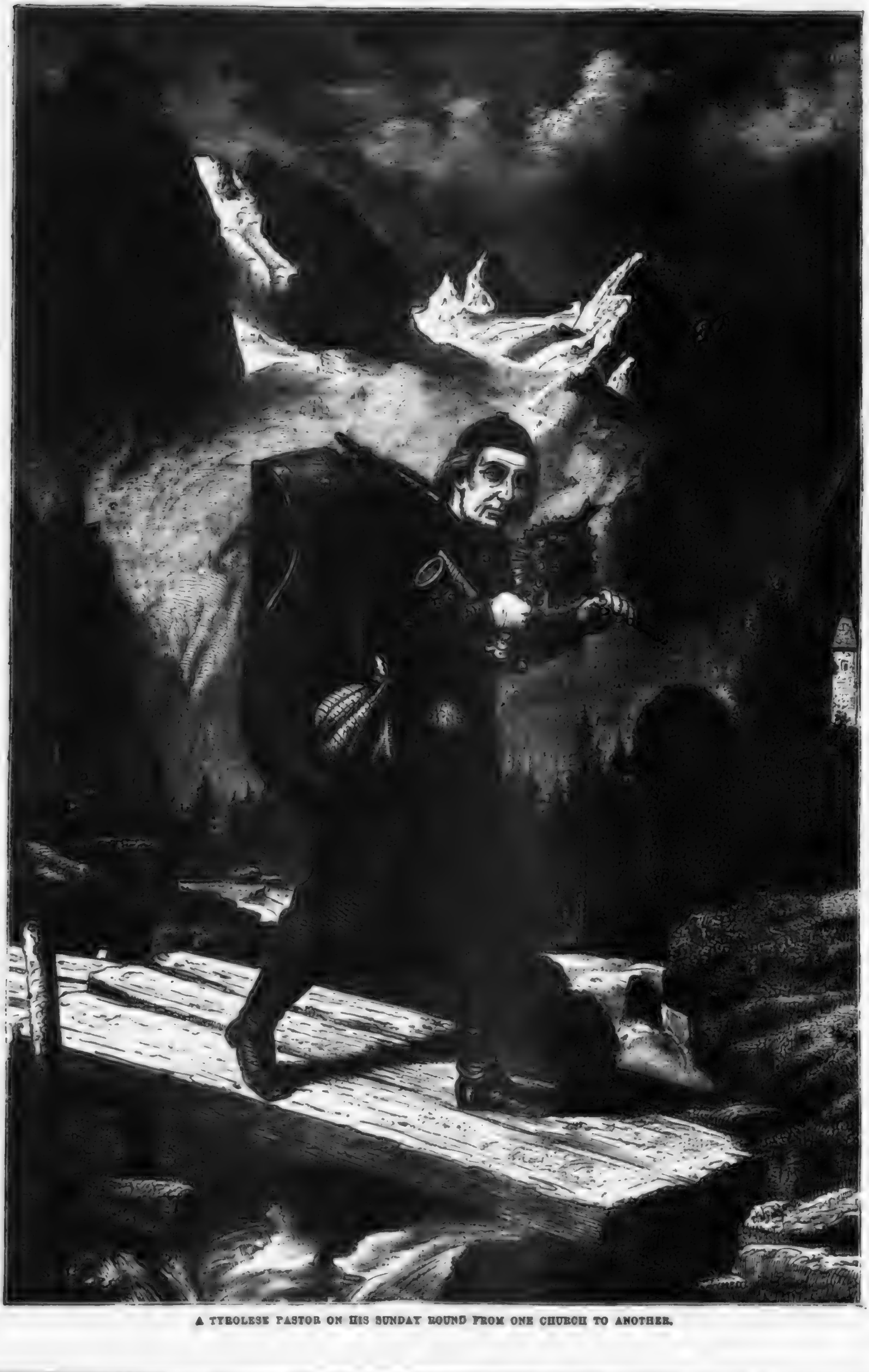
"Now thou art a Tyrolese!"

At one of the cabins where we paused to drink a glass of milk, I heard for the first time a *zither* played. This is a stringed instrument, not unlike the guitar; but instead of being held in the hand, it is placed on a table.

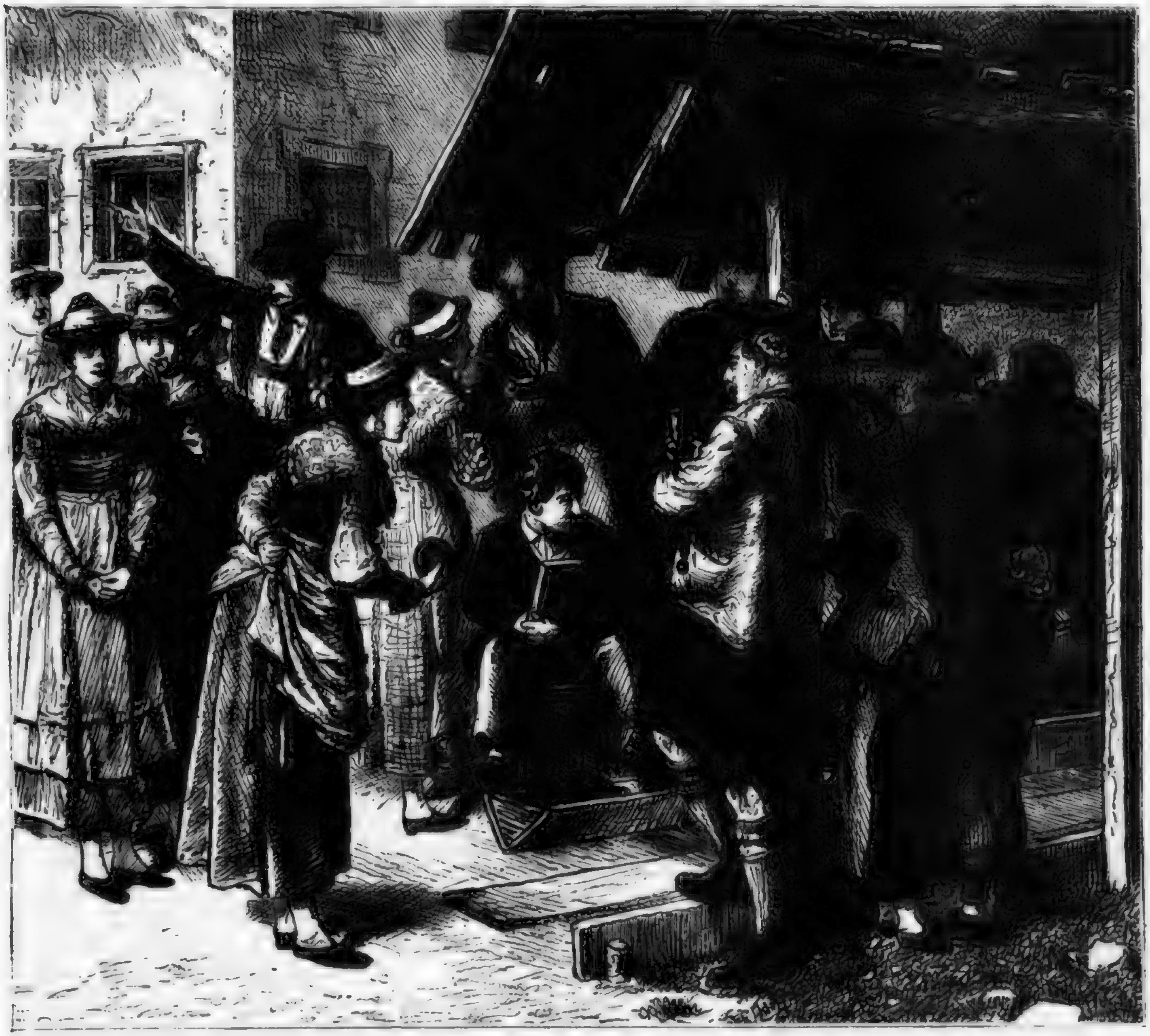
The herds of sheep and cattle which were grazing around us had been driven thither only a few days before, and were to remain until the middle of October. At this altitude, flies do not worry them, and the grass keeps fresh and green.

How I felt in this remote, reposeful spot—in the midst of happy shepherds and listening to the *zither* and cowbells, I can scarcely describe. A temptation came over me to settle here, to become a shepherd, and never, never move away. Still, far above me, I beheld the glowing peak of the Kellnerfoch—a wreath of snow encircling it, while rising up out of the snow was a cross, which I was told had been erected many years before by a prayerful chamois-hunter.

Two hours more of hard climbing brought us to the summit of the mountain, and I may truthfully say that the view—the grand view! well repaid me for my toil. But not being used to such severe exertion, I presently threw myself down by the chamois-hunter's cross, and rested and mused until the sun was verging toward the chain of mountains lying west of the Innthal. But I was not sorry that I waited until it was so late ere I turned my steps homeward, for this was the 24th of June—St. John's Day—when the mountaineers are in the habit of lighting bonfires at dusk on every conspicuous point; and these fires they keep burning all through the night, in honor of St. John the Baptist, who heralded the coming of the Messiah.

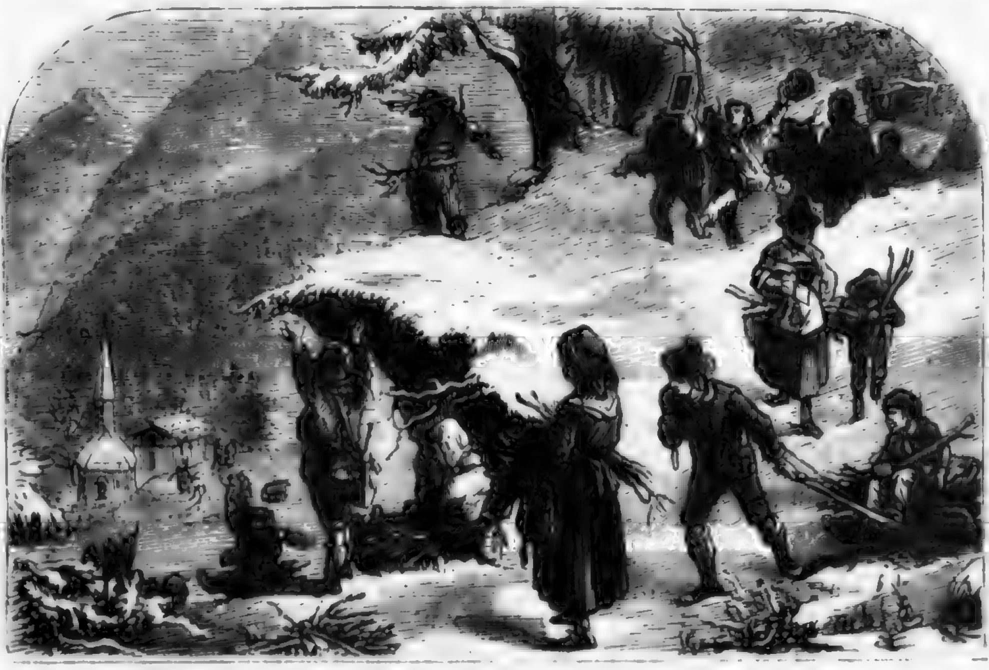


A TYROLESE PASTOR ON HIS SUNDAY ROUND FROM ONE CHURCH TO ANOTHER.



PEASANTS AT A BOWLING ALLEY.

I counted more than a score of bonfires as I descended; and by the time I got to the mill, where I found my friend anxiously waiting for me, the Angelus bells were ringing in every direction. It was like a breeze of music blowing wildly and dying away in sighs. The bonfires, flaming far and near, seemed to have taken voice—perhaps some star, or many stars were singing, and this was the distant vibration of their chorded strain.



A WINTER SCENE IN THE TYROL.

I was loath to bid adieu to Schwartz. But as Upton wished to cross the Brenner Pass, and visit Botzen and the Dollamites, I yielded to his wishes; and accordingly, after having spent seven days at the mill, we turned our faces southward.

Wherever we went we met the same happy, God-fearing people, and the more we saw of them, the better we liked them.

The Tyrol has been populated from ancient times by free peasants, who earn indeed a scanty livelihood. But they are frugal and industrious; and at

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one spot we actually saw a young fellow cutting grass in a meadow which was so very steep that he was obliged to secure himself by a rope fastened to his waist.

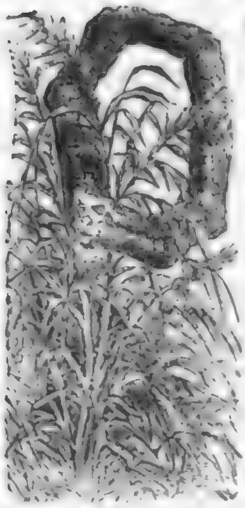
Since 1363, the country has formed a part of the Empire of Austria, which guaranteed to it certain rights and privileges, and these it has ever since jealously preserved.

In every village is a school which children are obliged to attend; and the University of Innspruck is one of the best in the Empire.

We conclude with the translation of a few lines from that charming poetess, Cordula Peregrina:

"Where find another land like thee—Tyrol?
Where heavenward rears so proud the rock's steep crest?
Where hushed in dreams do greener valleys rest?
Where sunlit streams in wilder torrents foam?
This the lone wanderer at each step doth ask—
And echo answers to his listening soul:
God hath blest thee—blessed land, Tyrol!
God bless thy meadows green,
God bless thy lakes so blue,
God bless thy rugged peaks,
God bless thy hearts so true!"

A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.



Of course my reputation preceded me; you've been in my father's house six months, my pretty cousin, and in the three that elapsed before my arrival, you must have been pretty thoroughly posted as to the one black sheep of this virtuous family. Don't say no. An accurate knowledge of my relations assures me that they have been as frank on this occasion as on many similar ones in the past."

Jack Dangerfield delivers these remarks in his laziest drawl, looking up from his place on the hassock at Ethel Mason's feet, in the half-lighted, deserted parlor. They are all alone to-night, for Mrs. Dangerfield and her daughters have gone to some ball or reception, whither Cousin Ethel's little cough would not permit her to accompany them. As for Jack, *he* never goes to balls or receptions; he eschews society in general, and that of his family in particular.

"I haven't heard your sisters speak of you very often," says Ethel, hesitating, as faithful memory leads her back through the few conversations which have had Mr. Jack for a text. They were explicit enough, if brief and far between.

"No, I suppose not; but when they don't speak, they imply, by signs and hints, that 'we could an if we would,' and so on, as Hamlet said. So be it. I wouldn't deprive them of such a pregnant theme for all the world; only," he says, quickly, and his gray eyes darken and flash, "I could find it in my heart to wish that they had spared *you* the recital, that I might have had a fair field and no favor with my Cousin Ethel."

"Your Cousin Ethel admits no outside influences to bear on her friendships," says the girl, smiling, "and you know that we are fast friends, you and I."

"Are we? Yes, I believe we came to a mutual compact of that sort; friends as fast as a hopelessly good-for-nothing, God-forsaken fellow, and an ignorant, innocent, little, tender-hearted woman *can* make. You sit afar off with folded hands, and your white garments held up safely out of the mud, and feel sorry, in an angelic fashion, for my sins, and I—look up out of the pit, and think how I might have lived for you *once*, and wish to God I might die for you now."

Jack Dangerfield's lazy little drawl is quite gone; the storm of a sudden passion has swept all the languor and world-weariness from out his dark, discontented face.

"Jack!"

He stops her before she can add another word.

"Hush!" starting to his feet, and standing tall and straight before her, and looking down at the little side-long-leaning figure and the upturned face. "I knew it would have to come—I—I—can't have my Cousin Ethel for my friend. I must lose all, because I——"

"Oh, don't, Jack—don't say it!" she cries, his meaning flashing upon her with pure pain and pity. "Oh, what have I done?"

"Done! What God Himself can't undo, unless He kills my soul with my body. I shall love you through all eternity—love you and hunger for you as I do now, Ethel," and he bends over her, his hand upon the chair. "Ethel, let me alone for a minute—just one! Don't answer me; let me have my dream for that little while, before the bitter wrench comes, as I know it *must!*"

There is a hush in the room as he turns away. He walks to the window and leans his forehead against the pane, staring out into the black street.

The clock ticks on, and the ashes drop in the grate while they wait—these two—on whose hearts every sound falls with a shock, every minute drops leadenly.

"Ethel!"

He comes at last and kneels down by her, stretching his arms out over her lap and looking up, haggardly, as if he were praying for pity at a shrine.

"Oh, Jack, I'm so sorry—so sorry!"

She hides her face in her hands, because she cannot bear that look in his, or that craving quest of the great gray eyes.

Jack Dangerfield is quite still for a minute, only he draws his breath with one hard sigh.

"*Are* you sorry for me?" he says, at last, in a whisper. "God knows I need it!"

"I'm so sorry! I'd give up my life to—to comfort you, Jack, if you'd only let me be your friend—your sister!"

There is a grim, heartsick smile on Jack's mouth at this purely womanly suggestion. His teeth shut together for a minute till they grit, and he turns his face away.

"Ethel, between you and me there never could be any love but—but *the one*, and that's impossible. I've wiped the last chance out years ago, and I knew it when I looked in your face the first time. I never was mad enough to hope it, child. I only used to think of it sometimes—how it might be if I had a new life to live, and your hands to hold all the way."

He drops his head on her knees, and the little, soft, womanly hand creeps over it, touching the dark hair, pitifully.

"Jack, is it *very* hard to bear?"

"God keep *you* from ever knowing!" he says, hoarsely.

"He has shown me," whispers Ethel Mason.

Jack lifts his head up with a start. He looks into her eyes and sees in them, for the first time, the strange likeness of his own despair.

"Will you let me tell you something? Nobody ever knew it, and nobody ever will, except you. I want you to know how sorry I can be for this, and—and—why it is so utterly impossible. I had my chance of happiness once, Jack," with a pitiful little smile, "and I killed it myself—the only love I ever cared for and wanted, or ever shall, I put away from me—just by my own folly; and there is nothing more hopelessly dead and gone than my chance of ever being glad again in this world, Jack."

He has no answer for a minute, except to take up her two hands and kiss them. Not passionately now, only reverently, as if they were something holy—tenderly, as a mother would kiss her sick and sorrowful child.

"My darling—my darling! If I could only take it away from you!"

"You see it never could be as—as you wish it," she says, drooping her face. "I never could give another man what I gave him. And he never will know it now, or know I'm sorry, but that is my punishment. Jack, don't talk about it to me"—she breaks off, drawing her hands from his, with a sudden shiver of pain. "It's all hopeless and over, and done with, and I never shall care for myself again, whether I live or die; but I *do* care for you, dear, and I want to help you if you'll let me; if you show me the way to make some one living creature a little happier or better, because of *me*."

Her voice and her eyes are both full of tears, but he does not seem to see them or hear them.

"Help *me!* It's no use, little cousin," he says, bitterly. "No use fighting the devil, for he was born in me—it's in my blood. Ethel," grasping her hand back again in his, "if I ever said a prayer it wouldn't be for my own worthless soul, but for *you*—for your God to bless you, my darling, and bring you back your——"

Then Jack Dangerfield's voice gets stifled in his throat, and the words halt. He cannot bring his lips to say "your lover."

There is a soft roll of carriage wheels outside in the night; Mrs. Dangerfield is coming from her ball. As Ethel hears it she springs up; and so doing, gives a little cry, as something falls flashing from her dress, and rolls on the carpet.

"My locket!—oh, take care!" for Jack steps aside quickly—too quickly. The little blue-and-gold toy that he had seen every day round her neck lay just at his feet, and his boot-heel has crushed it, as Ethel cries out to him. He drops on one knee to pick it up.

"By Jove! I'm sorry—I didn't see it. It's too bad! I'm awfully sorry, Ethel!"

What has Mr. Dangerfield discovered? A name inside the golden circlet, and the small colored likeness of a man's face—a comely face enough, blue-eyed and fair, and full of a right royal pride. His eyes rest greedily on it for a second, and then flash up into hers. They ask a single question, and they have their answer.

"Give it to me," cries Ethel, hurriedly, the blood rushing hotly to her face. "Oh, let me go! Don't let them find me here!"

"Stop one minute," he says, laying a hand on her shoulder, and facing her with a strangely white, set look. "Tell me, Ethel, you loved him. Would you—should you have married him?"

"I told you not to speak to me about him. Why do you ask me that? I *should!*" she says, passionately, breaking away from him.

He lets her go. There is no more now to ask or to hear. And when the night-key rattles in the lock, and Mrs. Dangerfield and her daughters troop rustling into the hall, they see Jack standing alone in the parlor, lighting a cigar as he leans against the mantelpiece, staring at the mirror's faithful reflection of his handsome face.

* * * * * * *

"Jack, have you any engagement for Tuesday next?"

"A positive one, my dear sister."

"Oh, I supposed so. Of course!" says Miss Louise, shrugging her shoulders, as she glances at her brother across the dining-table. "I know you always have an engagement when we want you; only I *did* imagine that you might strain a point to oblige us on this occasion."

"Is it so momentous a one?"

"Only that we're disappointed in our escort to the Academy. *I'm* of no consequence, of course, but I know Ethel has set her heart on going."

"Indeed, I don't care," begins Ethel.

"Very sorry," says Mr. Dangerfield, raising his eyebrows. "It's extremely painful to me to decline so pleasant a duty, but, as I said, my engagement is positive."

"I should like to know——"

"Where it is? On the Union Pacific Railroad. By Tuesday next I devoutly hope to be steaming across the continent."

"Jack Dangerfield, what *do* you mean?" cry three voices in chorus.

"That I'm tired of the customs of the East, and intend to shake the dust of this section in particular off my feet, please God, the day after to-morrow."

"Going back! Why, you haven't been home three months from San Francisco!"

"Judge of the tugging at my heartstrings that draws me that way after so brief an absence."

Mr. Dangerfield rises deliberately, straightens up his six feet of comely proportion, and looks down in his listless, half-scornful fashion at the wondering faces of his family. As he looks, his eye catches Ethel's. His own sallow, colorless face turns a shade paler, and he gnaws in his mustache, savagely.

"It's very extraordinary!" begins the elder Miss Dangerfield.

"I leave you to con it at your leisure," her brother interrupts, coolly. "I have the proud satisfaction of knowing that, for once in my life, my movements meet your full and exact approbation."

With which last speech he turns and walks out of the room, and he has not heard one word from Ethel—either of wonder or remonstrance, or simple curiosity.

* * * * * * *

So Jack Dangerfield, according to his suddenly matured plan, goes steaming across the continent. Nobody is very sorry that he is gone—except his Cousin Ethel, perhaps, who misses the kindly, gentle courtesies of this good-for-nothing, and finds a blank where she had seen his dark, comely face, with its bitter, unmistakable stamp of satiety. Nobody else has been very fond of Jack, since he was a soft-lipped, curly-haired little child; he has been away from home half his grown-up life, and the other half has been filled full of anything but family love and harmony.

He has always been a sort of skeleton in the household closet; a source of disquietude and dread, for nobody knew what disgraceful thing Jack might be doing next, and in what way he might not break loose from the trammels of respectability and decorum. And when he is fairly out of New York, and three thousand miles lie between the family ears and the rumor of his misdeeds, there is a sort of breathing-space—a sense of relief at the intervening space.

Only Ethel is sorry, as I have said. If Jack could only know how she lies awake at night and thinks of him—even him!—and grieves over his wasted life and love, and his misused years, and wonders what the end will be, and puts all the grief and wonder into her nightly prayers—if Jack could know it, three thousand miles away, would it not be better with him?

* * * * * * * *

It is night—a dark, stormy night, in the midst of the

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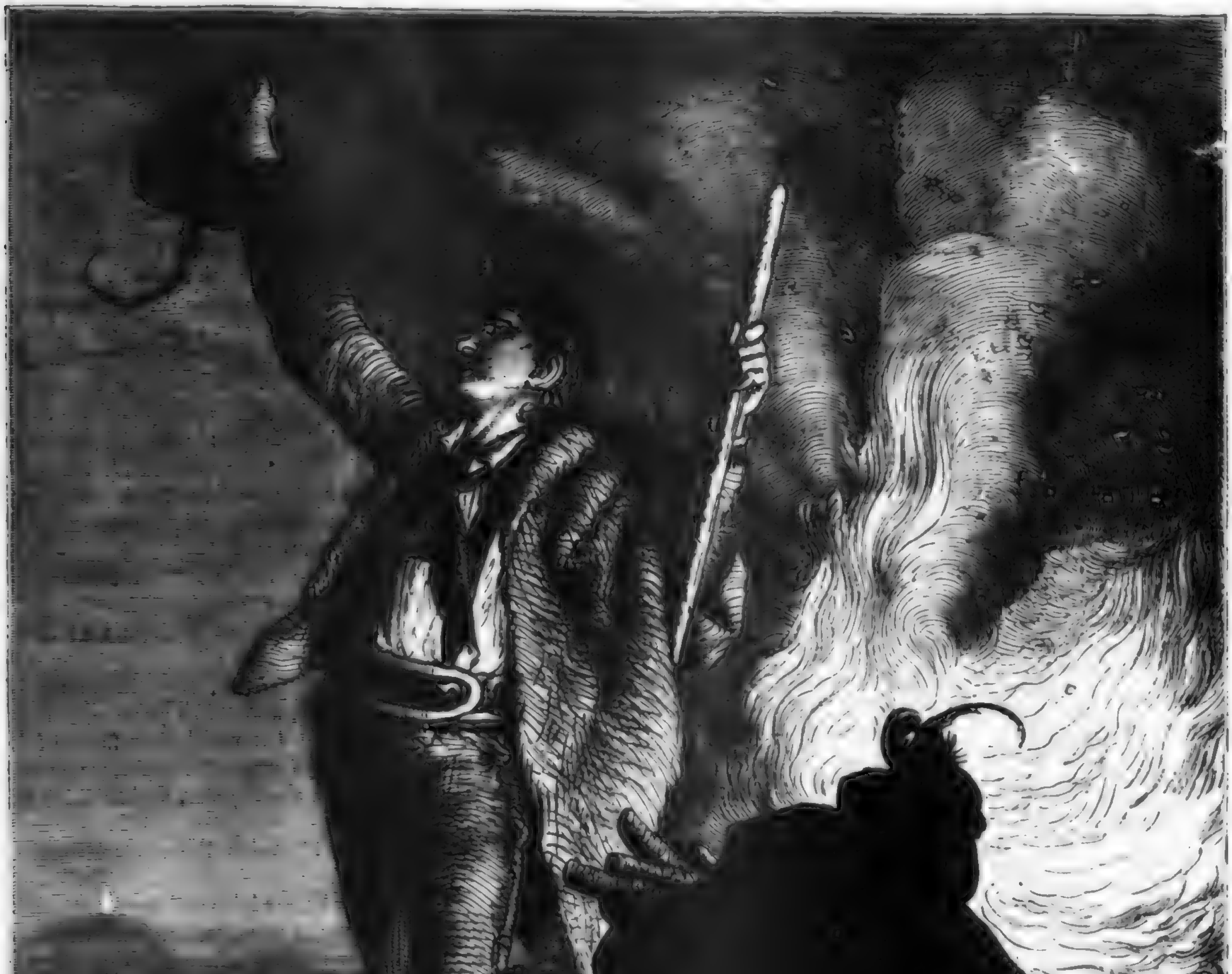
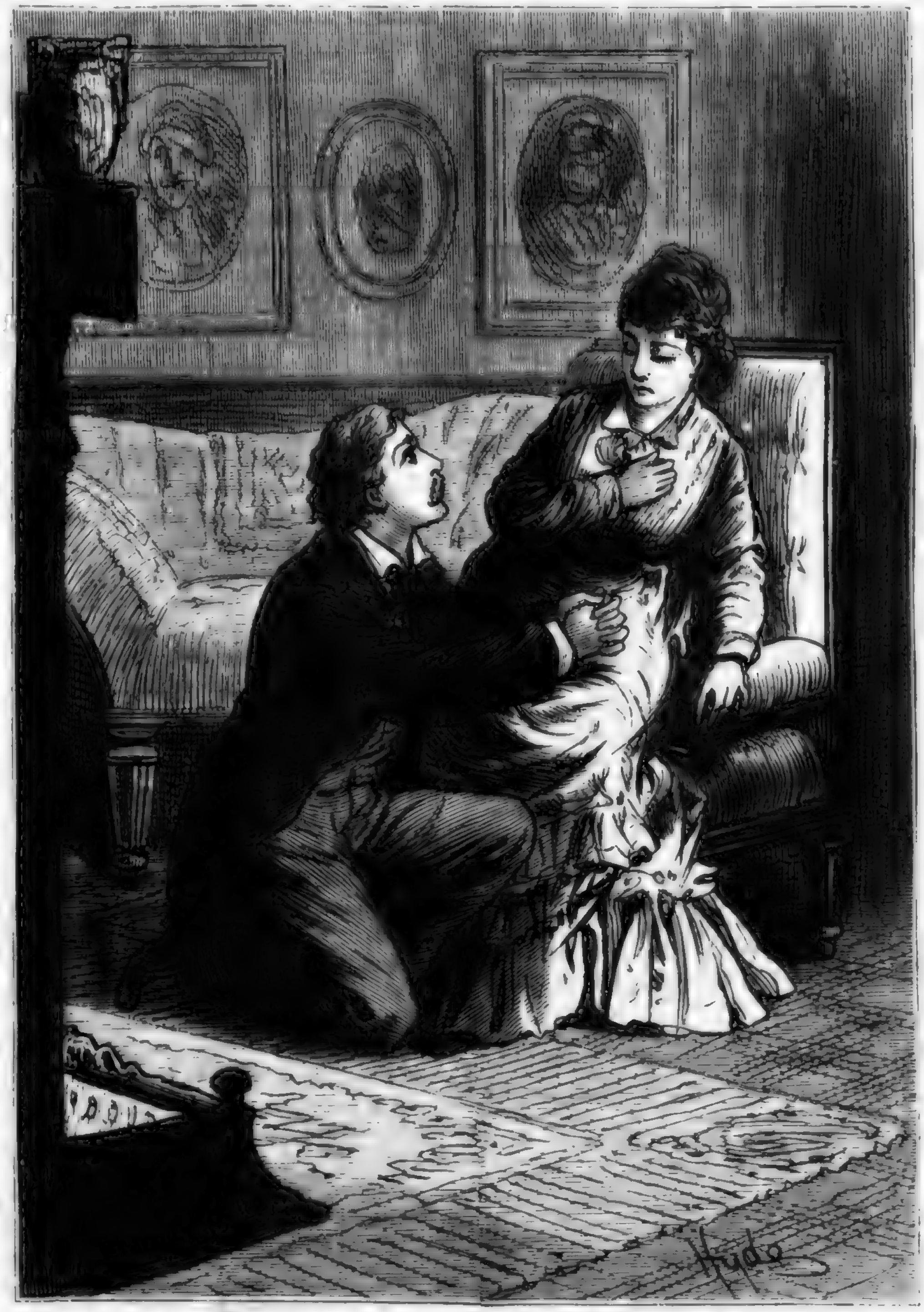


LIGHTING THE FIRES ON ST. JOHN'S DAY IN TYROL.

Californian Sierras. There are gusts of wind and rain, and the brawling, noisy little river, swollen broad and deep with the storms, is roaring its loudest in answer to the wind that raves down the long, dark cañon, past the little mining camp. There is not a star in the sky, only a steady red spark in the midst of the blackness, low down at the feet of the pine forest—a little spark that shines in the window of Guy McLeod's cabin. And Guy is sitting by the solitary light, all alone, leaning his arms on the pine table, with his hands clinched in his fair, curly hair, and poring over the last San Francisco paper which has found its way by slow and circuitous stages to the camp.

Once in a while he looks up and listens, when a louder gust shakes the canvas roof, and the rain patters harder outside; or his eyes roam round the small space and the rough furnishings—the empty chair, waiting for another occupant; the bear-skins on the floor; the bunk in the corner, and the French lithograph nailed above it—kept for some fancied likeness, maybe—the swinging shelf with its few books, and the rifle against the wall—the dim candle-light flickering on these household gods, as the neglected wick gets longer; sometimes he stares dreamily on, forgetting all these, and the dingy printed sheet before him, while he puffs away at his pipe, and makes pictures that have little to do, perchance, with mining stocks or Californian politics, out of the gray smoke-wreaths. And all on a sudden, he starts up, with a keen, thoroughly awakened light in his blue eyes—so curiously blue in the sunburnt face—and stepping to the door, flings it open, letting in a great sweep of drenching rain.



A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.—"HE COMES AT LAST, AND KNEELS DOWN BY HER, STRETCHING HIS ARMS OUT OVER HER LAP."

There is another sound outside than the river's brawling with its boulders, and the roar of the wind with the pine-trees. Guy hears a horse's hoof-beats clattering down the cañon, coming nearer and nearer, and as he strains his ears to listen, he catches a shout, a very faint one, half-drowned in the noise of the storm. In another minute, the horse and the rider flash into sight, in the bar of red light that shines through the cabin window, and Guy springs out, just in time to help a reeling, swaying figure down from the saddle, and support it in his strong arms inside the door.

"Jack Dangerfield! My God! is it you, old fellow?"

Jack Dangerfield's face, in truth—ashy white, wet with the rain that has drenched his bare head, hollow-eyed, haggard, and touched with the finger of death. His clothes are soaked, and one sleeve is torn away from his arm, which hangs, as though broken, by his side; and when Guy half lifts, half drags him to the bunk in the corner, and tears open the coat, buttoned tight across the breast, he finds a dark red patch staining the gray flannel shirt.

"Drink this down, Jack—don't say a word, old man!" he orders, briefly and business-like.

No wondering or questioning for a minute. He holds up the heavy head, and puts the brandy to the stiff white lips, watching eagerly till he sees a shade of color creeping into them.

"Give me more!" Jack whispers, hoarsely, closing his hand over Guy's wrist. "Keep me as long as you can! I've—I've come to—tell you something. Oh, God! for half an hour longer!"

"You'll be all right in half an hour. There, lie down

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and let me take off those wet things; and tell me, old fellow, for God's sake! what brings you back here, and what's happened?"

"Let me alone!" mutters Jack, turning his haggard face and wild eyes upon the kindly, troubled face above him. "Don't bother with me; only stop this terrible bleeding, just till I've told you, and then it's all up with me, McLeod! I was shot at down by Fire Forks—I—I've been riding day and night—I—came back here to find you, and—— Give me your hand, I can't see you clear, Guy."

Guy kneels by the side of the bunk, and with such rude surgery as can be improvised on the moment, he binds the ragged bullet-hole, from out whose lips the soul of Jack Dangerfield is wavering already for its flight. Poor old Jack! A kind-hearted, gone-to-the-devil fellow, who had stood by his side in many a rough place through their camp-life; who never left him in trouble, but turned his back at the first streak of luck, and set his face homeward again four months ago; who comes back now, riding through the night and the storm, with the death-damps thick upon his wan face, and a bullet in his breast.

"There," Guy says, bending down. "Take one more swallow, Jack—there! I'm close to you, listening to you, dear boy."

"I've been home," the dying man sobs out between the breaths that come so hard—"home—and I've seen *her*—I've seen Ethel Mason!"

"Ethel Mason!"

"There isn't but one, is there? Only one for you, and for me, too—me, too, McLeod! I found her in my mother's house, and—you know the old story—she was sorry, and she would be my friend, and help *me!* And—and—she loved another man!"

"What are you telling me this for, Dangerfield?" Guy asks, hoarsely, the color wavering in his bronzed face. "By heaven, I don't know what you mean!"

"You don't?" Jack lifts his head, rises with a great struggle, on his arm, and stares full into McLeod's blue eyes. "You don't know that face? Tell me the truth, as you hope for God's mercy, Guy McLeod!"

His weak hand has groped and found something in his breast, inside the gray shirt; it is a woman's picture, the edges reddened with that spreading stain, and Guy looks at it and mutters a great oath under his breath through trembling lips.

"You *do* know it? It's she—*your* Ethel—my Cousin Ethel. For God Almighty's sake, go back to her, Guy—go back, and tell her I sent you, because—because she was sorry."

"Your cousin?" stammers Guy.

"I knew you were the man," Jack whispers, very weakly. "I saw your face in her locket, and your name, and so—I—came to tell you. She said—wait, I remember every word—'she never could give another man what she had given *him*—the only love she ever cared for, or ever could.' And she meant you, Guy; she thought you'd never know, but I've come to bring you the message for *her*—just for her sake, because—she—loves you!"

"Jack, Jack, dear old fellow!" Guy's face hides itself in the blanket; the rough couch shakes where his strong arms rest upon it.

"I have been in the saddle these three days, riding—with all the powers of evil trying to drag me back! I thought I was gone when that accursed gang stopped me to-night; I rode through them, and rode for my life, though, and—and—you see I've told you, Guy. But I've got a bullet in here, and it's all up with me—better so, better so!"

The words die on his lips; the heavy eyelids droop and close, and Jack lies breathing short and hard, while the icy whiteness creeps and creeps over his face, whose old cynical fashion has gone for ever.

"No, no, Jack—dear old man, it can't be—you *shall not* die!" starting up and facing the grim fact in helpless protest.

A dim, slow smile dawns on the chilly mouth, and Jack's hand moves a little, a very little, toward his breast.

"You'll go to her? Promise—swear it—quick! You'll go back again?"

"I will, by God! I swear it, Jack; and you shall go, too, my dear fellow——"

"Bury me here," he says, hoarsely, not hearing or not heeding the words. "At the old camp, and—and—tell *her*, be *sure* to tell her how I came for you——"

There is a ghastly rattle in his throat, and the half-spoken sentence never will be finished. Only the gray eyes open wide and clear, and with one great bound the soul of Jack Dangerfield shakes from it the old wearisome fetters of clay, and wins, at a single stride, the land where in God's sight it shall be good for something.

ABOUT ENGRAVING.

"LINE" engraving is of the highest order. All great engravings are done in "lines"—simple straight lines. Next comes "the line and stipple." "Stipple" means dots—small dots like these . . . . These small dots are used to lighten up the high parts of face or drapery. It is very hard to engrave a face in lines simply, and only master engravers have ever undertaken it. The masters understand and practice both "line and stipple." Claude Mellon engraved in 1700 a full head of Christ in one unbroken line. This line commenced at the apex of the nose, and wound out and out, like a watch-spring, until it ended in the border of the picture. Mezzotint engravings are produced thus: The steel or copper is made rough, like fine sand-paper. To produce effects, this rough surface is scraped off. If you want a white face or "high light" in your engraving, scrape the surface smooth, and then the ink will not touch it. If you want faint color, scrape off a little. Such engravings look like photographs.

Etching is adapted to homely and familiar sketches. Almost all the great painters were etchers. Etching is done thus: The copper or steel plate is heated and covered with black varnish; the etcher draws with sharp needles, working on the surface as he would on paper with a pen. Nitric acid is then poured over the plate, and eats away at the steel and copper wherever the needle has scraped off the varnish. When the varnish is removed with spirits of turpentine, the engraving is seen in the sunken lines of the plate.

MARVELS OF THE HUMAN BODY.

WHILE the gastric juice has a mild, bland, sweetish taste, it possesses the power of dissolving the hardest food that can be swallowed. It has no influence whatever on the soft and delicate fibres of the living stomach, nor upon the living hand, but at the moment of death it begins to eat them away with the power of the strongest acids.

There is dust on sea, on land, in the valley and on the mountain-top; there is dust always and everywhere; the atmosphere is full of it; it penetrates the noisome dungeon, and visits the deepest, darkest caves of the earth;

no palace-door can shut it out, no drawer so secret as to escape its presence; every breath of wind dashes it upon the open eye, yet that eye is not blinded, because under the eyelid there is incessantly emptying itself a fountain of the blandest fluid in nature, which spreads itself over the surface of the eye at every winking and washes every atom of dust away. But this liquid, so mild and so well adapted to the eye, itself has some acridity, which, under certain circumstances, becomes so decided as to be scalding to the skin, and would rot away the eyelids, were it not that along the edges of them are little oil manufactories, which spread over their surface a coating as impervious to the liquids necessary for keeping the eyelids washed clean as the best varnish is impervious to water.

The breath which leaves the lungs has been so perfectly divested of its life-giving properties, that to rebreathe it unmixed with other air, the moment it escapes from the mouth, would cause immediate death by suffocation; while if it hovered about us, more or less destructive influence over health and life would be occasioned. But it is made of a nature so much lighter than the common air, that the instant that it escapes the lips and nostrils it ascends to the higher regions above the breathing point, there to be rectified, renovated and sent back again, replete with purity and life. How rapidly it ascends is fully exhibited every frosty morning.

But, foul and deadly as the expired air is, nature, wisely economical in all her works and ways, turns it to good account in its outward passage through the organs of the voice, making of it the whispers of love, the soft words of affection, the tender tones of human sympathy, the sweetest strains of ravishing music, the persuasive eloquence of the finished orator.

If a well-made man be extended on the ground, his arms at right angles with the body, a circle making the navel its centre will just take in the head, the finger-ends and the feet. The distance from top to toe is precisely the same as that between the tips of the fingers when the arms are extended. The length of the body is just six times that of the foot, while the distance from the edge of the hair on the forehead to the edge of the chin is one-tenth the length of the whole stature.

Of the sixty-two primary elements known in nature, only eighteen are known in the human body, and of these seven are metallic. Iron is found in the blood, phosphorus in the brain, limestone in the bile, lime in the bones, and dust and ashes in all! Not only these eighteen human elements, but the whole sixty-two of which the universe is made, have their essential basis in the four substances of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon, representing the more familiar names of fire, water, saltpetre, and charcoal. And such is man, the lord of earth! —a spark of fire, a drop of water, a grain of powder, an atom of charcoal.

A SHORT HISTORY OF WHEAT.

The varieties of wheat are numberless, and their character varies widely under the influence of cultivation and climate. There are said to be one hundred and eighty distinct varieties in the Museum of Cornell University. On the slopes of the mountains of Mexico and Xalapa the luxuriance of vegetation is such that wheat does not form ears. In Japan, it is said the wheat has been so developed by the Japanese farmers, that no matter how much manure is used, the straw will not grow larger, though the length of the ears increases. The height is rarely more than two feet, and often no more than twenty inches. Through selection Winter wheat has been changed to Summer wheat in three years, and Summer wheat converted in the same time to Winter wheat. In general, wheat is the most esteemed of the cereal productions; but in Abyssinia, according to Parkyns, the flour of the "teff" or "dugassa," scarcely palatable to Europeans, is preferred by the natives to any other grain.

Isis was supposed to have introduced wheat into Egypt, Demeter into Greece, and the Emperor Chin Wong into China, about 3,000 B.C. In Europe it was cultivated before the period of history, as samples have been recovered from the lacustrine dwellings of Switzerland. In England it was probably not cultivated by the ancient Britons, but the Anglo-Saxons, when Bede wrote, early in the eighth century, sowed their wheat in the Spring; and in the days of Queen Elizabeth its cultivation was but partial. Indeed, wheat was an article of comparative luxury till nearly the seventeenth century. In India wheat seems not to be native, but introduced, as its Sanscrit name signifies "food of the barbarian"; yet three varieties are mentioned in the Bhavaprakasa, one of which, a large-grained, is said to have come from the West; and another, a small-grained or beardless wheat, is said to have been indigenous to Middle India.

The first wheat raised in the New World was sown by Spaniards on the Island of Isabella, in January, 1494, and on March 30th the ears were gathered. The foundation of the wheat harvest of Mexico is said to have been three or four grains carefully cultivated in 1530, and preserved by a slave of Cortez. The crop of Quito was raised by a Franciscan monk in front of the convent. Garcilasso de la Nerga affirms that in Peru, up to 1547, wheaten bread had not been sold at Cuzco. Wheat was first sown by Gosnold on Cuttyhunk, one of the Elizabeth Islands in Buzzard's Bay, off Massachusetts, in 1602, when he first explored the coast. In 1604, on the Island of St. Croix, near Calais, Me., the Sieur de Monts had some wheat sown, which flourished finely. In 1611 the first wheat appears to have been sown in Virginia. In 1626 samples of wheat grown in the Dutch colony at New Netherlands were shown in Holland. It is probable that wheat was sown in the Plymouth colony prior to 1629, though we find no record of it, and in 1629 wheat was ordered from England to be used as seed. In 1718 wheat was introduced into the Valley of the Mississippi by the "Western Company." In 1799 it was among the cultivated crops of Simos Indians of the Gila River, New Mexico. .

A WEEK IN HAMBURG.

By Alfreton Hervey.

On one cold, rainy Sunday morning I landed at the Sandthorquai in Hamburg with an easy conscience, a light heart, and a not very full purse. I was not exactly in the same condition as the late Ralph Keeler, who made the tour of Europe for $181.50 in currency, but I was still under the painful necessity of husbanding my small resources if I would succeed in doing that which I set out to do—see the principal cities of Germany.

It was early in the Spring of 1871—indeed, just after peace had been declared between Germany and France, which, it will be remembered by those who were interested in that mighty struggle, was on February 25th, 1871.

It was my first step on German soil, and as I left the steamer where I had passed so many days of pleasant companionship with my fellow voyagers, I felt a sense of loneliness that now we were to be separated, and perhaps never meet again; and, indeed, so it has been, for up to this day I have never since seen any of those ocean

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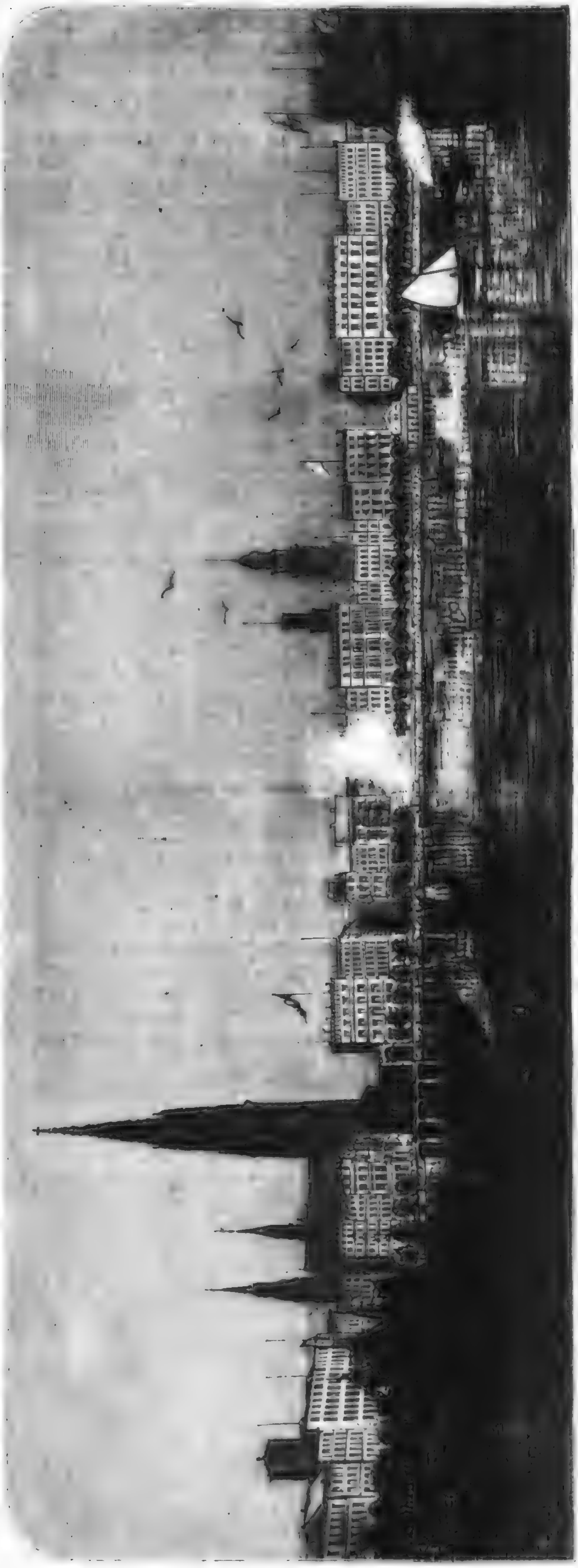


THE INNER ALSTER, WITH A VIEW OF THE CITY.

friends who shared with me the delights and discomforts of the great Atlantic.

The first thing I saw, as I put foot on land, was a long train of freight-cars on the track which ran up and down the Quai. The little, puffing, and, to an American eye, insignificant engine which drew the train, was named Metz. This may be a trifling circumstance, but to my mind it illustrated the tendency of German feeling. For centuries Elsass and Lotharingen—to give them their German names—had been coveted by Germany. Originally German provinces, the inhabitants of the Vaterland had never acquiesced in their possession by France, and a thoughtful student of German history might have known that the first issue of a successful war between France and Germany would have been the annexation of these two provinces by the latter country. The naming of this locomotive, Metz, was only an outcome of that feeling which always existed.

The Sandthorquai runs along an artificial inlet of the River Elbe, especially constructed to accommodate the shipping and steamers which daily arrive at and leave the City of Hamburg. In order to reach the centre of the city from this point you have to go through a succession of narrow, dirty and crooked streets, crossing several bridges over canals, which run through the city. Some of the houses in these old streets are very high, and lean toward each other at the top, so that the space between them is much less fifty feet up in the air than at the street level. To an American eye these quaint and curious old houses and streets are very interesting. Here is where the poorer classes live, and the line of demarcation between this portion and the finer part of the city is shown so plainly that, literally, he who runs may note it. In the year 1842, on May 5th, a great conflagration broke out which lasted for four days. Fully one-third of the city was destroyed. The destroyed portion was in the centre, and in rebuilding it the plan of wide and straight streets was adopted as far as possible. Hence, after the rebuilding, one might step immediately out of a narrow and crooked street into a wide and straight one.

Most of the steamer passengers who intend to remain any length of time in Hamburg take a cab at the Quai, and drive directly to a hotel. I had no hotel selected, and having plenty of time on my hands I preferred to walk. I knew no one in the city, and my acquaintance with the German language was but limited. But in Hamburg, French and English are spoken almost everywhere. Every hotel has a *portier*, whose duties require that he shall be able to converse in French, English and German, and in most of the shops the same linguistic ability is found.

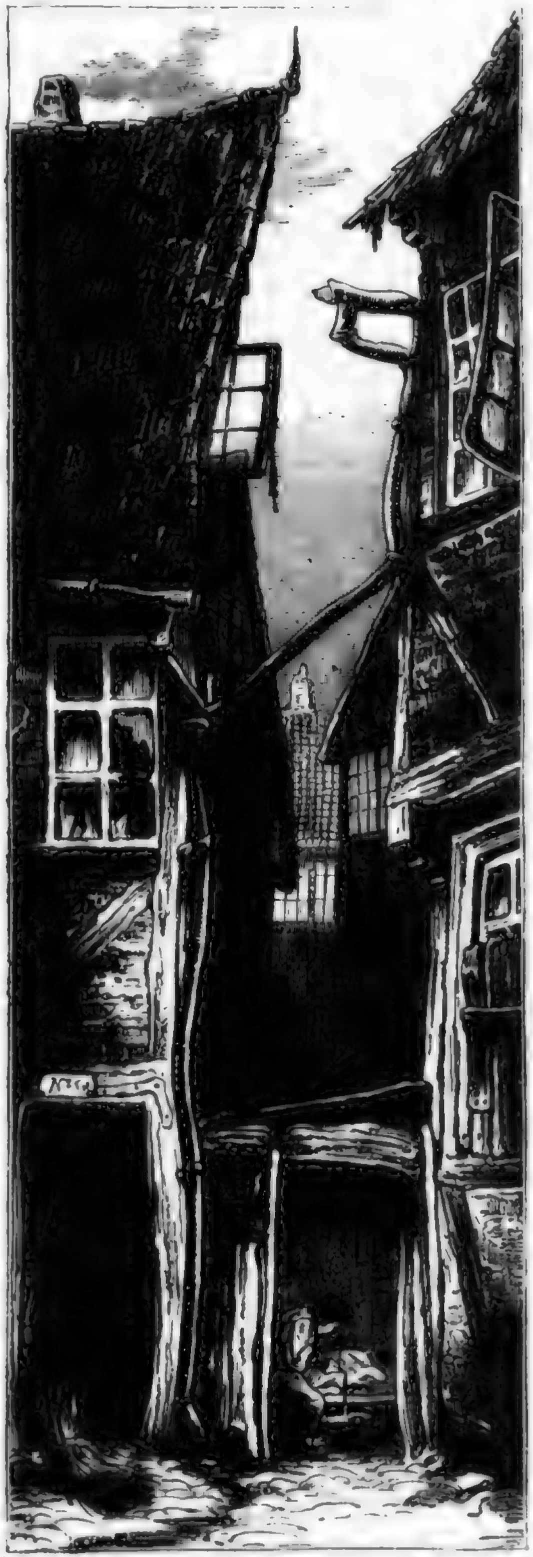
On my way through the streets I stopped in a small shop to buy some necessary articles, including tobacco. Perhaps the little sign hanging in the window, "English spoken here," attracted me. In the store I found a young Englishman, also buying tobacco. We began an acquaintance then and there, which was very useful to me during my stay in the city.

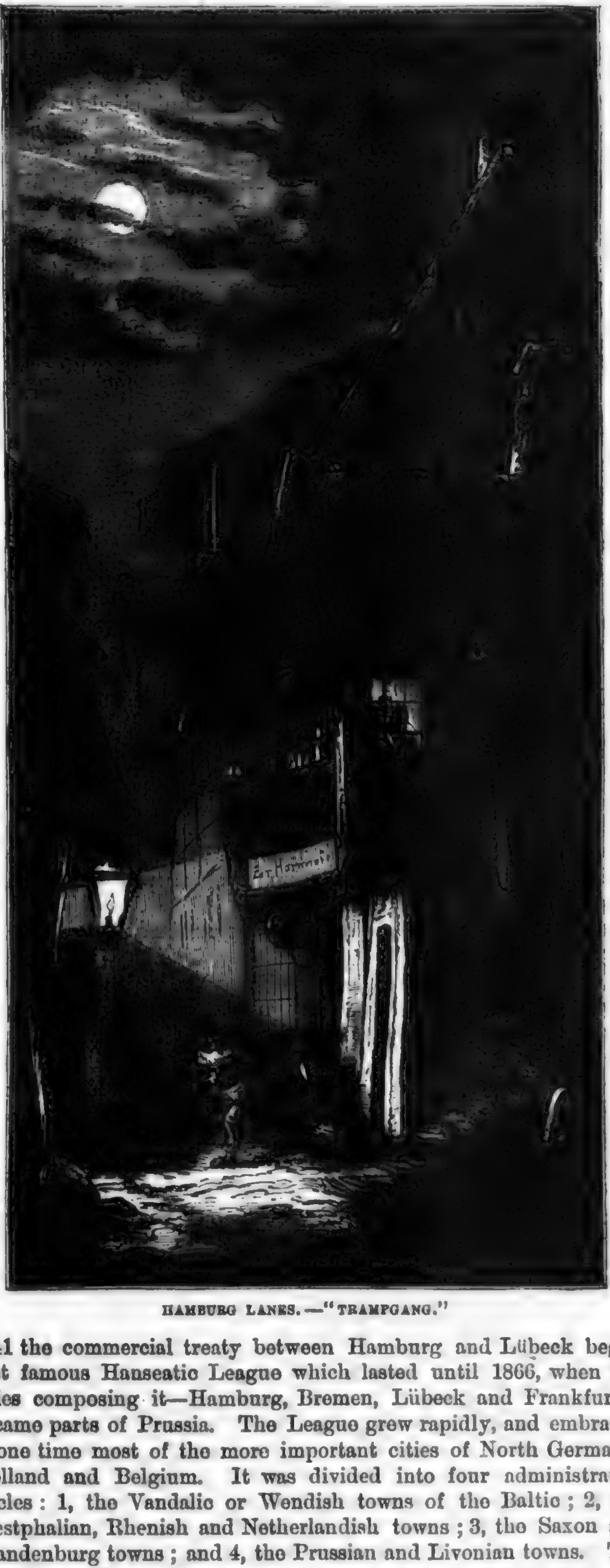
"Where are you going to stay?" asked he.

I had no hotel in view, and he recommended me to the one where he was, Zing's Hotel, and thither we went together.

My new acquaintance was a commercial traveler for an English pottery, and made annual visits to Hamburg to sell his wares. I could not have met one better able to show me around. On the way to the hotel he told me much about the peculiarities of the city and its people, which came in very handy.

Hamburg is one of the very old cities of Germany. Report credits Charlemagne with being its founder. He certainly built a castle there about 809. During its growth from a village to a town it was several times destroyed. In 1215, the Emperor, Otto IV., made it an imperial city, and in 1241 the commercial treaty between Hamburg and Lübeck began that famous Hanseatic League which lasted until 1866, when the cities composing it—Hamburg, Bremen, Lübeck and Frankfurt—became parts of Prussia. The League grew rapidly, and embraced at one time most of the more important cities of North Germany, Holland and Belgium. It was divided into four administrative circles: 1, the Vandalic or Wendish towns of the Baltic; 2, the Westphalian, Rhenish and Netherlandish towns; 3, the Saxon and Brandenburg towns; and 4, the Prussian and Livonian towns. The capitals of these circles were Lübeck, Cologne, Brunswick and Dantzic. At the time of the League's greatest power it comprised eighty-five cities, which were represented by delegates, and a number of other cities which were affiliated with it, but were without representation or share in the responsibilities. The trade of League was immense. Four great depots were established: London, in 1250; Bruges, 1252; Novgorod, 1272; and Bergen, 1278; and from these centres almost the entire trade of Europe was monopolized.


HAMBURG LANES.—"KUGELSORT."



HAMBURG LANES.—"TRAMPGANG."

At first formed only for commercial and industrial purposes, the League gradually assumed political power. In 1348, it fought and defeated the Kings of Sweden and Norway, and Waldemar III., King of Denmark. It deposed Magnus, King of Sweden, and in his stead raised to the throne his nephew, Albert, Duke of Mecklenburg. In 1428, it declared war against Denmark, and fitted out a fleet of 248 ships, carrying 12,000 troops. Niederhoff, a burgomaster of Dantzic, himself declared war against Christian I., King of Denmark. Some citizens of London insulted the employés of the Hanse factory in that city, whereupon the League declared war against England, and compelled King Edward IV. to grant it yet more extravagant concessions.

But these exhibitions of power excited the jealousy of neighboring sovereigns. In 1597, England withdrew all privileges from the Hanse merchants. The maritime towns of the Baltic next seceded, and one after another the other cities and towns dropped away. The last regular meeting of the administrative body of the League was held in 1630, for the purpose of receiving the secession of the remaining members.

But although the Hanseatic League of history was now dead, its fundamental principle survived. Hamburg, Lübeck, Bremen, and, later, Frankfurt, formed a new association, under the name of the Free Hanse towns. In 1810, these were formed into a Hanseatic department of the French Empire, by Napoleon. In 1815, their independence was acknowledged in the Act for the establishment of the Germanic Confederation. This continued until the war between Prussia and Austria, of 1866, when Frankfurt, having given aid to the Austrians, was annexed by Prussia, and the other three cities joined the North German Confederation; and each of these cities now constitutes a state in the German Empire, and is represented in the Imperial German Parliament.

Thus ended a commercial association of six and a quarter centuries' standing.

The reader will pardon this long digression, as it was necessary to understand the peculiar position occupied by the old free city. It was certainly necessary to me, for I saw everywhere flying the new German imperial flag, and in every shop-window the portrait of the Kaiser, and his son, *Unser Fritz*, both crowned with laurels. I might have thought that the Hamburgers were the most patriotic of Prussians, but, though they were patriotic enough, they had not, in 1871, forgotten that they were once citizens of one of the most important of the four free cities, and the most influential member of the old Hanseatic League.

The rain had ceased, and my new friend proposed a walk around the streets, and he would show me some of the sights.

The first thing we inspected was, of course, the Alster. This is a beautiful lake, which comes right up into the heart of the city. The Alster is a tributary of the River Elbe, and in coming up to the city it forms two basins—the outer and the inner Alster; or, to give the German names, the Grosse Alster and the Binnen Alster. The inner Alster is nearly two miles in circuit. It is nearly square, and is surrounded by fine streets. The Jungfernstieg is the street which fronts the lake. Here are the finest shops in the whole city. Down the sides run two other fine streets, on which are situated splendid hotels and public buildings. The lake itself is dotted with swans, and on its surface numerous little boats are continually plying. In these little pleasure steamboats many persons sail around the lake at a cost of a few cents of our money. Of course, I took a sail on the lake.

On the Jungfernstieg, and jutting out into the lake, is a small pavilion, where a good meal is served. My friend suggested that we step in and take a bite. So in we went. We were served *à la carte*, by a smart *kellner*. I became thirsty, and called for a glass of water. The waiter looked at me in surprise. I repeated the order, but still he did not understand. Summoning my best German to my aid, I explained that I wanted a glass of water to drink. Whether he thought I was daft or not, I cannot say, but he shook his head as though that were his opinion. However, he brought me the water. My friend suggested to me that this was, perhaps, the first time that the waiter had ever received such an order. I am not averse to drinking beer, but there are times when I prefer water, and this happened to be one of them.

It took me some study to get used to the different kinds of money in use in Hamburg. Being a port of entry, the money of almost every nation circulated there, and when you purchase an article you can have your change in whatever money you wish. The money of Hamburg itself consisted, in 1871, of marks and schillings. Sixteen of the latter made one mark, and two and a half marks made one Prussian thaler, which itself was worth seventy cents of our money. Thirteen schillings of Hamburg were about the same as an English shilling, and three and a half marks about equaled an American dollar. This coinage has now been done away with, and the new German Empire coins of marks and pfennigs substituted.

Although at that time all kinds of money circulated freely in Hamburg, Hamburg money itself would not pass current outside of the city, except, perhaps, in Lübeck, where a similar coinage existed. Before the unification of the German coinage throughout the entire Empire, this money problem was one of the hardest the traveler had to solve, and in traveling from place to place, where different coinage existed, he was pretty sure to get victimized to a greater or less extent, according to his shrewdness in dealing with the exchange brokers.

Hamburg is a port of entry. A large business is done in both imports and exports. The constitution of the North German Confederation, and likewise that of the German Empire, left Hamburg at liberty to remain outside of the Zollverein as long as it wished. When Schleswig-Holstein and Mecklenburg had joined that league, Hamburg was on all sides surrounded by the territory of the Zollverein, and therefore found it to its advantage to join it for one portion of its rural districts, embracing 124 square miles and 32,792 inhabitants. But the remainder, in union with the City of Altoona, remained a free port territory. Having no import duties, there was no custom house. My trunk was not searched when I entered the city, nor any questions asked me. Of course, as a necessary consequence of free trade, everything was very cheap, and a person with a small income might have lived there very comfortably. But I believe Prince Bismarck has now changed all that, and given a high protective tariff to Hamburg as well as to the rest of the German Empire.

One evening my English friend suggested that we visit two or three of the concert saloons. These are numerous and popular, and one may sit the whole evening listening to good music, both vocal and instrumental, for the expense of a few cents for a glass or two of beer. I noticed a sign over one of these saloons—"Bier-Convent"—which attracted me. The saloon was a large hall, at the upper end of which was a stage. There sat ten rather good-looking young women, dressed in good taste and not immodestly. These sang solos, duets and choruses, and really very well. I sat at a small table, and with a cigar and a glass of beer, passed the evening pleasantly enough listening to the music.

As in every other German city, music is highly cultivated in Hamburg, and operas are put on the stage there in a manner which should bring a blush to the cheek of the great operatic managers who have given opera here. The Stadt Theatre is the *locale* for the operas. On Tuesday evening I took a seat in the parterre of the Stadt Theatre, to listen to "Der Freyschutz." Sitting next to me was a pleasant German gentleman, and we gradually fell into conversation. On the following Thursday evening I again went to the Stadt Theatre, this time to hear "Die Jüdin," in which a great star, Herr Southeim, "Kammersänger of his Majesty the King of Würtemberg," was to appear in the *rôle* of *Eleazar*. To my surprise, the same German gentleman whom I met on Tuesday evening was again sitting in the seat next to me. We were both struck by the coincidence. We exchanged cards, and he invited me to call on him the next day. Herr Gerber, as was his name, was an importer of tobacco and cigars, and during the Winter and Spring lived in Hamburg, but during the Summer season had a country residence in the suburb. I called on him in the afternoon, and passed a very pleasant couple of hours. He brought out his finest wines and cigars, and introduced me to his daughter. She sang, and played the piano with skill and taste. Herr Gerber earnestly pressed me to visit him at his country residence during the Summer, but, unfortunately, my engagements were such that I would be in another part of Germany at that time.

Hamburg is one of the cradles of the musical art in Germany. Here Handel, that mighty Saxon genius, came in June, 1703, to try his fate as a professional musician. Here he produced his first opera, "Almira," on January 8th, 1705, following it by his "Nerone" twenty nights later. Herr Reinhard Keiser was opera director for many years, and produced in this city over one hundred and eighteen operas of his own composition.

It was at Hamburg that the first German opera ever performed on a public stage was sung. This was Thiele's "Adam and Eve," produced on January 2d, 1678, and this was followed in the same year by the same composer's "Orontes." When Keiser, who ruled the Hamburg opera for over forty years, first began to compose, it was the custom to sing the imported Italian operas partly in German and partly in Italian. Keiser threw his influence against this absurd custom, and to Hamburg may be given the credit of abolishing it.

The remainder of my stay in the city I devoted to visiting and admiring the Museum of Natural History and the picture-galleries, under the guidance of my English friend. One afternoon, we two wandered out to the Heiligen Geist Feld, or "Field of the Holy Ghost," which was then used as a drilling place for soldiers. At the time of our visit a battalion was on drill. I was particularly struck with the especial attention which was paid by the drilling-masters to the proper method of raising the legs of the soldiers. First one, then the other, would be stuck out almost at right angles to the body. The object of this was to give the greatest amount of flexibility to the legs. The battalion on drill at the time was evidently an "awkward squad," and the exercises had to be repeated again and again before the drill-masters were satisfied.

This field is approached by an avenue of magnificent forest-trees, and near by this place can be traced the line of the old wall and moat which used to surround the city. Of course the wall has disappeared and the moat is dry, but the remains still possess considerable interest to any one with an antiquarian turn of mind.

When Sunday came, I started to go to the English church, but, alas! I did not persevere in that intention, and wandered off in other directions. It would be somewhat difficult to distinguish Sunday from any other day in that city. Most of the shops are open, and everybody seemed as busy and bustling on Sunday as on a week-day. The Hamburgers are not particularly a church-going people. Although it is a city of nearly 400,000 inhabitants, there are but six churches and one synagogue, not counting the English church. Of the people, the greatest part are either Lutherans or nothing at all. There are about 8,000 Roman Catholics, and about 14,000 Jews. The new Jewish synagogue was opened in 1859. The Catholic church, St. Nicholas', is situated near the fish-market. It is a modern Gothic edifice. At the time of my visit, the spire had not been completed; I believe, though, it has been finished since then. The Church of St. Catharine dates from the fourteenth century. The Church of St. James has a tower 343 feet high, but the steeple of the Church of St. Michael is still loftier, being 428 feet high, and one of the loftiest in Europe. St. Peter's is a modern Gothic structure. But what Hamburg lacks in churches it makes up in charitable and educational institutions. Among these may be reckoned the Exchange, with its mercantile library of 40,000 volumes; the Johanneum College, with its city library of 200,000 volumes and 5,000 manuscripts; the great Hospital in the suburb of St. George, with accommodation for more than 4,000 patients; the Orphan Asylum, educating and providing for 600 pupils; the Jewish Hospital, endowed by Solomon Heine in 1840, and open to patients of all creeds and races; the "Rauhes Haus," at Horn, near the city, founded in 1833 by Johann Heinrich Wichern, for the care and training of abandoned and depraved children, and others of like character. The botanic and zoological gardens are really also educational institutions, and they are among the most extensive in all Germany. The picture-gallery contains a splendid collection of paintings by modern masters, and the Museum of Natural History is one of the best of the kind in the world. The Government House, with its great hall for civic feasts, and the Bourse, are also notable buildings, and well worthy a protracted visit. The banking, insurance and publishing interests of the city are enormous, and the scene at the Bourse during business hours equals in excitement that in our own Exchange in Broad Street.

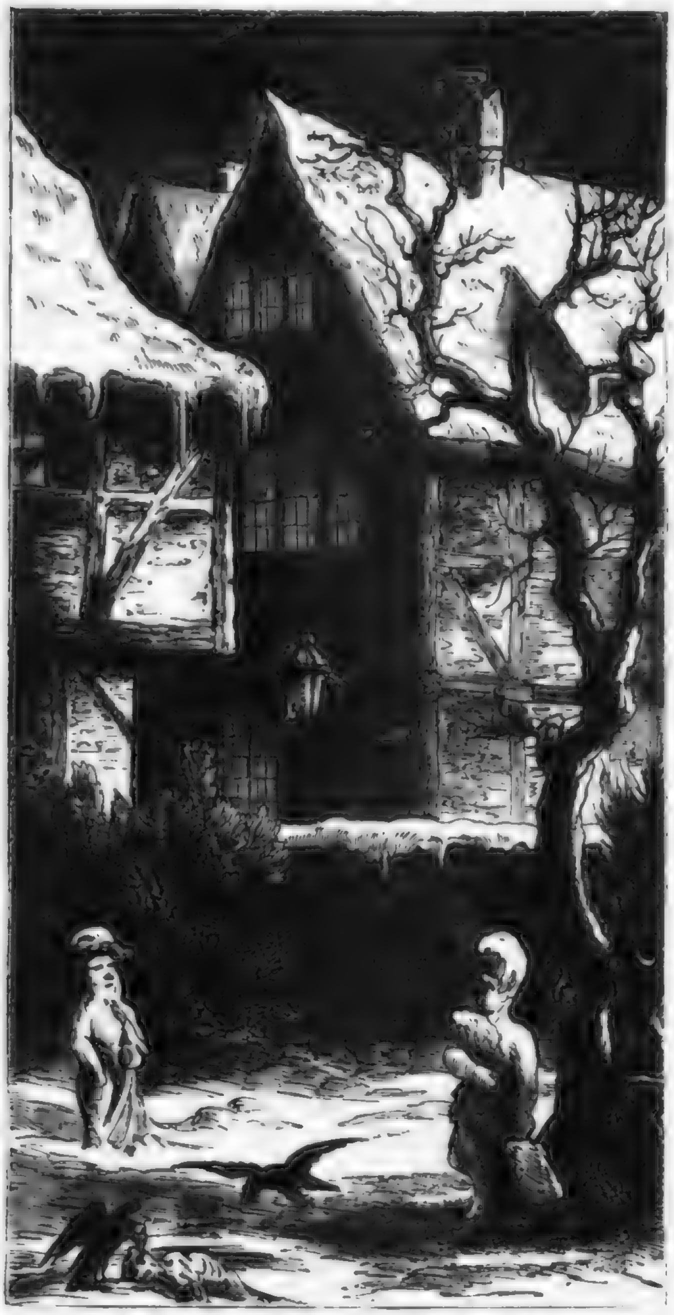
Lying to the north of Hamburg is the City of Altoona. Between it and Hamburg may be seen the monument erected to the memory of the 1,100 unfortunates who perished of hunger in that terrible siege which the city sustained in 1813-14, under Marshal Davoust, in which upward of 30,000 citizens were driven out in mid-winter. This was while Hamburg was the capital of the French department of the Bouches d'Elbe.

Altoona is by no means as handsome or interesting as Hamburg. Between the two is the suburb of St. Pauli, principally inhabited by seamen and laborers. Numerous windmills may be seen all around the city. Wind power is cheap and extensively used.

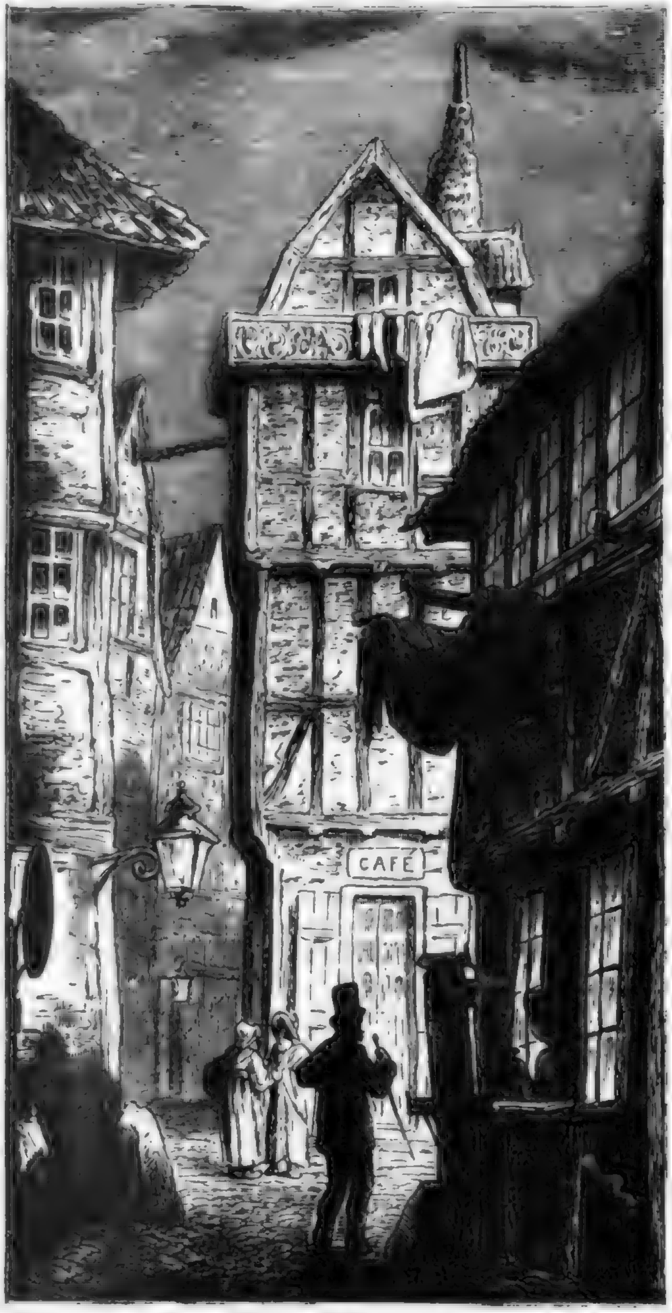
Although Hamburg does an immense business both in imports and exports, the sidewalks and streets are never cluttered up with bales and boxes of merchandise, as in New York. The city is intersected by numerous canals, which connect with the Elbe on the one side and the Alster on the other. Boats and barges go through these canals, and deliver the merchandise at the rear doors of the stores and warehouses. There are upward of sixty bridges spanning the rivers and canals in and around the city. This same feature may be found in many other European cities which are built on the banks of rivers.

The American system of horse-cars has been introduced in Hamburg—at first only in the outskirts of the city, but

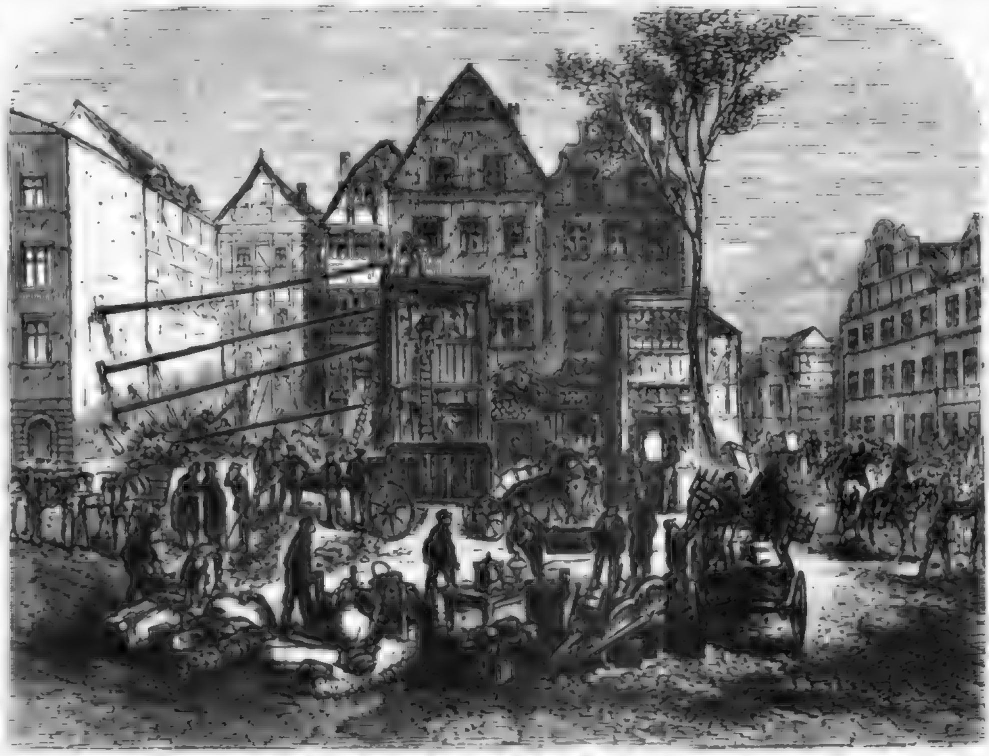
XUM



HAMBURG LANES.—"HEINSEN'S PARADISE."

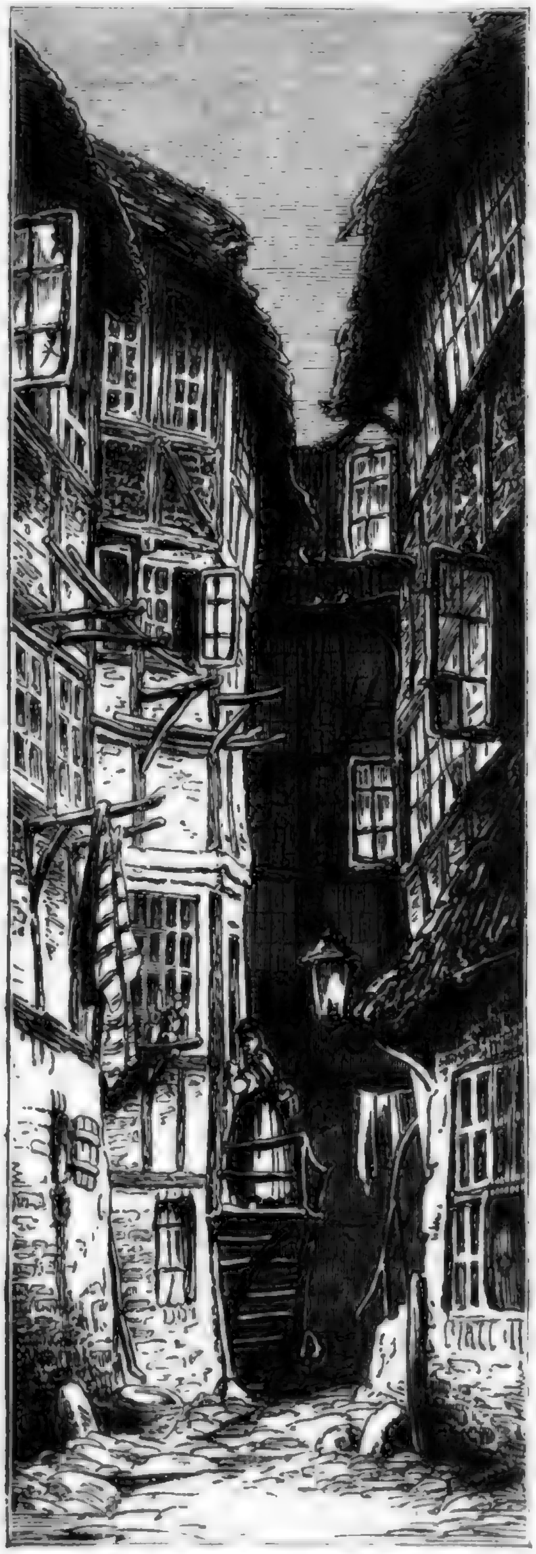


HAMBURG LANES.—"EHEBRECHERGANG."

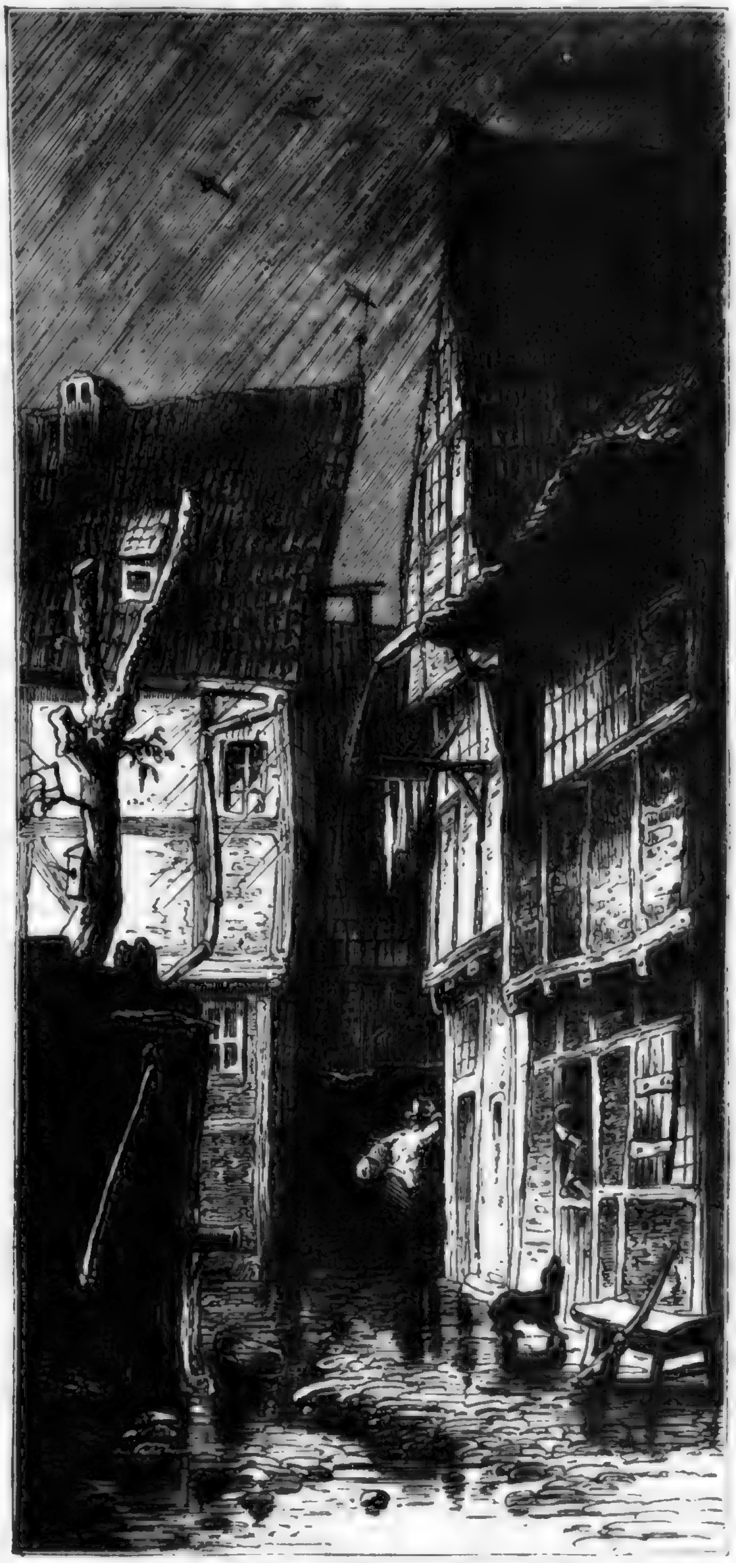


VIEW ON THE REICH-STRASSE, HAMBURG.

gradually encroaching more and more on the large streets. Cabs are innumerable and cheap, and stages with prescribed routes are plentiful. A stage will call for you at your residence or hotel whenever you wish. There is no reason for any one to go wrong or mistake his way, if he will but ask for information. The *portier* of the hotel, as I have said, must understand and converse in the three languages—French, English, and German. But care must be exercised even when one speaks his own language, especially in pronouncing proper names. The shade of difference between the pronunciation of *berg* and *burg* came very near being illustrated in my case in a most unpleasant manner. I had intended, during my travel in Germany, to pay a visit to the little toy-manufacturing town of Sonneberg, on the border of the Thuringian Wald; and, on the day before my departure from Hamburg, I asked the *portier* of my hotel how to go there. He gave me an elaborate description of the route thither, and then remarked that if I were going to Berlin—as was my intention—I had better postpone my visit until my return. As I knew that Sonneberg was in middle Germany, I could not understand the necessity of this, but subsequently learned that the *portier* had understood me as asking the way to *Sonderburg*, which is up in Schleswig-Holstein, in an entirely opposite direction from Sonneberg. The *portier* and I both laughed over the mistake, and he explained to me the difference between the German *e* and *v*.



HAMBURG LANES.—"LIESCHENGANG."



HAMBURG LANES.—"AMIDAMMACHERGANG."

On the following Monday evening, after having spent a very pleasant week and a day in the old free city, I left Hamburg *en route* for Berlin, and in leaving it I felt considerable regret, for I had been most hospitably entertained while there. My English commercial friend, whose name I am ashamed to say I have forgotten, was exceedingly kind, and took me around to all the points of interest, and I never can forget the kindness of Herr Gerber. The American Consul, who at that time was Mr. Edward Robinson, also treated me with kindness and distinction, and I was indebted to him for extrication from a very unfortunate situation. I have never seen him since; and if these lines should meet his eye, he will please accept this as an acknowledgment of the service then rendered m

The future of Hamburg is inseparably connected with he fortunes of the German Empire. The people of that city thoroughly support the Empire, and are as patriotic as any Prussian. The evidences of this were apparent even in 1871, for during my stay there the birthday of the Emperor William was celebrated. The honors paid to the old hero were enthusiastic and sincere, and not less were the love and confidence for the Crown-Prince—"Unser Fritz," as he was affectionately called—and the Emperor's nephew, Prince Frederick Charles. Not even in Berlin were the people more loyal than in this old city, which for so many centuries was a free and independent realm. In the years that have passed since then, there may have been changes, but I cannot believe that the strong feeling for unity and Vaterland I saw there manifested will ever die out, unless, as is not at present probable, the Empire be again broken up into fragments.

A BICYCLING IDYL.

A little girl, with eyes of blue;
A little dog of snowy hue;
A little wheel, with rider rash;
A bark, a rush, an awful crash!

A little scream; a little swear;
A pretty sympathetic air;
A little conversation, leading
To blushes, smiles, successful pleading.

A little church; a little bride;
A gallant wheelman by her side;
A little kiss, their vows to seal;
A little rival for the wheel.

THE HANDSOME STRANGER.

By Mrs. M. A. Denison.

Chapter I.

"SO POLISHED!" "So handsome!" "So fascinating!" "Pray who is he?" "And his name——?" "Is Edwin Gray." "How sweet! Just like music!"

These and kindred exclamations formed the staple of conversation, at the moment, at a birthday party, as the subject of so much comment moved quietly away down the long, well-lighted, well-furnished apartment.

The waltzing was over; the rich, softly undulating waves of Strauss's music had subsided upon the shore of comparative silence.

"Oh, Eva, he was quite taken with you!" said Amy Pendleton, in her quick, straightforward English. "He told me your hair was the color of beaten gold."

"Did he? Well, he spoke of your eyes, and compared them to heaven's own blue."

"And he said Kate's smile was the sweetest he had ever seen," said Lu Baker. "I wonder what he praised about me?" she added, with a queer little grimace.

"Your hands, my dear. For whiteness and symmetry, they were like lilies."

"Then we are, every one of us, charming in his eyes! Oh, how delightful!" said Eva Warren, the brightest and wittiest of the four young girls gathered at this birthday party. "Can't we conglomerate our charms some way, and make one perfect whole, worthy of worship by this knight of the fathomless eyes?"

"By-the-way, he has wonderful eyes, hasn't he?" said Amy Pendleton. "Do you know, I scarcely dare to look in them, for fear I shall have to take up with the old strain, slightly altered:

"'Oh, my heart, my heart is breaking,
For the love of Edwin Gray.'"

"Don't be silly, Amy," exclaimed Eva.

"I was never wise," was the retort; "and for that very reason I shall be singled out by this paragon, see if I'm not. And then, I shall smile and smile on him, till Louis will frown and frown on me, and gnaw away at his mustache. It will be delightful to see him jealous once; he boasts that he never was, is or can be jealous. But he has never yet had any occasion."

"You won't be so foolish, Amy; this stranger can be nothing to you."

"Perhaps—I don't know. Ah! he is coming this way."

Strangely enough, the handsome and polished young man did stop at Amy's side, and in a few moments had engaged her for the dance just forming.

Amy's heart fluttered. She felt flattered to be the choice of the most distinguished-looking man in the room, and her spirits rose proportionately, for they were soon on the best of terms.

"You are fond of dancing?" he said.

"Oh, I like it better than anything else—see, my tablets are quite full; it was only by the merest chance that this one dance happened to be open."

"Of which I was fortunate to avail myself," he answered, with a bow.

"My dear, don't be so communicative," whispered Eva, as she crossed her in one of the figures. "Remember, your partner is a perfect stranger."

"Don't you fear me," said Amy, a little sharply—"just as if I didn't know how far to go," she added, to herself. "Eva would be glad to have him for a partner."

Another pause in the dance.

"I think I am acquainted with a gentleman of your name in Baltimore," said Mr. Gray, his strangely magnetic eyes reading her face.

"Oh, are you? I wonder if it is Uncle Paul?" she exclaimed, delightedly.

"It certainly is Mr. Paul Pendleton," he answered, smiling at her pretty enthusiasm.

"Yes, but there may be more than one Paul—my uncle is president of a bank."

"The very one," was the eager response.

"Then perhaps you know my cousin Lilian?"

"I am acquainted with her, but slightly," he said.

"Isn't she beautiful?"

"A very beautiful girl, indeed."

"So lovely that, whenever I see her, I could fall down and worship her, if it wasn't forbidden," said Amy, flippantly. "I'm glad you know them. I am Uncle Paul's favorite niece."

"Does he still live where he did last Winter?"

"Oh, yes—on Madison Street, though you would scarcely know the house, it has been so altered. It was quite handsome before, but aunty fancied she wanted a nest of bay-windows for her birds and flowers; she thinks the conservatory is too damp for the birds, you see. Aunty is not well this Winter; Uncle Paul thinks of traveling to Europe for her health, and that he may get some rest himself. He is devoted to business."

"And your cousin is not yet married, then?"

"Oh, no, indeed; it is very difficult for her to get married, though she has been engaged to Harry Deane for three years. Perhaps you know Harry, too?"

"Oh, yes; I remember him. Was he not slight?"

"He was, but he has grown much stouter; and don't you think him ugly? That scar under his left eye deforms him so. Otherwise his features are good enough. But, then, he's such a noble fellow. Uncle Paul is very fond of him; has made him cashier, and intrusts him with any amount of money. But that's not my business."

"You needn't fear to tell me, Miss Pendleton. I am so very well acquainted with your uncle, that I feel interested in whatever you may say about him. Besides, I have some money that I think I shall put in his hands."

"I don't know much about banking," laughed Amy, "but I know what my uncle thinks of Harry. Why, Harry goes to Chicago to-morrow with fifty thousand dollars—so I heard papa say. It is something connected with Government funds."

A strange electric light seemed to shoot over the man's face as he listened to this disclosure. For a second the nerves of his mouth twitched, then he seemed, by a violent effort, to control himself, and still to continue lightly to the young and giddy girl, his partner.

"Chicago? Ah, yes, I know many people in Chicago. I lived there once," he went on, and then detailed some of the circumstances of his life.

He was very fluent, and had the gift of making pictures with words. Amy still listened to him after the dance was over, bewitched by his merry humor; and when he left her, leaving also the house, all the interest in the evening's pleasure was over for her.

"Well, and so your new flame has deserted you," said Louis, who had been industriously dancing, but not the less keeping an eye on his *fiancée*.

"He has gone home," said Amy, yawning slightly behind her fan. "He said he had some important business to attend to. What an elegant partner he is! And you don't know how well he talked!"

"Yes? I've been trying to find out who he is. Nobody seems really to know—even our hostess herself. Either some one introduced him or he brought a letter."

"And, Louis, he knows Uncle Paul, and so many of our friends in Baltimore."

"Possible?" said Louis, dryly. "Singular, then, he should be such a stranger here. I honestly confess I did not like the fellow's face."

"Didn't you think him handsome?"

"Yes, in a way. Rather fine eyes, and gives his whole attention to his lady friends, particularly if he has any object to gain. I rather fancy the fellow is a flirt."

"For shame, Louis! I had no idea you could be so ungenerous."

"Well, never mind; don't let us quarrel about it. We may never see the man again," said Louis, good-naturedly.

"For my part, I hope I shall," was the response; "I liked him very much. Most men listen to their partners as if it were a strain upon their courtesy, but he just talked as if he liked to—as if he thought I was worth the trouble."

"And so you are—there's no doubt on that head. Come, you promised this dance to me."

"Did I? Oh, yes;" and she rose languidly, and took her place in the set.

Meantime, Mr. Edwin Gray had hurried into the dressing-room, selected a hat and coat, left the house, and entered his own lodgings—a shabby-genteel room on the second floor of a second-rate house in Brooklyn. Arrived there, he lost no time in taking out writing implements, and inditing what seemed to be a message on three or four different slips of paper.

These he looked over thoughtfully, said, as he took up one of them, "I rather think this will do," and placed it in his vest pocket. It ran thus:

"L. Dorsey, 57 Eutaw Street, Baltimore: Heavy case. Goes by early train to-morrow. Bound for Chicago. Brown eyes and hair—*scar under left eye.* Initials of name, H. D.; Bank, Pendleton. G. M. Diaz."

As soon as he had placed the paper in his pocket, he went to a small black leather trunk, and took therefrom a heavy beard and mustache of a dull red color, with a wig to suit to same. Then he drew on a plain blue body-coat, on the inside of which, attached to the lapel, was a brass plate with a number engraved in the centre. Adding to this his hat, and drawing on a pair of linen gloves of a dark color, he left his boarding-house and went in the direction of the nearest telegraph-office.

There he gave the message, displaying carelessly the badge on his coat, paid for its transmission, and sauntered slowly out.

"That's one of the force, Joe," said the clerk who had charge of the missive.

"One of what force?" was the answer.

"Why, a detective. They're after some scoundrel or other who is going to Chicago with his ill-gotten goods. They'll catch him, too; sharp fellows, these detectives."

"I know pretty much all the detectives here—it's not one of our men," said Joe.

"That may be true—there are plenty of them outside of Brooklyn. It's my opinion he's one of the Baltimore force. I tell you they have to be plucky chaps."

"Not so plucky, perhaps, as cunning," responded Joe; "and it's curious what small things serve, sometimes, to excite their suspicion and lead to the trail. My brother Ben has got a little brass button in his possession that proved the guilt of one of the most heartless murderers that ever was hung."

"Well, all is, I shouldn't like to see one of these fellows on my track, if I had been up to anything wrong."

Early on the following morning Edwin Gray left Brooklyn, presenting yet another exterior. His eyebrows and hair had been touched with some coloring material, his costume was faultless, his manner reserved, almost haughty, his hands daintily gloved in kid. If on the previous night he had been the free and easy gallant, he was now the reserved, aristocratic traveler, bearing the fatigues and annoyances of his journey with well-concealed disgust, and condescending to be looked at and wondered over, while he was apparently oblivious to everything about him, even the boys who heaped the car-seat beside him with boxes and papers and periodicals, of which he took not the slightest notice.

With the exception of stopping once for refreshments, Edwin Gray did not leave his chair till the train drew in at the Baltimore depot. There he hailed a hack, and was driven at once to Barnum's Hotel, where his fine appearance and reserved manner caused him to be treated like a lord.

Chapter II.

"My dear, I think you are not just to Harry."

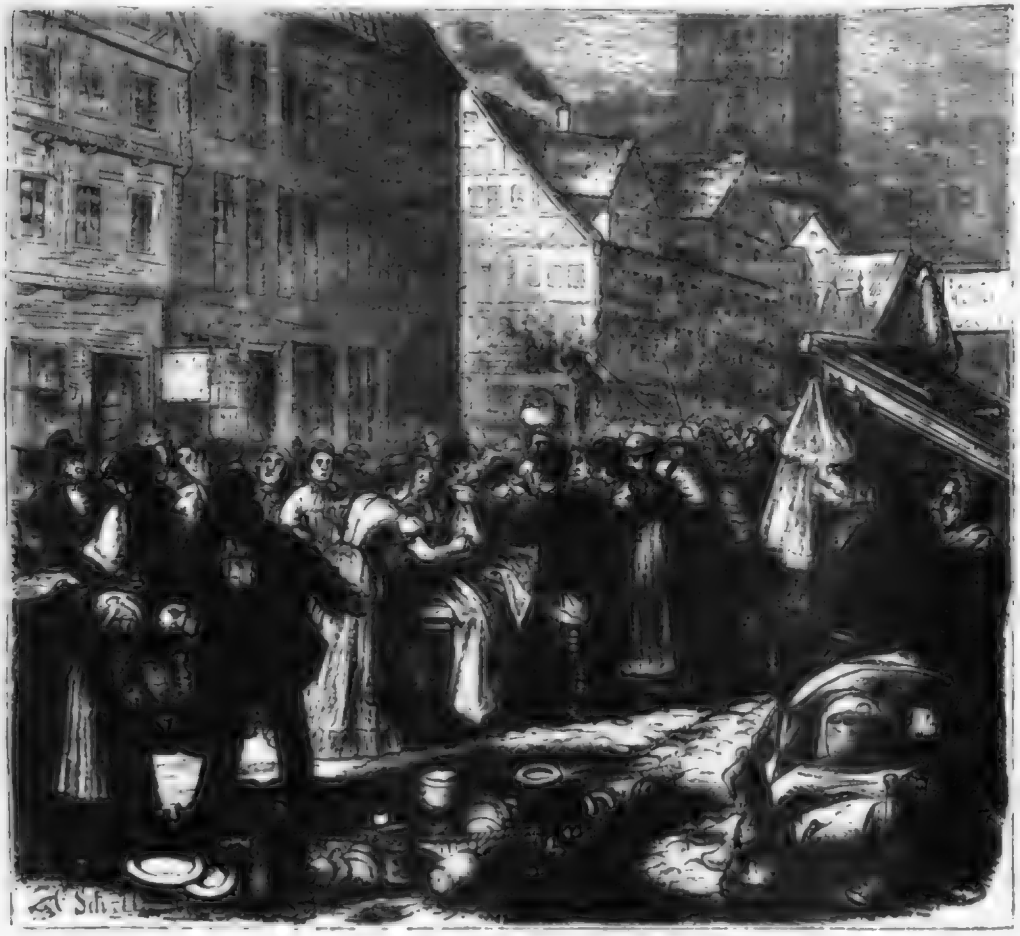
"But, mamma, I really do feel like another person when he is gone. I can't help it. It would be awful if, after we are married, I should long to be rid of him as I do now sometimes."

"You should have thought of that, child, before you engaged yourself to him."

"Well, he was so persistent, what could I do? Besides, having always known Harry, why, I felt more at my ease with him; and, then, you and papa seemed to expect it of me—and, really, I don't fancy most of the men I see—the young men, I mean; so, perhaps——"

"You will never find another Harry, my dear; a more devoted fellow never lived."

"Oh, I don't complain of that. I'm not sure but he is too devoted," said Lilian, with a comical little shrug. "I have only to beckon, and he will follow; I have only to



THE JEWISH QUARTER IN HAMBURG.—SEE PAGE 739.

wish, and he flies to execute. It is very foolish, I suppose, but sometimes I imagine the——"

"Well?" said Mrs. Pendleton, filling up the pause.

"The kind of man I think I could fall in love with—really and truly fall in love," she added, laughing gayly. "It would be such a strange, delightful sensation!"

"Hush, my dear; I don't like such talk. You don't know what you are saying; you are fresh from your romances, that portray unknown and unheard-of sensations; and, besides, it would be folly of the meanest kind, when your bridal clothes are already bespoke. If you find you do not love Harry Deane——"

"Oh! but, mamma, I do love him—that is, after a certain fashion. That is, I don't seem to know how to get along without him, though there is such a relief at first in his going away. I don't know how I do feel toward him, exactly," she added, laughing. "Sometimes, when I get on the good side of his face——"

"What in the world do you mean, my dear?" interrupted her mother.

"Why, the side without the scar, to be sure."

"Well, now, do you know I call that his beautiful side? He received that wound in consequence of risking his own life to save the life of another."

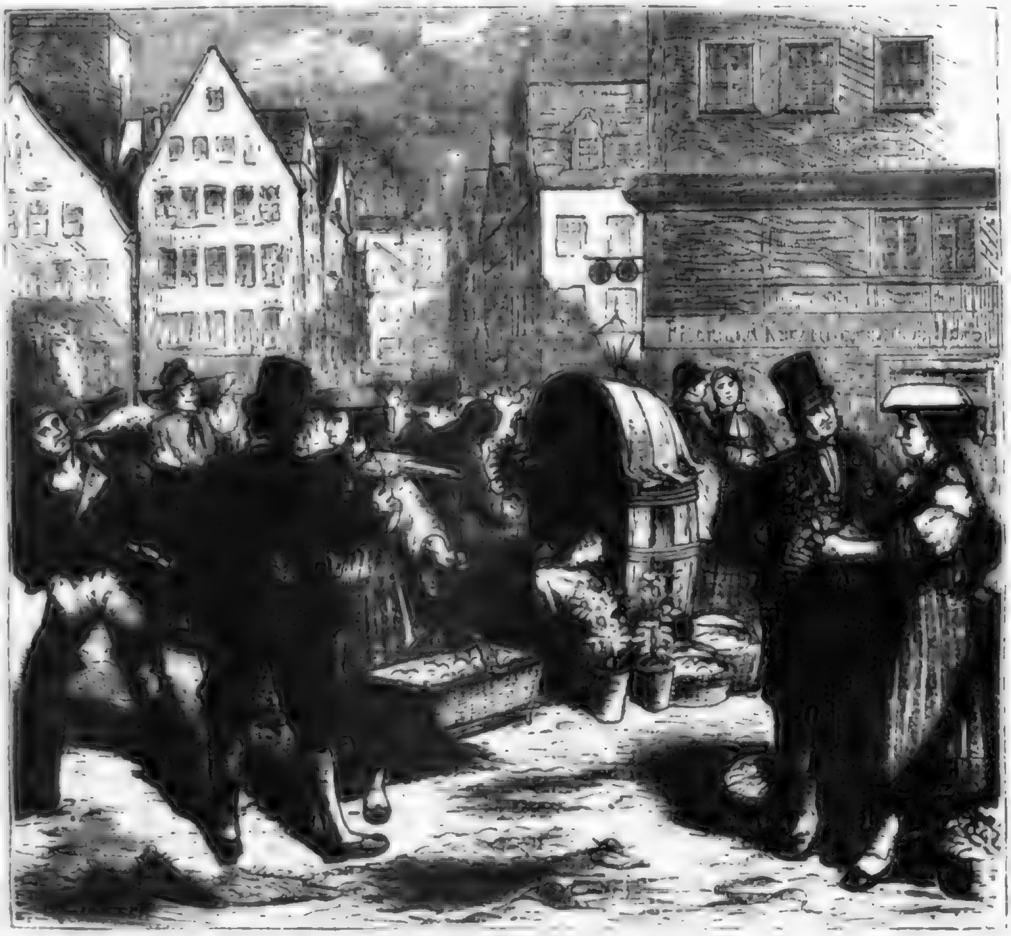
"Oh, I know, mamma, if one can keep that always in mind. Of course Harry is good and all that, and, of course, as surely, I shall marry him. And, as I was saying, on the good side of his face he is very fine-looking, so I shall be sure always to get on that side." And laughing gayly, she left the room to dress for dinner.

"A very fine young fellow called upon me to-day—really and truly, I must say," and Paul Pendleton carved the roast turkey with the air of a connoisseur.

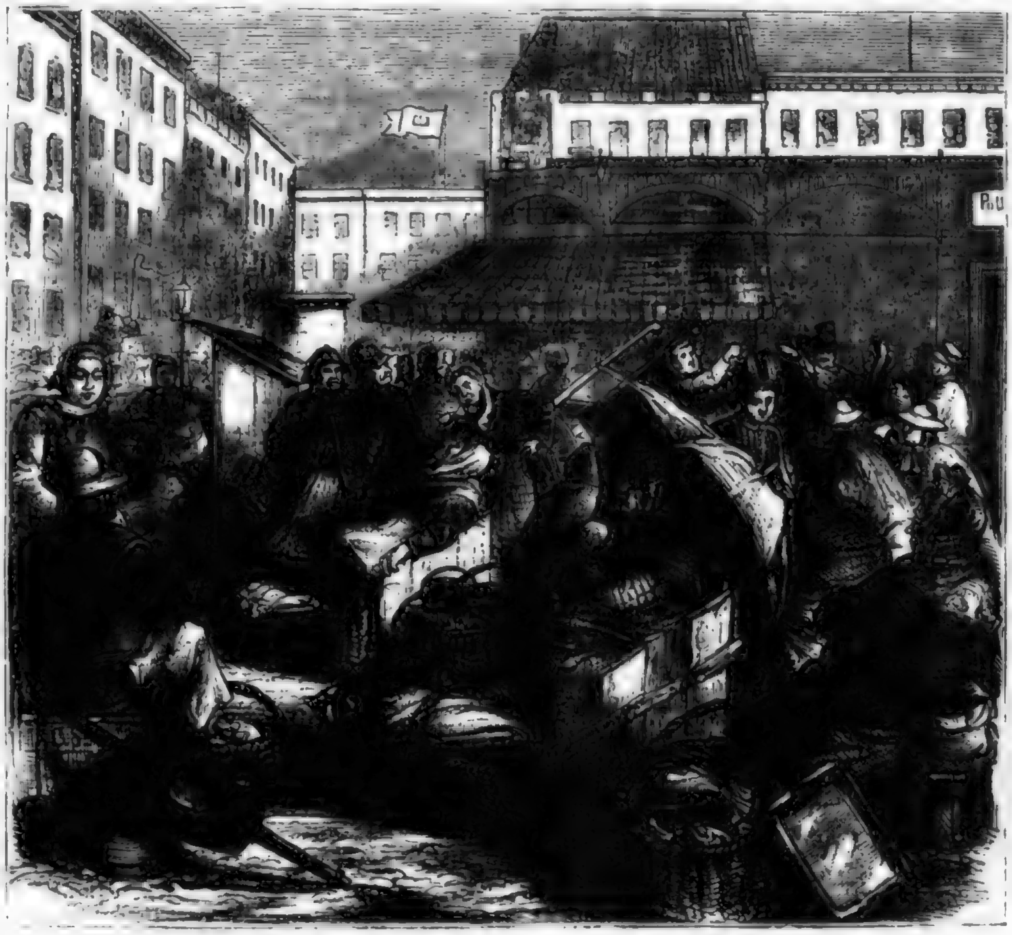
He was a self-satisfied-looking, rather handsome, portly gentleman of middle age, a little bald, a little hard of hearing, a little vain of his business and official capacity, and using the words "really and truly, I must say," on all occasions, whether he praised the dinner, Lilian's toilet, or issued a *caveat.*

"Pray, who is he, papa?" asked Lilian, all attention.

"Stranger, my dear; brought a letter of introduction from Judge Geary; you know the judge, my love?"—to his wife. "I invited him to dinner to-morrow—did I do right? He is stopping at Barnum's. Has been seeing



THE MARKET-PLACE, HAMBURG.



THE FISH MARKET, HAMBURG.—SEE PAGE 739.

your cousin Amy, my dear; seems to have been one of them—really and truly, I may say, in the bosom of the family, as it were—ahem!" and the gentleman helped himself to celery.

"I wonder Amy hasn't written about him," said beautiful Lilian; "though, to be sure, I haven't heard from her for an age."

"Perhaps he is her lover, my dear," said her mother. "Amy is quite old enough, I should think."

"Yes, yes, he may be," said the banker. "He seems a fine, talented young fellow, and Amy is a monstrous pretty girl, really and truly, I must say. If it is so, she has captured one of the swells, or nobby sort. I mean no disparagement to the young man; really and truly, I must say, from the little I talked with him, I fancy he's a long head for business; one of the sort who seem to know everything. Oh, by-the-way, I got a telegram from Harry."

"Why, papa!" said Lilian, "he can't have got to Chicago."

"Oh, no; bless my heart, no; really and truly, I must say, ha! From one of the way-stations—reported that he and money were safe, so far. I sometimes wish I had expressed it; but I don't know—Harry seemed quite confident—carried it in a carpet-bag as if it were an ordinary satchel; perhaps that was the best way."

"Why, papa, there's not the least danger, is there?" asked Lilian, opening her blue eyes to their widest extent.

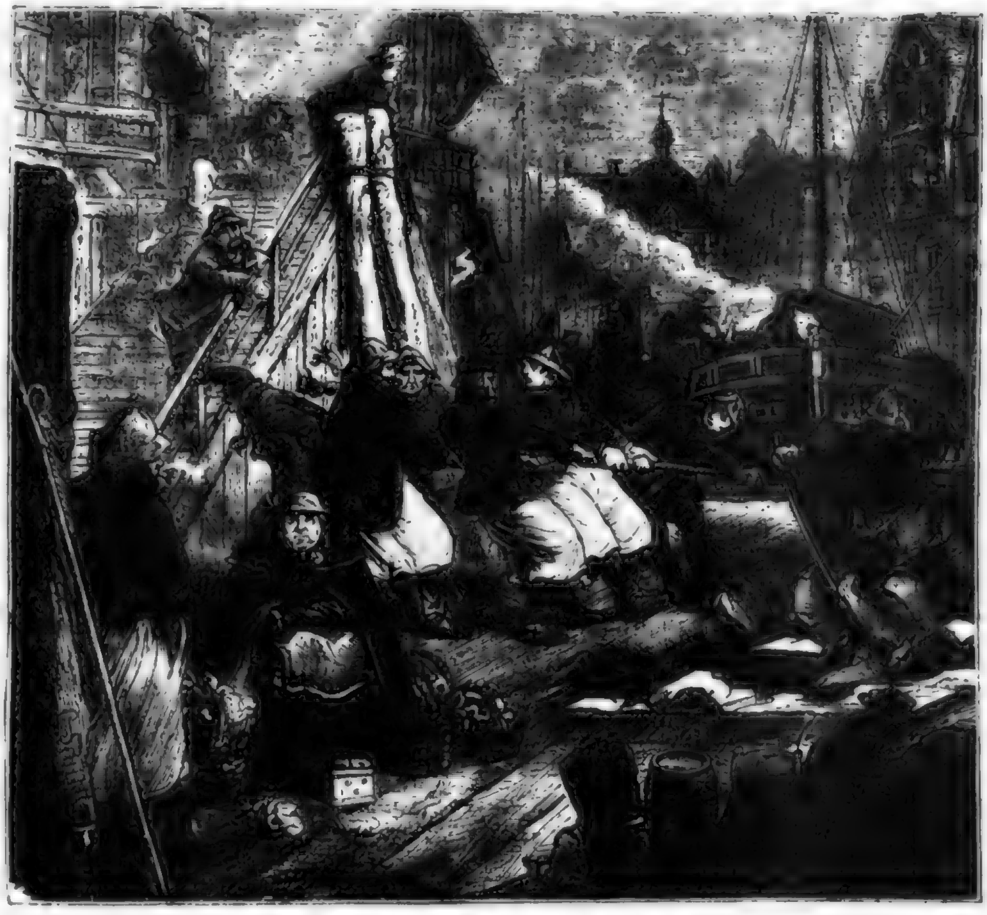
"There's always danger, my love—really and truly, you must know, I say—always danger where one carries a large amount of money, especially when a good part of it is in specie; but Harry thought his way the best, and so I let him go. He has always been a long-headed fellow, and no one can possibly know anything about the matter. So, really and truly, I can't say that I feel under much apprehension, though it's a great responsibility for him."

"And that reminds me," said Lilian, suddenly turning pale, "of my dream before ever Harry thought of going away. It was terrible."

Both father and mother looked up, a little shocked by her expression.

"I must say, my dear, really and truly, ha, that I hope you are not superstitious," said Mr. Pendleton.

Lilian shook her head; but still the air of depression



SCENE ALONG THE DOCKS, HAMBURG.

XUM

she had so suddenly assumed, remained. The dream was noteworthy. She had awakened in the morning, trembling and faint, and had felt a recurring shock to her nerves every time the vision came to her memory. Now, however, it had grown fainter and fainter, until the conversation at the dinner-table, when it came back as vividly as at the first.

It appeared to her that her father had given a great dinner party, to which he had invited some foreign prince, at that time visiting the city. Decorators changed the appearance of the house, till it resembled an enchanted palace. Everywhere resounded music; everywhere flashed light and beauty. In the midst of the reveling it seemed to her the strange prince expressed a wish for some peculiar kind of fruit, indigenous to the country, and which the banker said he had in his cellar, but feared to intrust a servant to go for it. Lilian, delighted with the prince, and glad to be of service to him, offered to go herself, and her father, putting a wax taper in her hand, sent her, with these words:

"My child, it will be a heavy cross; nevertheless, go."

As she went down the cellar-stairs, that portion of the building seemed also to be lighted, but as she reached the bottom all the lights were gone out, and she, groping in half darkness, found herself searching for Harry. Her whole mind appeared to be engrossed with this object. "I must find him, I must find him!" she kept repeating over and over to herself, conscious that he was somewhere in the cellar.

Then all at once a chill wind blew over her, and she found herself in a street—a sort of alley, paved with heavy stones—and there, lying in a heap, a dreadful wound in his temple, lay Harry Deane, quite dead.

This dream had certainly made her more tender toward Harry for a few days, but the impression of horror had gradually worn off, and the vision was a thing of the past, until the banker spoke as he did.

"I wonder if it's the prince he's going to bring here," mused Lilian, as she sat in her own room; "and I wonder if there *is* anything in dreams, after all. If anything should happen to poor Harry, what should I do?"

Nevertheless, she dressed herself with more than usual care and taste for the dinner on the following day, and received the stranger guest with a good deal of *empressement*. He on his part acted the grand cavalier to perfection, and with his bewildering eyes, which he knew well how to use, and his manner, at once deferential and refined, made considerable way in Miss Lilian's good graces.

"Papa, you look worried," said Lilian, intercepting him on his way out, some little time after dinner. "What are you going away for?"

"I'm a little anxious, my love—in fact, I've not received any message from Harry."

"And is it time?"

"It was time some hours ago. He was to telegraph me twice before his arrival in Chicago. I have received but one dispatch; naturally I am disappointed."

"You don't think there's any trouble, do you?"

"I never allow myself to speculate, my dear," was the reply; "if there is trouble, I shall know it soon enough."

Lilian went back into the parlor under some apprehension, but the persuasive tongue and gentle courtesy of her guest soon drove away all thought of trouble, and even the ghost of the repellant dream.

Mr. Edwin Gray was surely one of the most fascinating men of his class, apt at invention, quick of insight—seizing upon a look, a glance, with which to make capital. His manner toward Lilian flattered her; to her mother he was all attention, and quite won her heart by a skillful turn in which he compared her favorably with a person in society, whose distinguished air and powers of fascination gave her a powerful sway in the fashionable world.

Chapter III.

"My dear, I don't like it—I don't like it at all; not a word from Harry—not a word from the bank. I telegraphed to several places, and then I came home. I was absolutely too nervous to stay and hear the result, so I came home—really and truly. I can't say what I fear, but this suspense is terrible."

"If you had only expressed it, Mr. Pendleton!"

"Ah, *if!* If the moon were made of green cheese, my dear, it would probably be melted into Welsh rarebits of a hot night. Of all useless repetitions, deliver me from the word *if*. I did send the money by Harry—now all I have to do is to abide by the consequences, whatever that may be; it's very strange, though. Where's Lilian?"

"In the parlor, my dear, with Mr. Gray."

"Indeed! Why should she be there with Gray? Oh, I forgot; he came to dinner—a very fine, agreeable fellow, too."

"A splendid young man, my dear—one of the most polished and gentlemanly fellows it was ever my lot to meet. A perfect encyclopedia—and knows so many of our friends in Brooklyn. Only think! he says I make him think of Mrs. Optimus de Laney, I look so much like her."

"Fiddlesticks!" ejaculated the worthy banker. "You look as much like her as I do; but women will be vain to the end of time, and men will flatter them, I suppose."

"My dear," said Mrs. Pendleton, in mild amazement, "you are cross."

"Very well; if you think so, perhaps I am. Pray let me enjoy my little cross, since it burdens nobody else. Hark! there are the telegrams. It is, really and truly, upon my word, very vexatious; but then I ought to have received one from Chicago two hours ago."

There were three dispatches.

From the bank:

> "We have not seen your messenger."

From a friend:

> "Waited at depot till half hour after train came in. Nobody answering description there."

From another friend:

> "Staid at home awaiting your young man, but nobody came. What does it mean?"

"Surely," groaned the banker, "what does it mean?"

At that moment sounded a clear, sweet tenor from the parlor. It seemed to irritate the banker.

"How can she listen to that fellow, when, for all we know, poor Harry may be weltering in his blood?" he said, almost angrily.

"Oh, my dear, what a horrible picture!" cried Mrs. Pendleton, having immediate recourse to her smelling-salts.

"Or else he has absconded—which would be a great deal worse."

"Harry? That good, true young man—never!" said Mrs. Pendleton, with energy. "He loved our Lilian too well."

"Our Lilian seems to take great comfort in the company of somebody else," responded Mr. Pendleton. "But this matter is a serious one. I must attend to it—set the police at work—go on myself, if necessary."

"But it may be all for nothing; at this very moment Harry may be communicating with you."

"But, don't you see, according to dispatches, he never arrived at Chicago."

"Oh, I didn't think of that," said his wife, beginning for the first time to be seriously alarmed.

"No; easy enough to keep right on, or double on his track, and get off so as to fly the country; and yet I couldn't believe him capable of such treachery."

Meanwhile Lilian, all unconscious of the terrible imputation cast upon her betrothed, sat talking gayly to her new-found friend, unconscious of the speeding hours.

He was so handsome, so well-informed, talked equally well about the last waltz or the last sermon; above all things, played and sang with the accuracy of a master—and Lilian was passionately fond of music—that the girl felt under a spell while his eyes were upon her, and confessed his power, while her conscience reproved her.

She longed to know in what relation he stood to her cousin, and questioned him with an assumption of innocent curiosity which was quite transparent.

"Have you known my cousin long, Mr. Gray?" she asked.

"Not long, if we reckon by days and weeks, Miss Pendleton," was his suave reply; "but if by impressions and similarity of tastes, then our acquaintance has been well ripened."

"Acquaintance!" thought Miss Lilian. "Oh, what beautiful eyes he has! If only Harry could sing and play! He certainly would not say *acquaintance* merely, if he were engaged to her."

"Ahem!" said the banker, appearing at the door, hat in hand.

"Papa, are you going out?" asked Lilian.

"Yes; I—I have some bad news, my dear."

"Bad news, papa?" and Lilian started from her seat, turning pale. "Oh, what can it be?"

"Harry—he was not on the train when it reached Chicago."

Edwin Gray sat partly in the shadow as the words fell on his ear. He grasped more tightly the sheet of music he held in his hands, his jaw fell for a second, over all his face passed a quick terror—then a sudden illumination.

"Oh, papa! you don't think anything has happened to Harry, do you?"

"How can I tell? He started for Chicago—he didn't get there; that's all—really and truly, I say—that's all, as far as I know."

"Can I be of any service, sir?" asked Edwin Gray, also rising. "I do not know what your trouble is, but if I can do any errand by bearing messages, please command me."

"You are very good," was the banker's reply; "no, thank you; I shall be better if I attend to business myself. If, however, you are walking down-town——"

"Certainly, sir; I was just thinking of going. I will bear you company with pleasure." And, with a profound and graceful bow, the young man took his leave.

Lilian repaired at once to her mother's room.

"Tell me the worst at once," she said, with pale lips; "what does papa think?"

"He is very anxious, my dear."

"No, no—tell me all; what has he said to you about Harry? Tell me the exact words, for I know by his manner he suspects something."

"Well, dear, he wonders very much why Harry was not on the train."

"Oh, mamma—he—don't—imagine——" Lilian faltered.

"We hope it is all right, my dear, both of us, but you see there was so much money; the temptation——"

"Mamma, don't—Harry wouldn't ever be tempted; I tell you, he would rather die than do a dishonest action," she said, passionately.

"So it seems to me, my dear."

"Oh, I know it. If Harry was nothing to me, I would say the same thing. He is the soul of honor."

"Then, my dear——"

"Then what, that your face changes so? Oh, mamma—you can't imagine—he has been robbed and—mur——" Her voice sank; she could not bring herself to say the horrible word, but sank down, half fainting, on the nearest chair.

Several days passed, and still there came no news. The banker, in the meantime, had hastened on to Chicago, keeping the matter out of the papers as far as he could. Now and then Mr. Edwin Gray called, and enlivened the afflicted family with his superb presence. It was not best for him to linger here, and of this fact he was fully aware. But Lilian's charms had proved too much for him; for the first time in his adventurous life he was imprudent; for the first time he was not guilty of dissimulation.

"Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad," is an axiom that was proved in his case. Lilian's eyes detained him. She, poor girl, caught at the merest straw for help. His presence seemed to strengthen her, to enable her to wait through the terrible suspense, though she was very thankful to receive a telegram from her uncle in Brooklyn, that he had heard news from her father, and was coming on; but she must mention the subject to no one, as he was the bearer of important intelligence.

That night, as Lilian sat in the parlor, listening to the dulcet notes of Edwin Gray, her uncle arrived, bringing with him a strange gentleman. Lilian met them in the hall.

"Is Edwin Gray here?" asked the newcomer, in a low voice, after affectionately greeting his niece.

"Yes. You can't think how kind he has been since——"

"Officer, do your duty," said Mr. Pendleton, nodding to his companion; and, before the astonished girl had time to wonder at the words, there was a rush, a stifled cry, the explosion of a pistol, and the whole terrified household assembled with the wildest cries and exclamations.

Taking a step forward, the bewildered girl saw a tableau that she never forgot. Gray, standing in the middle of the floor, securely handcuffed, with drooping head and a savage scowl; the detective in the act of picking up a pistol, still smoking, whose ball had missed its aim.

"Oh! what does it all mean?" cried Lilian, turning to her uncle, who was supporting the half fainting form of her mother.

"It means that this man is arrested for complicity in the murder of Harry Deane!"

"Harry killed! Harry dead!" exclaimed Lilian, and unconsciousness came mercifully to her aid.

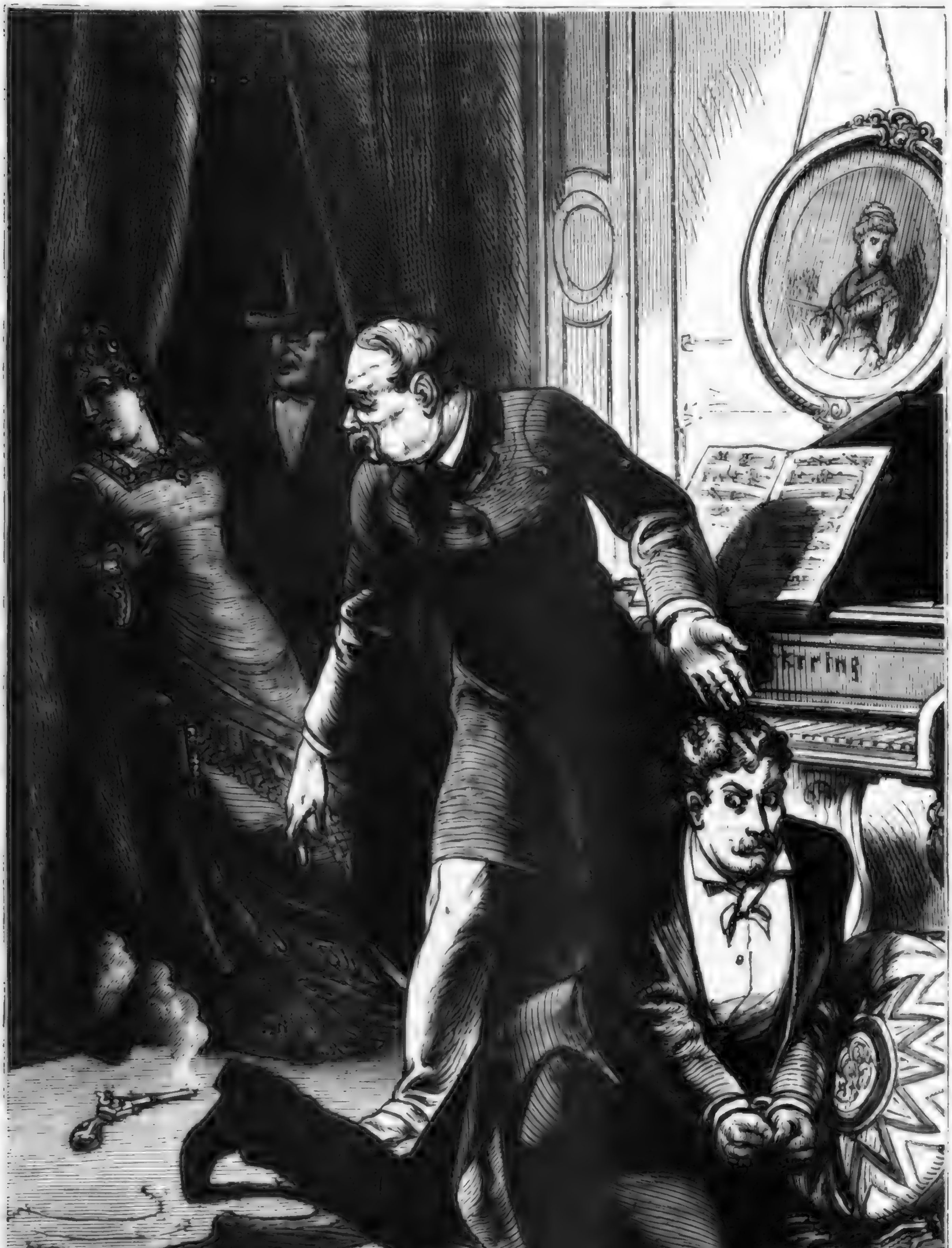
It seemed that the train on which Harry Deane had taken passage was due in the night. Securely fastening his treasure about him, the young man had kept manfully awake till within a very few hours of the end of his journey, when, yielding to a strange drowsiness, he gave way to sleep. There were very few in the car, many of the passengers having left at the other station.

Suddenly he was roused by some one pulling him by the shoulder.

"Are you due at Chicago?" asked a low voice—"because we are there. I thought you intended to stop here. You will excuse my boldness."

"Oh, thank you—thank you!" said poor Harry, but imperfectly awake. "How awkward if I had gone on!"

XUM



THE HANDSOME STRANGER.—"TAKING A STEP FORWARD, THE BEWILDERED GIRL SAW A TABLEAU THAT SHE NEVER FORGOT. GRAY, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FLOOR, SECURELY HANDCUFFED; THE DETECTIVE IN THE ACT OF PICKING UP A PISTOL."

and he left the car at the last moment, surprised to find himself under the starlight, the train rushing on, and a stranger at his side—the same man who had once or twice awakened his suspicion by, as he thought, dogging him all through the twenty-four hours.

"This is not Chicago," he said, "and you are a scoundrel!"

They were the last words he ever spoke. There was a deadly struggle on the deserted platform, a dull, heavy fall, and the villain, seizing the treasure, made his way through the darkness, intending to fly with his ill-gotten booty. But the innocent victim was soon avenged. A man was found at the foot of a steep declivity, from which he had fallen, in a dying condition, the bag by his side. There he made confession and restitution, and thus exposed his accomplice, Edwin Gray, *alias* John Diaz, *alias* a dozen other well-sounding names, and for his many crimes—my story is not all fiction—he will yet suffer the penalty of the law. The money was all recovered.

Amy Pendleton has learned a lesson she will not soon forget.

Through her foolish confidence in a handsome stranger, an innocent man lost his life, and her cousin a husband every way worthy of her love.

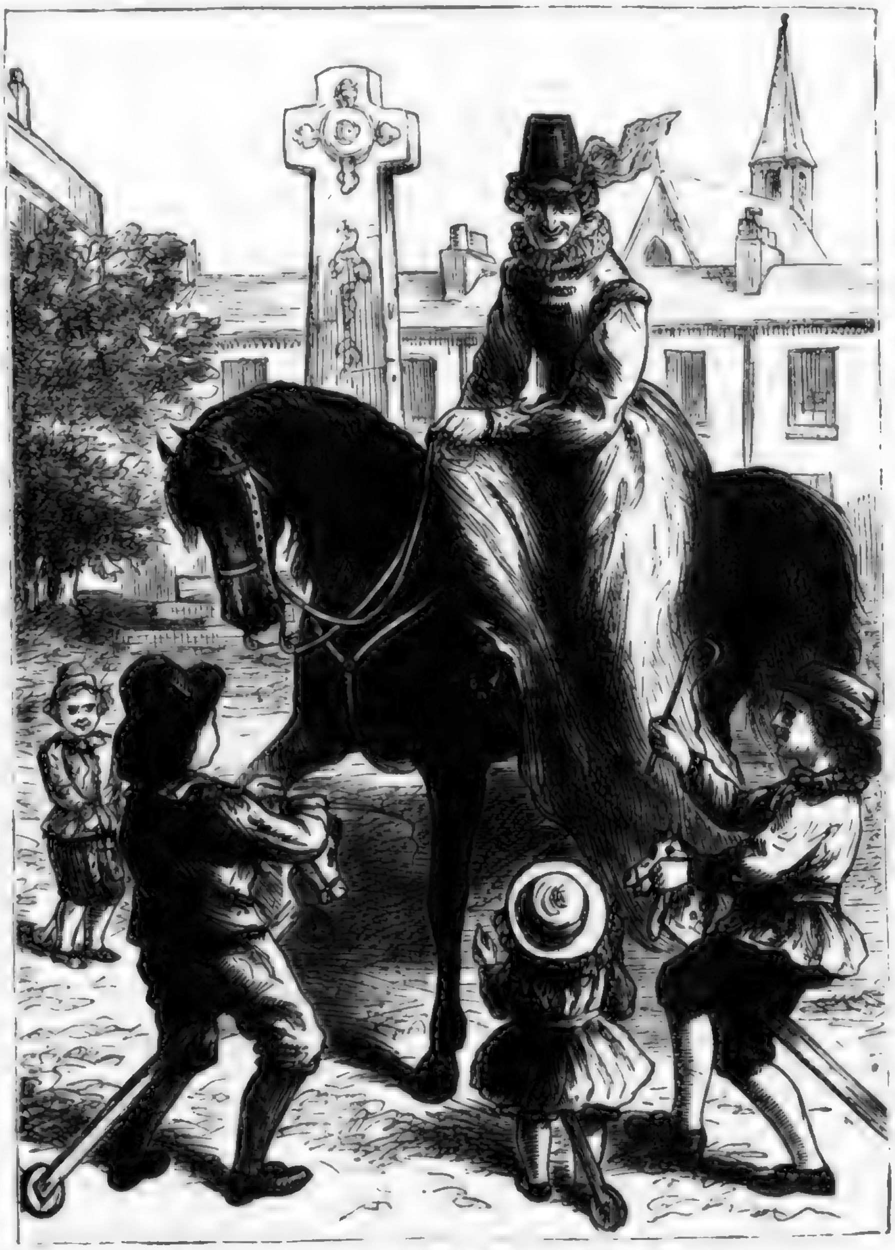
FLOWERS.—With certain saints our ancestors connected certain flowers on account of their blossoming about the saints' days. Thus the snowdrop was called the Purification Flower, from its blossoming about Candlemas (February 2d); the crocus was dedicated to St. Valentine; the daisy to St. Margaret (hence called by the French "La Belle Marguerite"); the Lady Smock to the Virgin, its flowers appearing about Lady Day; St. John's Wort was connected with the blessed St. John; and there were the daffodil or Lent lily, the Pasque flower or anemone, the Herb Christopher, St. Barnaby's thistle, Canterbury bell, Herb St. Robert, and Mary Wort.

A GOOD moral character is the first essential in a man. It is, therefore, highly important to endeavor not only to be learned, but to be virtuous.

RIDE A COCK-HORSE.

"RIDE a cock-horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see an old woman ride on a black horse;
With rings on her fingers,
And bells on her toes,
And she shall have music wherever she goes."

AND this old woman was no other than Mrs. Hippoharpy herself. When she had jumped out of the window and fled away over the fields, she ran and ran until she came to the town of Banbury. And there she stopped, because she could run no longer. She had a few pounds in her pocket, and with them she hired a room to live in. But she had never been accustomed to keep under her temper or to master her passions, and so the sudden shock of losing her enchanted wand had such an effect on her that she became quite daft and silly, and the people of Banbury always called her Crazy Mistress Hippoharpy.



RIDE A COCK-HORSE.

Before long all her money was spent, and she must have died of hunger if Philip had not chanced to hear of her. Now he had learnt to master his passions, so instead of wishing to punish Mrs. Hippoharpy for the harm she had done him, he pitied her miserable state, and sent to ask what he could do for her. They told him that she had no money, and that what she wanted most was a horse, for the poor silly old woman would sit and cry in her chair half the day because she had no horse now to ride.

"Then she shall have one," said Philip, "and enough money to live on, too. Mousey, take the strong black horse that Mrs. Hippoharpy used to ride before she took Dapple-gray, and ride him over to Banbury. Find him a good stable there, and tell the man who has the care of him that Mrs. Hippoharpy may ride him every day; but she must not ride him far or fast, and she is never to be allowed a whip."

For he remembered how she had whipped Dapple-gray.

So Mousey, the groom, rode the black horse to Banbury. He did not much like his errand, for he thought that Mrs. Hippoharpy did not deserve to have him. But when the old woman saw the horse she jumped up and down on the pavement for a quarter of an hour for very joy, and then she took a ride.

Now, the more people there were to look at her the better Mrs. Hippoharpy was pleased. So she never cared to go beyond the town, but always rode round and round and round the square in the middle of which Banbury Cross stands.

You know that she had quite lost her mind; and one of her crazy fancies was that she was still rich and powerful, and that all the nobles in the land were wanting to marry her. So she put a quantity of rings on her fingers, which she said were her wedding-rings, for that she was married to them all. And in order that they might hear her passing by, and might come out to join her, she sewed rows of little jingling bells to the toes of her red boots that had once been so smart.

It was lucky that she liked being stared at; for all the little boys in Banbury soon knew the story of Philip and Dapple-gray. And they got hobby-horses painted as like Dapple-gray as possible, and whenever the crazy old woman went out to ride, they would come riding on their hobby-horses up all the streets and alleys to Banbury Cross to see her. And as they rode along they would call to one another to follow, saying:

"Ride a cock-horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see an old woman ride on a black horse;
With rings on her fingers,
And bells on her toes,
And she shall have music wherever she goes."

THE LAST DESCENDANT OF MILTON.

The case of the descendants of the author of "Robinson Crusoe," whose more urgent necessities have been considerately relieved by the royal bounty, will doubtless remind many persons of the case of the descendants of the author of "Paradise Lost."

Dr. Johnson, in a postscript to his preface to Lauder's "Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns in his Paradise Lost," published in 1750—a matter of literary controversy which need not here be more particularly referred to—says: "When this essay was almost finished, the splendid edition of 'Paradise Lost' so long promised by the Rev. Dr. Newton, fell into my hands; of which I had, however, so little use, that, as it would be injustice to censure, it would be flattery to commend it, and I should have totally forborne the mention of a book that I have not read, had not one passage at the conclusion of the life of Milton excited in me too much pity and indignation to be suppressed in silence. 'Deborah, Milton's youngest daughter,' says the editor, 'was married to Abraham Clarke, a weaver in Spitalfields, and died in August, 1727, in the seventy-sixth year of her age. She had ten children. Elizabeth, the youngest, was married to Mr. Thomas Foster, a weaver in Spitalfields, and had seven children, who are all dead; and she herself is aged about sixty, and weak and infirm. She seemeth to be a good, plain, sensible woman, and has confirmed several particulars related above, and informed me of some others which she had often heard from her mother.' These the doctor enumerates, and then adds: 'In all probability Milton's whole family will be extinct with her, and he can live only in his writings. And such is the caprice of fortune—this granddaughter of a man who will be an everlasting glory to the nation, has now for some years with her husband kept a little chandler's or grocer's shop for their subsistence, lately at the Lower Holloway, on the road between Highgate and London, and at present in Cock-lane, not far from Shoreditch Church.' That this relation is true cannot be questioned; but surely the honor of letters, the dignity of sacred poetry, the spirit of the English nation, and the glory of human nature require that it should be true no longer. In an age in which statues are erected to the honor of this great writer, in which his effigy has been diffused on medals, and his works propagated by translations, and illustrated by commentaries; in an age which, amidst all its vices and its follies, has not become infamous for want of charity, it may be surely allowed to hope that the living remains of Milton will be no longer suffered to languish in distress."

A subscription was opened for the relief of Milton's granddaughter, but with what success it does not appear.

ANCIENT AND MODERN OATHS.

The earliest record we have upon this subject is in the Bible, where Abraham, swearing his eldest servant, requested him to place his hand under the thigh of Abraham, that the mere act should be a witness to his promise (see Genesis xxiv. 2, 4, 9,); and again we have in Genesis xlvii., where Jacob, about to die, calls his son Joseph to place his hand under his thigh when promising to deal kindly with Israel, and not to bury him in Egypt.

Oldfield tells us, in his "Expedition into the Interior of Africa," by the Niger, that at Iddah, "placing a naked sword or knife to the throat is looked upon as the strongest proof of innocence, and the most solemn form of oath they can administer. In this manner the King is sworn, or sometimes at the point of a poisoned arrow."

In Egypt in an early time the goose was considered in high veneration, and the custom which prevailed at Crete, of swearing by the goose, was supposed to have originated from such veneration.

Of the Mennonites, we learn from Henderson's "Biblical Researches in Russia" that they refuse to confirm their testimony by an oath, regarding this as peculiar to the Old Testament dispensation; yet these people will affirm, the same as the Quakers.

In Canton, "when they wish to swear a witness, a live cock and a knife are presented to him, and he is obliged to cut off the cock's head at the moment he takes the oath."

In Madagascar the people swear neither by God nor their idols, but chiefly by their mother or their sovereign, and the act witnessing it is given us as being of two forms—one to "strike the water," and the other to "spear the calf." A further consideration is made that the one sworn by must be alive, for upon a Kaffir swearing by a deceased relative, his oath was considered insufficient, as violable.

Another form as being in use in Abyssinia we obtain from "Bruce's Travels," that "they took the two forefingers of my right hand, one after the other, and then kissed them—a form of swearing used there, at least among those who call themselves Christians."

A few more illustrations upon this point. We find that the Athenians administered oaths in the names of Jupiter, Minerva and Neptune; also Themis, Ceres and Helois; the Romans to Fides; the Germans to the God, and by their swords and beards; the Scandinavians, besides in the name of God, touched a bloody ring in the hands of a priest Roman Catholics swear also by the saints, as well as God. The Jews swore by Jerusalem, as well as upon broken glass. By the temple was another form; also by the God of Israel. The Hindoo swears by the Veda, which is his Bible; the Chinese, at times, upon a saucer; the Christian takes off his hat, and in the United States raises his right arm, while the Jew keeps his head covered.

Many other quotations could be given, but enough are given to show conclusively the nature of the form of an act witnessing an oath, and of the presumed veneration exercised at the time, that the thoughts of the person making would be carried to a higher plane than in the ordinary walks of life, by referring to some person or thing deemed superior. And all these things, considered in accordance with the belief of the people and times, made by custom, became law.

WHY LIGHTNING IS SEEN AS A FLASH AND HEARD AS THUNDER.

By Robert James Mann, M.D., F.R.C.S., F.R.A.S., etc.

Lightning is kindled in the thunderstorm by raising tracks of material substance scattered along its path into a state of sparkling incandescence, and it is in this particular identical in nature with the ordinary electrical spark. The light, however, which strikes in either case upon the eye endures for an almost inconceivably brief interval of time. It has been shown that the duration of the spark which issues from the prime conductor of an electrical machine does not exceed the millionth part of a second. But very delicate and complicated experiments have had to be devised to prove that such is the case, because when a quite instantaneous impression of light has been made upon the human eye, the effect remains as a vital sensation for something like the fifth part of a second after the illuminating impulse has ceased. It is for this reason that a burning stick whirled round in the dark presents itself to the eye as a continuous circle of fire. If the stick is made to circle round so quickly that it returns back to the same position in the circle five times every second, the impression of each successive luminous impulse originating in that part is produced upon the eye before the immediately preceding impression has died away.

The light of the most intense flash of lightning probably does not last more than the thousandth part of a second. The length of the track through which lightning flashes in the air is sometimes surprisingly great. M. d'Abbadie measured lightnings in Abyssinia which were four miles long from the place where they issued from the cloud to the point where they struck the earth. M. Petit, another very trustworthy authority, marked the extent of a lightning discharge at Toulouse which proved to be more than ten miles long. In these cases, however, it seems as if the lightning passed along a track in which it was able to avail itself of intermediate stepping-stones of conducting substance by the way. Some electricians, indeed, attribute the zigzaz form of forked lightning to this cause. They conceive that there are concentrated foci of condensed vapor, or other conducting substance, so scattered along the path, that the electrical discharge is inclined to leap from the one to the other as it traverses its devious track. M. Dumoncel planned some very ingenious experiments which seemed to demonstrate that the forked discharge may be artificially produced. A miniature discharge, very nearly indeed resembling the forked lightning of the sky, is brought about when an electric spark is passed along the surface of a pane of glass which has been coated with aventurine—that is, a form of quartz in which spangles of metallic substance are intermingled with the siliceous matrix. Lightning of this class, however, issues only from very densely packed clouds, in which the nebulous flocculi lie in such close propinquity that the charged mass approaches to the condition of a continuous conductor. The resistance of the surrounding air then contributes materially to the result, because it prevents the electrical charge from accomplishing its escape until it has acquired a very powerful expansive tension. The density of the air on this account has much to do with the intensity and brilliancy of the lightning. The most terrific storms, for this reason, are met with in low-lying regions and over plains. The mountain lightnings, although of frequent occurrence, are feeble in their intensity in comparison with those which are exhibited in denser regions of the atmosphere. This peculiarity is very beautifully shown by artificially varying the density of the air through which ordinary electrical sparks are allowed to pass. When the spark traverses dense dry air the luminous track assumes the appearance of a compact and compressed line of brilliant fire. But if the sparks are made to traverse the interior cavity of closed glass tubes, in which the air can be rendered rare by the action of the air-pump, the luminous track becomes wider and less brilliant as the rarity of the air is increased, until at last the well-known effect of the vacuum tube is produced, in which the discharge presents itself as a faint luminosity filling up the whole interior space of the tube, instead of as a bright shining line. There must, however, be a certain density of the air or gas remaining in the tube, or no discharge at all can pass. By the employment of the Sprengel air-pump, in which the vacuum is produced by falling mercury, the exhaustion of the interior of glass tubes can be carried so far that no discharge of a luminous kind can be brought about. This is one of the most telling proofs yet furnished of the fact that the electrical spark and glow are matter in a state of shining incandescence. Where there is no matter to shine, no light can be developed. The incapability of an electrical discharge to pass through void space is also interestingly illustrated by the circumstance that if a gold-leaf electrometer, with its leaves divergent under an electrical charge, is placed in an exhausted receiver of an air-pump, the divergence of the strips is maintained as long as the receiver remains deprived of its air.

Lightning passes along its extended track virtually in an instant of time. The speed with which electrical force is transmitted along its path varies with the resistance which it has to overcome in each particular case. But in the passage of lightning through the air this seems to approach very nearly, indeed, to the rate at which light travels through interstellar space, or 186,000 miles per second. The appearance of the progressive movement of lightning through the air is simply an illusion of the senses. It travels along a track of eight or ten miles with a speed which it is quite impossible for any human organ of vision to follow. It is practically everywhere in such a path at once, and is therefore seen instantaneously everywhere by the eye. The notion that lightning can be seen to strike either from the clouds to the earth, or from the earth to the clouds, is entirely without foundation in fact. The electric spark travels with such exceeding speed that it passes through gunpowder without causing it to explode, unless some plan is adopted for retarding its pace as it traverses the explosive grains.

The color of lightning is altogether due to the nature of

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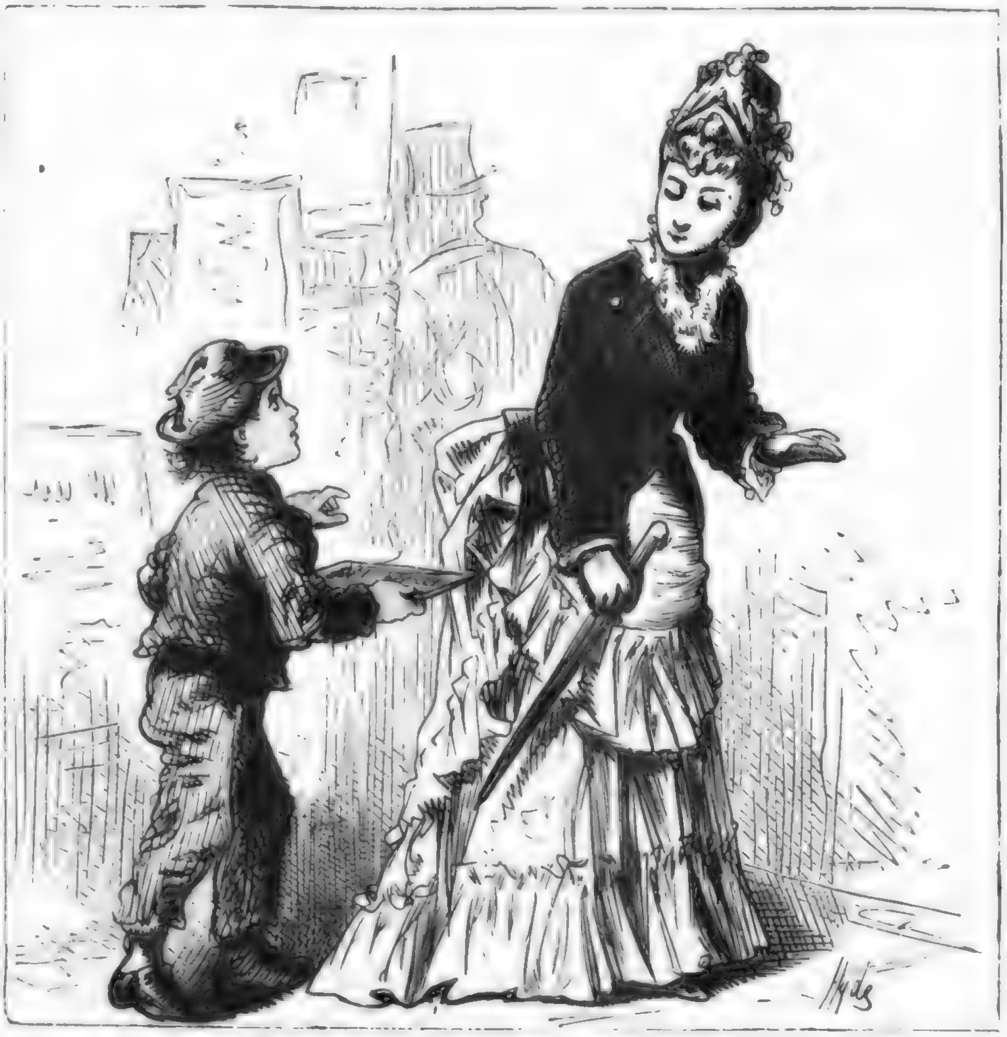
the substance which is made incandescent in its track. The blue, red, purple, or silver tints which are brilliantly marked in warm climates and inter-tropical countries, are due to the same circumstances as the color which is designedly communicated to the light of different kinds of fireworks. It is a result of the intrinsic natures of the vaporized particles which are made to shine. The vapor of iron has one kind of sheen, and the vapor of sulphur another. Each different foreign ingredient that floats in the air has its own proper hue, which it can communicate to the lightning. The broad flashes of light that appear in the clouds during a thunderstorm, and that are distinguished as sheet-lightning, are very often merely the reflections from the cloud-mist of the discharges that pass from one part to another with each redistribution of the internal charge, as the tension at the outer surface is changed by an external flash. This redistribution of the internal charge is sometimes also marked by very beautiful lines of coruscation playing upon the dark background as the storm drifts away. There is a table mountain a few miles away from Pietermaritzburg, in Natal, over which this kind of display is continually exhibited. The retreating storm-clouds linger over the flat top of this mountain, where they can be seen from the city, in the advancing night. In this dark canopy of the mountain, bright coruscations, accompanying each redistribution of the electrical charge, can be watched for hours at a time—now assuming the form of coronals of electric fire, now running along in machicolated horizontal lines just above the flat top of the mountain, and now radiating out in all directions from a central loop like the cracks of starred glass.



BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.

ENTERPRISING MERCHANT—"Won't you buy some hair-pins, ma'am?—Very exciting' opera, this matinee—your hair might come down, you know."

The flash of a discharge of lightning is followed after a brief interval of time by the well-known sound which is recognized as thunder. The flash and the sound originate simultaneously, but the flash travels to the eye in an instant, whilst the sound is transmitted through the air to the ear so sluggishly that it does not get quite through 1,200 feet in each second, and so consumes five seconds about every mile of its passage. The sound undoubtedly originates in the shock which is caused in the air by the electric outburst from the cloud. The air is thrown into rapid vibrations, which are transmitted on through its substance until they strike upon the ear. As, however, these vibrations are originated in all parts of the lightning's track, and that track is a comparatively extended one, the sound cannot arrive at the ear from all parts of the long path at once, and therefore is necessarily prolonged.

This is why thunder is heard as a lengthened-out sound, instead of as a sudden and brief one. What is expressively termed the *rolling* of the thunder—the successive rise and fall in intensity of the lengthened-out sound—is due in part to the varying strength of the vibratory disturbance at different parts of the track: in part to the mingling in of secondary sounds derived from subordinate discharges within the cloud; in part to the interferences with each other of different systems of vibrations issuing from the several points in the track, and crossing each other as they advance toward the listener's ear; and in some instances to resonant echoes returned from reflecting bodies distributed around. All these distinct influences are concerned in producing the alternate subsidence and reinforcement which give its rolling character to thunder.

The interval which intervenes between the perception of a flash of lightning and the hearing of the commencement of the roll of the thunder is, as a natural consequence of the circumstances just explained, an exact indication of the distance of the nearest part of the lightning's track. If one second intervene between the flash and the beginning of the sound, the nearest part of the shining track is just 1,180 feet away; if five seconds intervene it is 5,900 feet, or a little more than one mile away. As a rough estimate, every five seconds of interval may be taken to represent a mile of distance. When fifteen seconds occur between the flash and the beginning of the thunder, the nearest point of the lightning's track may be considered to be three miles away. When the interval of silence is thirty seconds, the discharge is six miles away. The longest interval that is on record as having been marked between a flash of lightning and the consecutive thunder, is 72 seconds, which would represent 84,960 feet, or 480 feet more than 16 miles.

But the continuance of the sound for the same reason gives a measure of the distance of the several parts of the electrical discharge, and therefore, with a certain amount of allowance, of the length of the lightning itself. Thus, suppose that in the following sketch (Fig. 1) A represents the position of an observer when a discharge of lightning takes place from a cloud at B, and strikes the earth at C, and that the thunder begins to be heard five seconds after the lightning has been seen; then the point B in the cloud from which the discharge issues is one mile away from the observer's situation at A. But if the roll of the thunder continues for fifteen seconds after it has commenced, this shows that the point C, where the lightning ends, is just three times as far away from the observer as the point B where it commenced. The sound which originates at D in the lightning's track has twice as long a journey to make before it reaches the ear at A, as that which originates at B. It therefore arrives at the ear five seconds later than the sound which originates at B. The sound which originates at E, in the same way, has a journey three times as long to perform, and therefore arrives ten seconds later; and the sound which originates at C has four times as long a journey, and arrives fifteen seconds later. The whole length of the track B C is consequently three times the measure of the distance of B from A; or, in other words, three miles. Forty-five seconds appear to be pretty nearly the duration of the longest roll of thunder that has been accurately noted. M. Delisle has left a record of a roll of that length, which he heard in 1712. This would have given 48,649 feet, or a little more than nine miles, for the length of the lightning, if the discharge had taken place in a course proceeding directly away from the observer. This length of nine miles, it will be observed, very nearly corresponds with the actual length of the flash which was measured by a trigonometrical process at Toulouse by M. Petit.

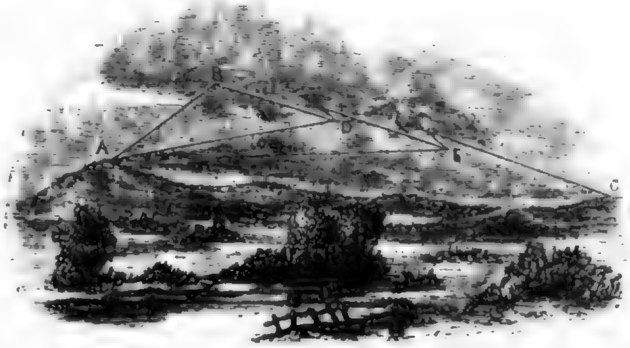


FIG. 1.—SHOWING HOW THE LENGTH OF A DISCHARGE OF LIGHTNING CAN BE ESTIMATED BY THE CONTINUANCE OF THE ROLL OF CONSECUTIVE THUNDER.

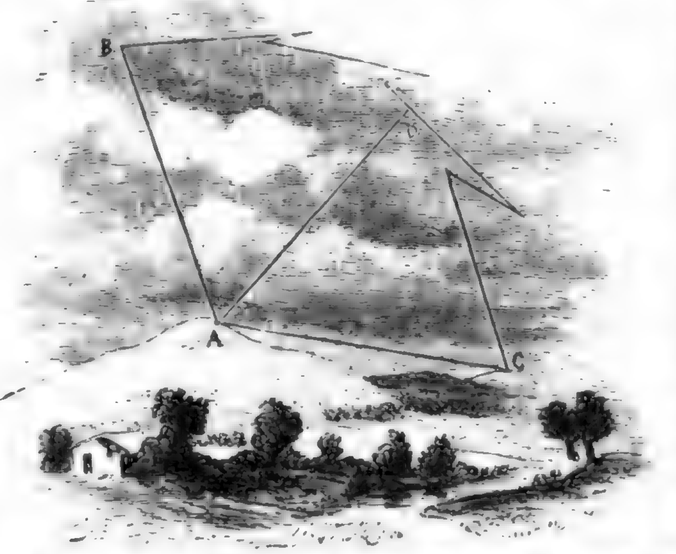


FIG. 2.—REPRESENTING THE CASE IN WHICH A LONG DISCHARGE OF LIGHTNING KEEPS APPROXIMATELY AT THE SAME DISTANCE FROM AN OBSERVER THROUGHOUT ITS COURSE.

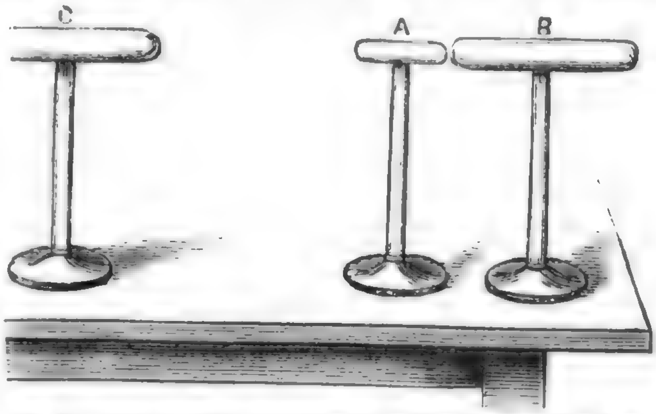


FIG. 3.—LORD MAHON'S EXPERIMENT, DEVISED TO EXPLAIN THE NATURE OF THE RETURN SHOCK.

But as a matter of actual fact, a considerable allowance requires to be made in estimating the length of a lightning flash from the duration of the consecutive thunder, because it can rarely happen that the discharge follows a course which proceeds directly away from the observer. It is quite possible, indeed, that a very long discharge may be heard as a very short roll if the path which it pursues lies pretty much at the same distance from the observer. Thus, suppose that in the following sketch (Fig. 2) B C represents the track of a flash of lightning issuing from a cloud at B, and striking the earth at C, whilst an observer, stationed at A, is listening for the accompanying thunder. Then the several points B, D, C, in the track are all, it will be observed, nearly at the same distance from A, so that the sound originating in each would fall simultaneously upon the listener's ear at A. If B, D and C were all one mile from A, and the length of the flash from B to C were two miles, then the sound originating at B would take five seconds to reach the ear at A; but so also would the sound which originates at D, and that which originates at C. There would, consequently, in such circumstances be no prolonged roll of thunder. The three sounds—from B, from D, and from C—would strike upon the ear together, and would be heard as if they were one and the same; and the impression upon the ear would be that of great loudness, on account of the several distinct sounds being combined into one. The terrific short crash which is occasionally heard in thunderstorms is due to this circumstance of the sounds coming from a long track arriving almost simultaneously at the ear.

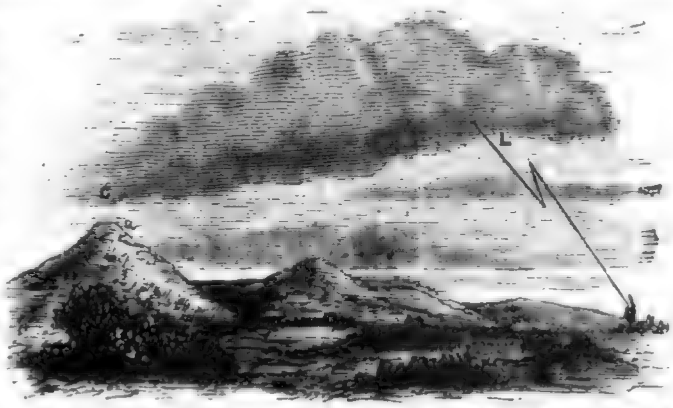


FIG. 4.—REPRESENTING HOW A RETURN SHOCK MAY PASS INTO A CLOUD WHEN LIGHTNING IS DISCHARGED FROM IT INTO THE EARTH.

During the progress of a thunderstorm a change continually takes place in the electrical tension, which is maintained for a considerable distance around with each flash of lightning. If a sensitive gold-leaf electrometer be attentively watched during the continuance of the storm, it will be found that the divergent strips collapse more or less with each flash of lightning. Changes in the distribution of the electrical force within the cloud are also commonly indicated in a similar way, by movements of the divergent strips of an electrometer, even when no external flash of lightning appears.

Sympathetic disturbances of this inductive character are, indeed, sometimes registered in a very disagreeable and much more obtrusive way, for they are quite capable of producing painful shocks in the bodies of living people, and of perpetrating destructive mischief of a mechanical kind. The curious effect which is known amongst electricians as the return shock, and which at one time was deemed a very puzzling phenomenon, is of this nature. Its occurrence was first alluded to, and intelligently explained, by Lord Mahon, in a book* which was published a century ago. In this treatise he gives an account of an experiment which is still repeated by scientific men, with never-failing interest, as the best illustrative explanation which can be furnished of shocks of this kind.

Two brass cylinders of unequal size, and insulated by being supported upon pillars of glass, were placed about the tenth of an inch apart, as represented at A and B in Fig. 3. The prime conductor of an electrical machine (represented at C) was then brought within twenty inches of the outer end of A, and charged with electricity by turning the handle of the apparatus. As this was done, faint sparks were immediately observed to pass from A to B, in consequence of the positive electricity of A being driven out from A into B, by the repulsion inductively exerted from the prime conductor, C. But when B had been thus charged from A, a spark was taken by the experimenter's finger from the prime conductor, and forthwith faint sparks *returned* from B into A. The positive electricity which had been driven into B returned into A when the inductive repulsion of C ceased to act upon A, so constituting the effect which Lord Mahon distinguished as the "return shock." Lord Mahon has furnished a quaint picture in his book, in which he and a companion standing upon glass-footed stools are represented as taking the place of the brass cylinders A and B, and as allowing the faint sparks set up by the induction to pass between the tips of their fingers, held a little distance apart. It is this return shock which is occasionally felt at a considerable distance from the actual track of a discharge of lightning during a thunderstorm. Thus, if L in Fig. 4 represent the place where lightning strikes from a thunder-cloud to the earth, when C, the opposite end of the cloud, floats a short distance only above the ground, a person standing upon the ground at *a* might experience an electrical shock at the instant of the discharge of the lightning in consequence of the return from the earth to the cloud of the electricity, which had been just before inductively driven out of that end of the cloud into the earth. There are cases on record of people having been killed in this way at a long distance from the place where the actual stroke of the lightning takes effect. The frequent instances of persons being knocked down by electrical shocks, without being severely injured or killed, during the progress of a thunderstorm some little distance away, may generally be attributed to subordinate and sympathetic discharges of this character.

It has been said that lightning which presents itself in broad sheets of illumination, instead of as narrow and sharply defined lines of fire, is sometimes merely reflected light thrown back from the clouds or from surrounding objects. It is the glare of lightning, rather than lightning itself, and often produces a very striking and beautiful effect, in consequence of lighting up the edges of the clouds, and showing the broken shapes of their darker masses in strong relief. The clouds seem to *open out* for one brief moment with the flash. There is, however, another and quite a distinct form which sheet-lightning very often assumes. In this the whole sky is for an instant lit up by the glare. When this occurs, the source of the light—the actual discharge—is almost certainly below the horizon of the place from which the reflected glare is seen, and hidden from the eye by the intervening curvature of the opaque body of the earth. In such cases the light flashes up from the electrical discharge into the sky, and is thence shot back toward the eye by the impenetrable vapors that it encounters in the canopy of clouds. This form of flash is not uncommonly spoken of as heat-lightning, or Summer-lightning. The discharge in such instances is too far away for thunder to be heard. In reference to this kind of lightning, however, it is necessary to remark that M. Peltier, and some other good observers, believe that lightning occasionally issues in the air from clouds which are invisible, or, in other words, from collections of vapor which are not dense enough at the time to assume the form of aqueous vesicles. Thunder, also, is certainly sometimes heard when no lightning is seen; but that is simply because the light of the discharge is hidden from the eye by quite impenetrable masses of dark cloud.

Besides the forked lightning, which is the incandescent track of the electrical discharge through the air—the electric spark of nature's own experimental operations in the clouds—and the sheet-lightning, which is the reflected glare of that magnificent discharge, there is yet another form of lightning occasionally seen, that is of great interest to scientific men. This is the form which is familiarly spoken of as globe-lightning, or ball-lightning, because it looks to the eye like a ball of fire. Its most distinctive characteristic, however, is the peculiarity of its pace, rather than the aspect which it assumes. It moves at so deliberate a rate that it can be readily followed along its track by the eye as it goes. It has in some well-marked instances been seen in this way for ten seconds at a time. The ball is usually described as appearing to be about the size of the full moon, and it has been observed to rebound from the ground as it advances along its course. It generally disappears at last with a loud explosion, like the detonation which attends upon the firing of a gun. Some observers, M. de la Rive amongst them, have no doubt that this explosion is exactly what it seems, and that it is the result of a mass of hydrogen gas, which has been generated from the electrical decomposition of aqueous vapor, and then mingled with a certain amount of air, being fired by the agency of an electrical spark. It is conceived that the explosive mass is, in the first instance, inclosed in a spherical aqueous film, like that of the soap-bubble, and that the light of the ball before its explosion is an electrical radiation, or glow, issuing from this outer shell. It is also held that this glow is only competent for the production of an explosion when it has been intensified and condensed into a spark by some casual incident of surrounding induction. M. Dumoncel attempted, and not altogether without success, to produce a similar result upon a miniature scale by causing a powerful induction spark to pass through small pools of water scattered along a varnished surface. A fiery glow could be then traced, passing along from pool to pool, and terminating at last in the form of a small red ball, which exploded precisely in the manner of ball-lightning. For the present, therefore, ball-lightning may be taken to be an atmospheric manifestation of electrical force of a quite different kind from that with which science has to deal in the instantaneous leap of the "live thunder," and concerning which some further investigation may be said to be urgently required. The German meteorologist Kaemtz, consequently, still remains quite justified for the course which he pursued in his excellent Handbook of Meteorological Science, when he grouped ball-lightning with a series of occurrences and effects which were classed together in its pages as "Problematical Phenomena."

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* "The Principle of Electricity" (1780).

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Air-tight Coffins.—The firm of Rössler, in Chemnitz, have been for some time past trying to produce coffins which should be quite air and water tight, and should not lose this property after remaining many years in the ground. A coffin they made of stone composition answered this purpose, but was too heavy, and would require a change in the method of burial. They have lately, however, surmounted this difficulty also, by combining a thin coffin of wood with a thin one of stone composition. The composition is formed of three parts Portland cement and one part finely-washed quartz sand. For the sake of adhesion, the inner surface of the wooden coffin (which incases the other) is left rough, as the wood comes from the saw. The top of the stone coffin is arched, in order to give it greater resistance to outer pressure, and the wood is shaped to correspond. The thickness of the wood is only 2 to 3 ctms.; that of the composition 1·2 to 1·5 ctm. The weight of such a compound coffin is not greater than that of the common oak coffin. The closure is perfectly tight, so that the bodies of persons who have died of infectious diseases may be safely kept in them in the house till burial. When the wood has decayed away in the ground the stone coffin remains, uncompressed. The price of these coffins is said to be comparatively low.

Tight Rings.—A writer in the *Concours Médical* suggests the following method of removing tight rings: In the first place, the finger is coated with fatty matter; then a thin thread, about a yard and a quarter long, is taken; one end is placed under the ring, and passed above it with a pair of pincers to the length of about three inches. The end of the thread being thus fixed by the ring, the rest of the thread is taken to the top of the finger, round which it is rolled in close, overlapping lines, not leaving any space between them. This done, the second end of the thread is also passed under, and brought up above the ring. Then, this end being taken between the fingers, the rest of the thread is unrolled resting on the ring, which is thus gradually brought up to the joint, where it is easily removed. If a first trial does not always succeed, it is rare for the ring not to yield to efforts twice or thrice repeated. Should this be the case, the ring, of course, must be cut on a cannulated sound with a file or divider.

An Instantaneous Steam Producer.—A Paris firm, MM. Serpollet, have lately patented a peculiar method of generating steam for a steam-engine. At each stroke of the piston a certain quantity of water is projected against two strongly-heated metal plates. The steam so produced goes direct into the cylinder, so that in this arrangement not only a special generator, but also the valve system for the entering steam, is superfluous. In the example given in *Dingler's Journal*, the vaporizing surface consists of two metallic cones, one within the other, with an interval of about 1 mm. between. The hollow space is divided into two chambers, each of which is connected with one side of the cylinder. The gases play first on the inner surface of the double cone, then on the outer.

Some years ago the astronomer royal of England argued that the disturbing effect of Venus was so great that by it the earth was materially pulled out of its orbit. It is now attempted to be shown that to this disturbing action are due the cold waves which occur on an average every eight years, and that for the next forty years the temperature will be below the average, as it has during the past forty years been above the average. In regard to high temperatures, mention is made of the fact that, for the last fifty years, a heat wave has been observed to pass over the earth every twelve years, nearly contemporary with the arrival of Jupiter at its perihelion.

Goose-Quills from Ocean's Bed.—One strange discovery of the recent deep-sea dredging off Rhode Island was a worm inhabiting a quill like a goose-quill. The quills were about a foot long, and soon after being taken out of the water grew so hard that they could be, and were, used for pens. They stood up in the mud at the bottom of the sea. The worms inside were opal-colored, and when taken out of their strange tenements glistened and presented a rather pretty appearance, so far as color was concerned. They were raked up by thousands, and none of the scientific men had ever heard of them before.

Furnaces for Burning the Refuse of Towns.—The town of Leeds burns its refuse in furnaces especially constructed for the purpose. The price of one of these was £5,580, which sum included the cost of fixing, land, etc. The sweepings from the paved roads, offal, vegetable and stable refuse, and all rubbish that can be burned, are placed in the furnace, and there reduced to a finely-powdered charcoal, which is sold at from twenty-seven shillings to thirty shillings a ton, being considered a valuable manure. The ashes, moreover, when taken out of the furnace, find a ready sale among the farmers at two shillings and sixpence per load.

Sick headache is periodical, and is the signal of distress which the stomach raises to inform us that there is an over alkaline condition of its fluids; that it needs a natural acid to restore the battery to its normal working condition. When the first symptoms of a headache appear, take a teaspoonful of clear lemon-juice fifteen minutes before each meal, and the same dose at bedtime; follow this up until all symptoms are passed, taking no other remedies, and you will soon be able to go free from your unwelcome nuisance. Many will object to this because the remedy is too simple, but many cures have been effected in this way.

An Electric Hose.—A new thing in fire apparatus, says the *American Journal of Industry*, is the electric hose. A wire runs along in the cotton or rubber part of the hose, continuing the connection as each section is attached, and over this passes electricity generated by one of the engine's fly-wheels. Connected with the nozzle is a little contrivance by which the engineer can be told, although squares distant from the man who is playing water on a fire, to "turn her on," "cut her off," "stop," or "go ahead," or anything else that can be agreed upon, by a signal which is struck on a gong on the engine.

Chamois-skins are not derived from the chamois, as many people suppose, but are the flesh side of sheep-skins. The skins are soaked in lime-water, and in a solution of sulphuric acid; fish-oil is poured over them, and they are carefully washed in a solution of potash.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

The "sand-blast" is not popular with the man who gets it in his eyes.

A young lady in Brixton says she has had many a suiter, but never one to suit her.

Any old bachelor will shriek for a better half when a counterfeit half-dollar is foisted on him.

London physicians are said to approve of late suppers, on the same principle as a glazier approves of a hailstorm.

Brigham Young acquired the title of General from having been called "Briggy dear" so often by his numerous wives.

Mr. Johnson, in response to a friend who urged him to marry so as to have a helpmate, said he didn't want anybody to help him eat.

"Have you cologne?" she asked. "No, ma'am," replied the apothecary; "I have no scents at all." She said he didn't look as if he had.

A noted actress declares that she cannot live on $20,000 a year. Lots of people are in the same predicament, but it is because they cannot get the $20,000.

Everybody admires determination. Who does not applaud the pluck and persistence of the little wheel of the bicycle in its pursuit of its big brother?

"Spell 'love,'" said a young man to his sweetheart. "Y-o-u," she timidly essayed. The courtship had been a protracted one, but they are married now.

"What did your father die of?" asked a tender-hearted lady of an "orphan" who was soliciting alms. "Cholera infantum, mum," the orphan promptly replied.

"That prisoner has a very smooth countenance," said the judge to the sheriff. "Yes," responded the sheriff; "he was ironed just before he was brought in."

"I think, dear, the dew has commenced falling," he said, in his softest accents. "Yes," she yawned, "I've been hoping to hear adieu for some time." He didn't call the next evening.

A case of domestic scandal was under discussion at a tea-table. "Well, let us think the best we can," said an elderly spinster. "Yes," said another; "and say the worst—that's the fashion."

"My lovey-dovey," he said, "I positively cannot give you a diamond for an engagement ring." "Why, my own popsy-wopsy?" "Because," he wickedly replied, "everybody will say I'm stony-hearted."

Teacher: "Suppose that you have two sticks of candy, and your big brother gives you two more, how many have you got then?" *Little boy* (shaking his head): "You don't know him; he ain't that sort of boy."

Don't put me in the river-bank, among the fragrant flowers; nor where the grass is watered by the early Summer showers. But put me in the kitchen range, and open wide the damper, and then my vaporous remains can up the chimney scamper.

During the progress of a thunderstorm a change continually takes place in the electrical tension, which is maintained for a considerable distance around with each flash of lightning. If a sensitive gold-leaf electrometer be attentively watched during the continuance of the storm, it will be found that the divergent strips collapse more or less with each flash of lightning. Changes in the distribution of the electrical force within the cloud are also commonly indicated in a similar way, by movements of the divergent strips of an electrometer, even when no external flash of lightning appears.

Sympathetic disturbances of this inductive character are, indeed, sometimes registered in a very disagreeable and much more obtrusive way, for they are quite capable of producing painful shocks in the bodies of living people, and of perpetrating destructive mischief of a mechanical kind. The curious effect which is known amongst electricians as the return shock, and which at one time was deemed a very puzzling phenomenon, is of this nature. Its occurrence was first alluded to, and intelligently explained, by Lord Mahon, in a book* which was published a century ago. In this treatise he gives an account of an experiment which is still repeated by scientific men, with never-failing interest, as the best illustrative explanation which can be furnished of shocks of this kind.

Two brass cylinders of unequal size, and insulated by being supported upon pillars of glass, were placed about the tenth of an inch apart, as represented at A and B in Fig. 3. The prime conductor of an electrical machine (represented at C) was then brought within twenty inches of the outer end of A, and charged with electricity by turning the handle of the apparatus. As this was done, faint sparks were immediately observed to pass from A to B, in consequence of the positive electricity of A being driven out from A into B, by the repulsion inductively exerted from the prime conductor, C. But when B had been thus charged from A, a spark was taken by the experimenter's finger from the prime conductor, and forthwith faint sparks *returned* from B into A. The positive electricity which had been driven into B returned into A when the inductive repulsion of C ceased to act upon A, so constituting the effect which Lord Mahon distinguished as the "return shock." Lord Mahon has furnished a quaint picture in his book, in which he and a companion standing upon glass-footed stools are represented as taking the place of the brass cylinders A and B, and as allowing the faint sparks set up by the induction to pass between the tips of their fingers, held a little distance apart. It is this return shock which is occasionally felt at a considerable distance from the actual track of a discharge of lightning during a thunderstorm. Thus, if L in Fig. 4 represent the place where lightning strikes from a thunder-cloud to the earth, when C, the opposite end of the cloud, floats a short distance only above the ground, a person standing upon the ground at *a* might experience an electrical shock at the instant of the discharge of the lightning in consequence of the return from the earth to the cloud of the electricity, which had been just before inductively driven out of that end of the cloud into the earth. There are cases on record of people having been killed in this way at a long distance from the place where the actual stroke of the lightning takes effect. The frequent instances of persons being knocked down by electrical shocks, without being severely injured or killed, during the progress of a thunderstorm some little distance away, may generally be attributed to subordinate and sympathetic discharges of this character.

It has been said that lightning which presents itself in broad sheets of illumination, instead of as narrow and sharply defined lines of fire, is sometimes merely reflected light thrown back from the clouds or from surrounding objects. It is the glare of lightning, rather than lightning itself, and often produces a very striking and beautiful effect, in consequence of lighting up the edges of the clouds, and showing the broken shapes of their darker masses in strong relief. The clouds seem to *open out* for one brief moment with the flash. There is, however, another and quite a distinct form which sheet-lightning very often assumes. In this the whole sky is for an instant lit up by the glare. When this occurs, the source of the light—the actual discharge—is almost certainly below the horizon of the place from which the reflected glare is seen, and hidden from the eye by the intervening curvature of the opaque body of the earth. In such cases the light flashes up from the electrical discharge into the sky, and is thence shot back toward the eye by the impenetrable vapors that it encounters in the canopy of clouds. This form of flash is not uncommonly spoken of as heat-lightning, or Summer-lightning. The discharge in such instances is too far away for thunder to be heard. In reference to this kind of lightning, however, it is necessary to remark that M. Peltier, and some other good observers, believe that lightning occasionally issues in the air from clouds which are invisible, or, in other words, from collections of vapor which are not dense enough at the time to assume the form of aqueous vesicles. Thunder, also, is certainly sometimes heard when no lightning is seen; but that is simply because the light of the discharge is hidden from the eye by quite impenetrable masses of dark cloud.

Besides the forked lightning, which is the incandescent track of the electrical discharge through the air—the electric spark of nature's own experimental operations in the clouds—and the sheet-lightning, which is the reflected glare of that magnificent discharge, there is yet another form of lightning occasionally seen, that is of great interest to scientific men. This is the form which is familiarly spoken of as globe-lightning, or ball-lightning, because it looks to the eye like a ball of fire. Its most distinctive characteristic, however, is the peculiarity of its pace, rather than the aspect which it assumes. It moves at so deliberate a rate that it can be readily followed along its track by the eye as it goes. It has in some well-marked instances been seen in this way for ten seconds at a time. The ball is usually described as appearing to be about the size of the full moon, and it has been observed to rebound from the ground as it advances along its course. It generally disappears at last with a loud explosion, like the detonation which attends upon the firing of a gun. Some observers, M. de la Rive amongst them, have no doubt that this explosion is exactly what it seems, and that it is the result of a mass of hydrogen gas, which has been generated from the electrical decomposition of aqueous vapor, and then mingled with a certain amount of air, being fired by the agency of an electrical spark. It is conceived that the explosive mass is, in the first instance, inclosed in a spherical aqueous film, like that of the soap-bubble, and that the light of the ball before its explosion is an electrical radiation, or glow, issuing from this outer shell. It is also held that this glow is only competent for the production of an explosion when it has been intensified and condensed into a spark by some casual incident of surrounding induction. M. Dumoncel attempted, and not altogether without success, to produce a similar result upon a miniature scale by causing a powerful induction spark to pass through small pools of water scattered along a varnished surface. A fiery glow could be then traced, passing along from pool to pool, and terminating at last in the form of a small red ball, which exploded precisely in the manner of ball-lightning. For the present, therefore, ball-lightning may be taken to be an atmospheric manifestation of electrical force of a quite different kind from that with which science has to deal in the instantaneous leap of the "live thunder," and concerning which some further investigation may be said to be urgently required. The German meteorologist Kaemtz, consequently, still remains quite justified for the course which he pursued in his excellent Handbook of Meteorological Science, when he grouped ball-lightning with a series of occurrences and effects which were classed together in its pages as "Problematical Phenomena."

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* "The Principle of Electricity" (1780).

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Air-tight Coffins.—The firm of Rössler, in Chemnitz, have been for some time past trying to produce coffins which should be quite air and water tight, and should not lose this property after remaining many years in the ground. A coffin they made of stone composition answered this purpose, but was too heavy, and would require a change in the method of burial. They have lately, however, surmounted this difficulty also, by combining a thin coffin of wood with a thin one of stone composition. The composition is formed of three parts Portland cement and one part finely-washed quartz sand. For the sake of adhesion, the inner surface of the wooden coffin (which incases the other) is left rough, as the wood comes from the saw. The top of the stone coffin is arched, in order to give it greater resistance to outer pressure, and the wood is shaped to correspond. The thickness of the wood is only 2 to 3 ctms.; that of the composition 1·2 to 1·5 ctm. The weight of such a compound coffin is not greater than that of the common oak coffin. The closure is perfectly tight, so that the bodies of persons who have died of infectious diseases may be safely kept in them in the house till burial. When the wood has decayed away in the ground the stone coffin remains, uncompressed. The price of these coffins is said to be comparatively low.

Tight Rings.—A writer in the *Concours Médical* suggests the following method of removing tight rings: In the first place, the finger is coated with fatty matter; then a thin thread, about a yard and a quarter long, is taken; one end is placed under the ring, and passed above it with a pair of pincers to the length of about three inches. The end of the thread being thus fixed by the ring, the rest of the thread is taken to the top of the finger, round which it is rolled in close, overlapping lines, not leaving any space between them. This done, the second end of the thread is also passed under, and brought up above the ring. Then, this end being taken between the fingers, the rest of the thread is unrolled resting on the ring, which is thus gradually brought up to the joint, where it is easily removed. If a first trial does not always succeed, it is rare for the ring not to yield to efforts twice or thrice repeated. Should this be the case, the ring, of course, must be cut on a cannulated sound with a file or divider.

An Instantaneous Steam Producer.—A Paris firm, MM. Serpollet, have lately patented a peculiar method of generating steam for a steam-engine. At each stroke of the piston a certain quantity of water is projected against two strongly-heated metal plates. The steam so produced goes direct into the cylinder, so that in this arrangement not only a special generator, but also the valve system for the entering steam, is superfluous. In the example given in *Dingler's Journal*, the vaporizing surface consists of two metallic cones, one within the other, with an interval of about 1 mm. between. The hollow space is divided into two chambers, each of which is connected with one side of the cylinder. The gases play first on the inner surface of the double cone, then on the outer.

Some years ago the astronomer royal of England argued that the disturbing effect of Venus was so great that by it the earth was materially pulled out of its orbit. It is now attempted to be shown that to this disturbing action are due the cold waves which occur on an average every eight years, and that for the next forty years the temperature will be below the average, as it has during the past forty years been above the average. In regard to high temperatures, mention is made of the fact that, for the last fifty years, a heat wave has been observed to pass over the earth every twelve years, nearly contemporary with the arrival of Jupiter at its perihelion.

Goose-Quills from Ocean's Bed.—One strange discovery of the recent deep-sea dredging off Rhode Island was a worm inhabiting a quill like a goose-quill. The quills were about a foot long, and soon after being taken out of the water grew so hard that they could be, and were, used for pens. They stood up in the mud at the bottom of the sea. The worms inside were opal-colored, and when taken out of their strange tenements glistened and presented a rather pretty appearance, so far as color was concerned. They were raked up by thousands, and none of the scientific men had ever heard of them before.

Furnaces for Burning the Refuse of Towns.—The town of Leeds burns its refuse in furnaces especially constructed for the purpose. The price of one of these was £5,580, which sum included the cost of fixing, land, etc. The sweepings from the paved roads, offal, vegetable and stable refuse, and all rubbish that can be burned, are placed in the furnace, and there reduced to a finely-powdered charcoal, which is sold at from twenty-seven shillings to thirty shillings a ton, being considered a valuable manure. The ashes, moreover, when taken out of the furnace, find a ready sale among the farmers at two shillings and sixpence per load.

Sick headache is periodical, and is the signal of distress which the stomach raises to inform us that there is an over alkaline condition of its fluids; that it needs a natural acid to restore the battery to its normal working condition. When the first symptoms of a headache appear, take a teaspoonful of clear lemon-juice fifteen minutes before each meal, and the same dose at bedtime; follow this up until all symptoms are passed, taking no other remedies, and you will soon be able to go free from your unwelcome nuisance. Many will object to this because the remedy is too simple, but many cures have been effected in this way.

An Electric Hose.—A new thing in fire apparatus, says the *American Journal of Industry*, is the electric hose. A wire runs along in the cotton or rubber part of the hose, continuing the connection as each section is attached, and over this passes electricity generated by one of the engine's fly-wheels. Connected with the nozzle is a little contrivance by which the engineer can be told, although squares distant from the man who is playing water on a fire, to "turn her on," "cut her off," "stop," or "go ahead," or anything else that can be agreed upon, by a signal which is struck on a gong on the engine.

Chamois-skins are not derived from the chamois, as many people suppose, but are the flesh side of sheep-skins. The skins are soaked in lime-water, and in a solution of sulphuric acid; fish-oil is poured over them, and they are carefully washed in a solution of potash.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

The "sand-blast" is not popular with the man who gets it in his eyes.

A young lady in Brixton says she has had many a suitor, but never one to suit her.

Any old bachelor will shriek for a better half when a counterfeit half-dollar is foisted on him.

London physicians are said to approve of late suppers, on the same principle as a glazier approves of a hailstorm.

Brigham Young acquired the title of General from having been called "Briggy dear" so often by his numerous wives.

Mr. Johnson, in response to a friend who urged him to marry so as to have a helpmate, said he didn't want anybody to help him eat.

"Have you cologne?" she asked. "No, ma'am," replied the apothecary; "I have no scents at all." She said he didn't look as if he had.

A noted actress declares that she cannot live on $20,000 a year. Lots of people are in the same predicament, but it is because they cannot get the $20,000.

Everybody admires determination. Who does not applaud the pluck and persistence of the little wheel of the bicycle in its pursuit of its big brother?

"Spell 'love,'" said a young man to his sweetheart. "Y-o-u," she timidly essayed. The courtship had been a protracted one, but they are married now.

"What did your father die of?" asked a tender-hearted lady of an "orphan" who was soliciting alms. "Cholera infantum, mum," the orphan promptly replied.

"That prisoner has a very smooth countenance," said the judge to the sheriff. "Yes," responded the sheriff; "he was ironed just before he was brought in."

"I think, dear, the dew has commenced falling," he said, in his softest accents. "Yes," she yawned, "I've been hoping to hear adieu for some time." He didn't call the next evening.

A case of domestic scandal was under discussion at a tea-table. "Well, let us think the best we can," said an elderly spinster. "Yes," said another; "and say the worst—that's the fashion."

"My lovey-dovey," he said, "I positively cannot give you a diamond for an engagement ring." "Why, my own popsy-wopsy?" "Because," he wickedly replied, "everybody will say I'm stony-hearted."

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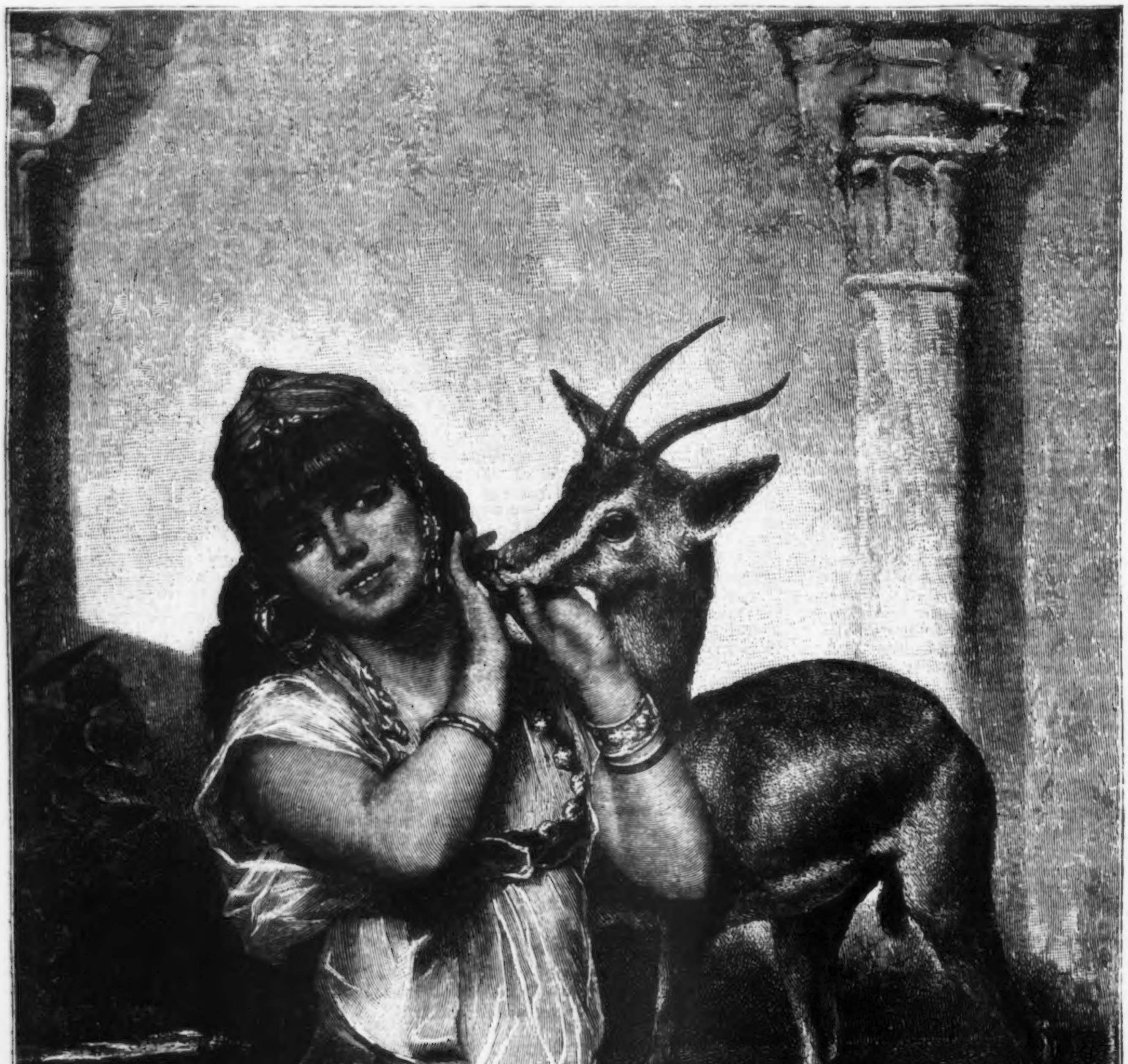
XUM



AN UNEXPECTED CARESS.—AFTER THE PAINTING BY SAINT-PIERRE.

XUM